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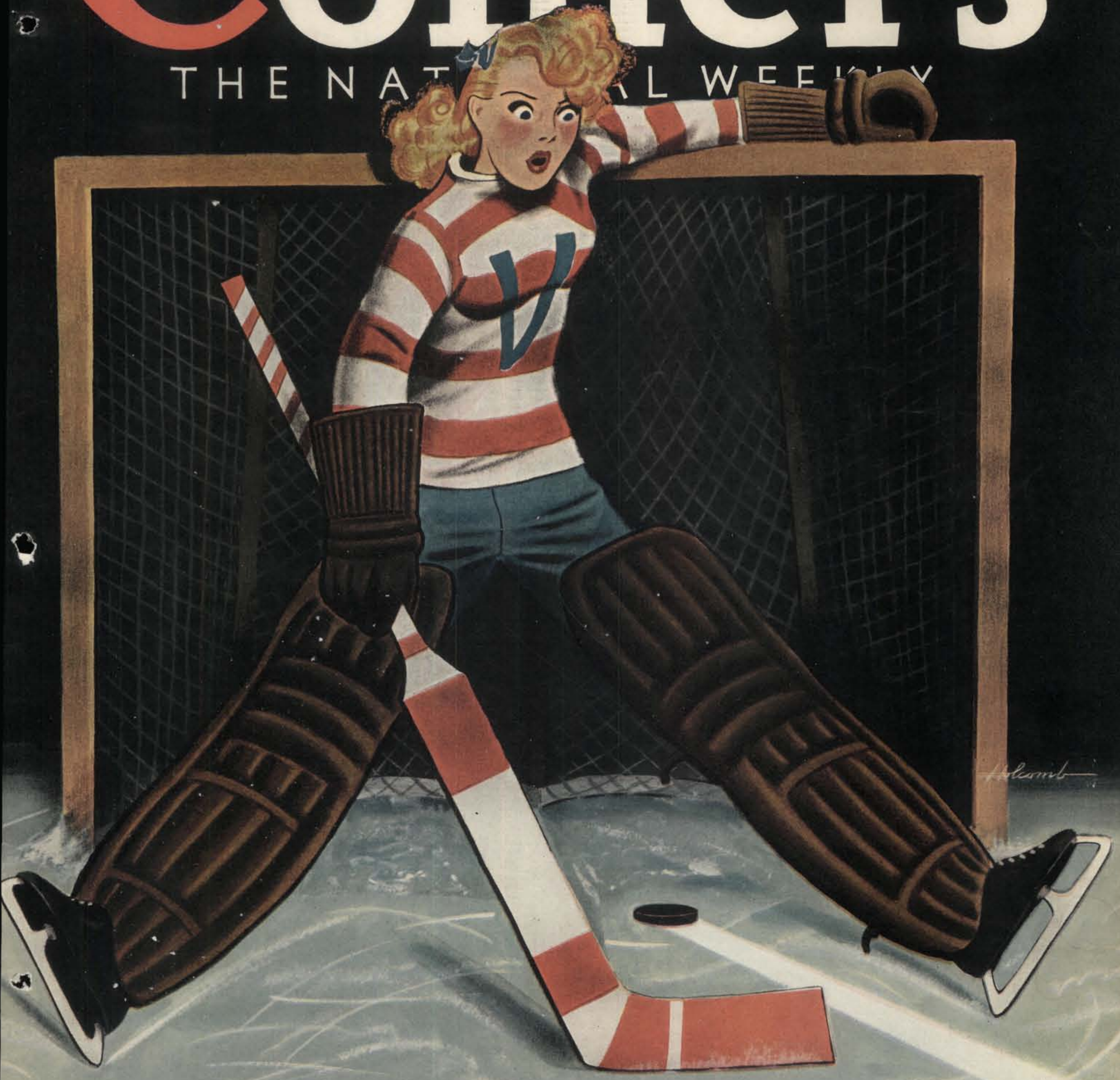
January 27, 1940

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

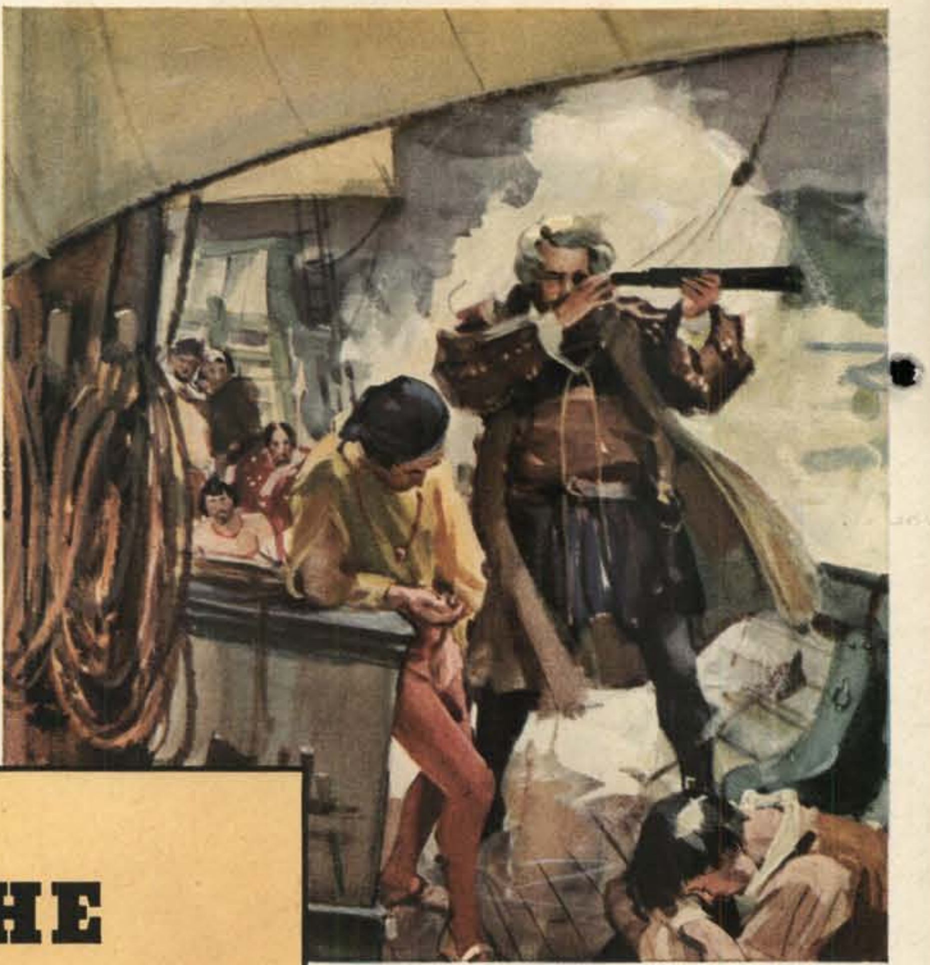


LITTLE PINKS—A very touching short story by DAMON RUNYON

AN. 27, 1940

THE MAGIC OF FAITH

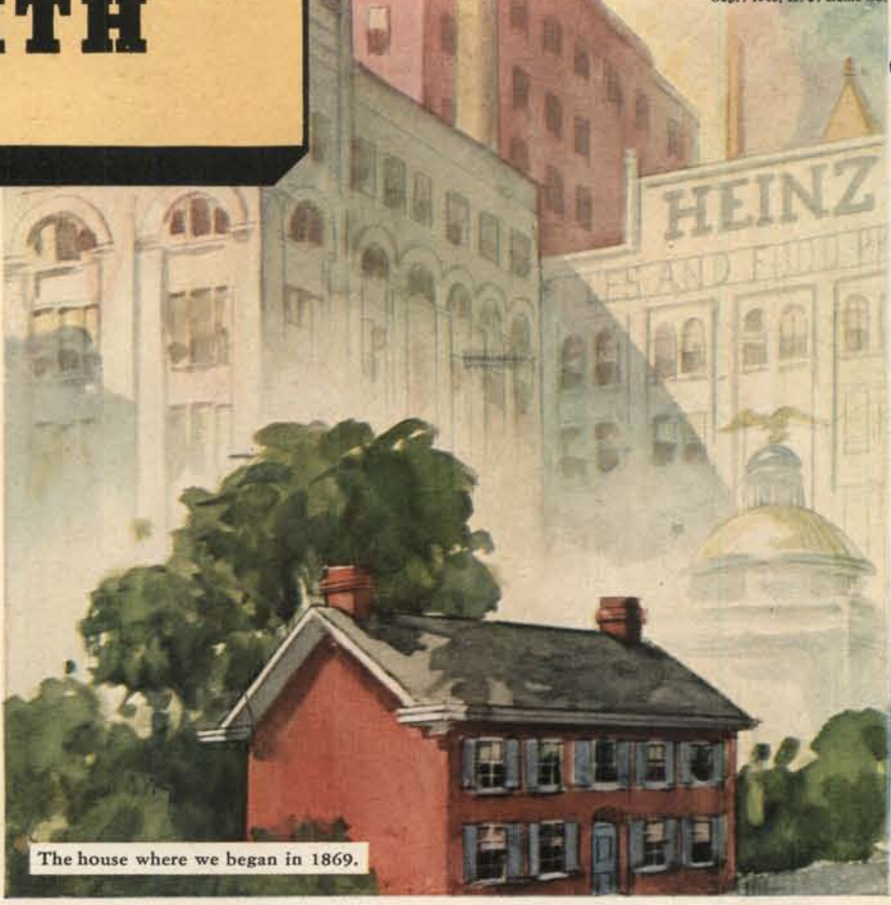
MAKERS of quality must have faith in the future, for quality is never born of haste or expedients. It requires slow, painstaking effort, a greater investment of money and skill—and its rewards are often in the distant years. The measure of quality in any product is in direct ratio to the maker's belief in the future.



② The extent of his faith in the tomorrows is the extent of the quality in his products. Our sights have been trained on the years ahead since the day Henry J. Heinz founded this business. We've guarded the quality of our 57 Varieties jealously, with constant vigil against carelessness and the fallacy of "good enough".

Copr. 1940, H. J. Heinz Co.

③ Confidence in the enduring success of a business, built on the highest quality standards, has kept us marching forward without halt for seventy years. As obvious proof of our faith in the future, our building program has gone steadily forward during good times and bad. In the past three years, for example, spotless modern kitchens have been erected in various communities throughout the country, creating more than fifteen hundred new jobs.



The house where we began in 1869.

④ And these increased facilities today enable us to bring our 57 Varieties to you at prices that are actually considerably lower than those of ten years ago. It is gratifying to know that in a nation with the world's highest food standards, Heinz quality, inspired by our unwavering faith in the future, has made us welcome guests at your family table for over seventy years.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY (57) PITTSBURGH, PA.

Two Easy Steps Show You the Biggest Value!

Jse this new "One-Two" way to be ure of getting more car for your noney—more driving pleasure!

IRST: See the 1940 Quality Chart. t gives you a revealing comparison f how much "All Three" low-priced ars give you in size, safety, comort, luxury, and long life.

ECOND: As further evidence—nd to find out what these facts mean o your enjoyment—take Plymouth's hrilling Luxury Ride!

THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Car... Features
$2245 CAR
LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH
LOW-PRICED CAR
YES
NO
...TH IS MOST ... HIGH-

NEW "ONE-TWO" WAY TO PICK YOUR BEST BUY...

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART...

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE

Here's how "All Three" compare on 22 Features Found in High-Priced Cars:

PLYMOUTH has 21...CAR "2" has 11...CAR "3" has 8

THE SWEEPING popularity of the 1940 Plymouth is a direct testimonial to its superior beauty, size, comfort and quality. It is the one *low-priced* car most like the *high-priced* cars!

This year, *Plymouth* gives you 21 of the 22 important quality features found on high-priced cars!

See the Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's...and to find out the greater enjoyment low price can buy, take Plymouth's Luxury Ride.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

January 27, 1940

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WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art

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FRANK GERVASI	France
MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

WHEN Gregg Stuart saw a girl being mauled about in one of New York's darker streets at three in the morning, he did just what any ordinarily decent young man about town would have done—he stepped in and put a stop to it. That should have been the end of it, but when Gregg got his first good look at the girl he was pretty sure it wasn't going to be. And he was even surer when he saw her obvious terror—terror all out of proportion to the incident. Here, he decided, was a girl not to be tossed out of his life as informally as she'd entered it. What happened when he decided to probe the sinister mystery that surrounded her, and what it did to her life and Gregg Stuart's, is excitingly told in the new serial by Octavus Roy Cohen. It's called "Romance in Crimson" and it begins in next week's Collier's.

IN SWEDEN, after 130 years of peace and 50 years of intensive reform, everyone lives well. But, nowadays, not happily. Sweden faces desperate days. Can she maintain her famed "middle way" in a rapacious world? Informed Swedes—which means all Swedes—are alarmed. And they are preparing unhappily for what they believe must come. Martha Gellhorn, Collier's staff correspondent, writing from Stockholm, takes the national temper in an illuminating article, "Fear Comes to Sweden."

"ALL my life things has been this-a-way," said big Black Bat sadly. "I ain't never harmed nobody. Everybody feered of me. Cain't git me no friend, cain't git me no wife, cain't git me no chillen. Folks jest looks at me, never asks what I got in my heart." What was "in the heart" of Black Bat was there to stay—despite fear and suspicion and heartbreaking misunderstanding. His story is a splendid and simple one, and one that we present with special pride. It's by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

ADDITIONAL fiction includes short stories by William MacHarg, featuring Detective O'Malley; by Horatio Winslow and by James R. Webb. I. A. R. Wylie writes the Short Short Story. And Ernest Haycox brings "Saddle and Ride" to a satisfying conclusion.

JOHN T. FLYNN concludes the story of Moe Annenberg, and Quentin Reynolds tells you about the young American girl who broke precedent by becoming the mainstay of the ballet.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

DAMON RUNYON
Little Pinks. A little guy carries a big torch. Page 9

WILLIAM FAY
Thirty Grand, Goodby. Danny Brady in a comeback—for love and money. Page 14

DANIEL FUCHS
A Mink Coat Each Morning. A rash promise to the Little Woman. Page 17

THOMAS WALSH
Gavegan's Choice. Ex-convict, making his own breaks. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot, by Duane Decker. Page 11

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Saddle and Ride. The seventh of eight parts. Shifting allegiances. Page 18

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Sad Cypress. Conclusion. A mystery unfolded. Page 22

ARTICLES

MARTHA GELLHORN
Bombs from a Low Sky. Why the Finns are getting angry. Page 12

JOHN T. FLYNN
Smart Money. The third of four parts. Study in persuasion. Page 16

J. D. RATCLIFF
Bully-Boy Microbe. A new and promising assault on pneumonia. Page 19

FRANK CONDON
The Grapes of Raps. Hollywood makes a picture—strictly under blankets. Page 23

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS
How About Taxing TVA?
The "Alien Horde."
Quacks Don't Cure. Page 70

COVER D. B. HOLCOMB

Any Week

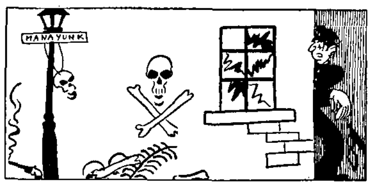
SEÑOR OSCAR MORINEAU wires from Mexico City his protest against Jim Marshall's recent article on oil expropriation by Mexico. Señor Morineau is a lawyer and a graduate of Columbia University. He telegraphs, "Marshall deliberately falsifies when he makes me say that Washington expropriated the United States from England, and Lincoln millions' worth of Southern property."

The reference to Washington and Lincoln should have been attributed to Dr. Salvador Mendoza who, like Señor Morineau, is the writer of a pamphlet enthusiastically defending Mexico's expropriations. Washington and Lincoln do not appear in the Morineau pamphlet. Otherwise Mr. Morineau's argument was correctly stated by Mr. Marshall. Naturally he differs completely from Mr. Marshall, who does not hold with expropriation.

THE United States ought to shudder with shame every time it looks in the mirror. We get this flat from Mr. Edwin Douglas of Vancouver, British Columbia. Blushing to the roots of our remaining hair, we read, from Mr. Douglas: "I suggest your country, in order to make your flag truly symbolical, add a good wide stripe of yellow to the present stripes, such stripe to represent the country as a whole."

MANY tons of wrestlers have protested to us since Richard English's story, "Muscle Man," appeared in these diverting pages. From the mass we select Mr. Boomboom (Main Line) Pisck's remonstrance. From Toledo, Ohio ("Where I just throwed Count Sally Ruvalo"), Mr. Pisck writes: "Maybe you think all wrestlers can't read. Nuts to you. I come from a long line of wrestlers starting with an uncle who was known worldily for wrestling anybody on sight and no kid. Wrestlers don't use no rosin on their shoes. Also about fake wrestling, I throwed a boy from Lackawanna, New York, by the name of Polish Paulie and come out with four busted toes which this boy broke one by one on my right foot and he was supposed to win until he done that. And remember no wrestlers use rosin on their shoes next time. Love and kisses from Boomboom cutie."

ANOTHER strong protest arrives from Mrs. Ruth Tague Kelly of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, of Kyle Crichton's masterpiece, "Girl with the Funny Face," the Saga of a Manayunk Mamma. "Mr. Crichton states," writes Mrs. Kelly, "that Manayunk is a section of Philadelphia where even the cops go around with bodyguards. I have lived in the Manayunk section of Philadelphia all my life and never saw a policeman with a bodyguard. My family and I, and many others, intend to discontinue our subscriptions unless some retraction is made." So we hasten to retract. A bodyguard would be absolutely useless to a cop in Manayunk.



FROM a citizen in Long Island City, New York, we've just received a brisk remonstrance about our spelling. "Hah," writes he, "I've just caught you misspelling it. You misspelled the name of a newspaper. It should be Neps Zava instead of just Nepsava. Respectfully, Zoltan Kuruczkerekszentgyorgyi."

ON THE other hand Mr. Al Epp of Santa Monica, California, gives us a friendly nudge toward the path he thinks we'd do well to travel. "Jim Marshall in the Orient," says Mr. Epp. "W. B. Courtney in Germany. M. Gellhorn in Scandinavia, F. Gervasi in France, W. Hillman in Europe. Where are you? We should have the best air force in the world and remember George Washington's advice. Or won't Russia let you in? Read Benjamin Franklin also. Things have changed."

AND WE, for one, can well imagine the height of the dudgeon Miss Zoe Della Dockerty of Jackson, Mississippi, found herself in when someone told her that "many members of the New Deal wear silk underthings." Says Miss Dockerty: "While I would not care if times were normal, anybody trying to run this government in silk underthings, while the South has enough spare cotton to give every man, woman and child a complete outfit of patriotic underthings, ought to be run out of office."

IN THEIR underthings. W. D.

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Fighting Another Plague

As a result of a great educational movement, countless Americans today have enlisted in the fight against a great plague—syphilis. They have learned that syphilis can be *cured* and syphilis in the new-born *prevented*—by prompt, proper treatment.

Thanks to this national awakening, *two and one half times* as many cases were reported for treatment in 1938 as in 1928, according to information from the U. S. Public Health Service and private physicians all over the country!

And more Americans now than ever before realize that, while syphilis may be acquired innocently, no one need remain in doubt as to whether he or she has syphilis. They have learned that a thorough medical check up, including blood test and microscopic examination, reveals the truth to the skilled physician.

So in 1938, *five times* as many blood tests for syphilis were made as in 1930!

Every thoughtful citizen, naturally interested in stamping out this menace, should know and help to make known the following cardinal principles concerning syphilis:

1. **Prompt recognition of the disease is vital.**
2. **There is as yet no practical short-cut treatment.**

Many a victim of syphilis is deceived into neglecting medical attention—while the disease slowly entrenches itself in one or more vital organs.

Self-treatment, non-professional treatment, quack remedies are worse than useless. The guidance of a reputable physician is the first dependable step toward real cure. Proper treatment consists of a systematic series of injections given by a competent doctor over a period of *many weeks.*

In progressive communities throughout the country, examinations, blood tests, and treatments are being made available to those unable to pay for private care. Names of doctors and locations of public health centers and clinics offering these services are readily supplied by local health departments or county medical societies.

So that you may better understand the syphilis problem and be better equipped to help your community solve it, let us give you additional information about this disease. Send for the free Metropolitan booklet, "The Great Imitator."

* * *

February 1st Is Social Hygiene Day: American Social Hygiene Association Headquarters, 50 W. 50th St., N. Y. C., will gladly send you literature and full particulars.

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1 Madison Avenue, New York, Dept. 240-C
Please send me a copy of your booklet, "The Great Imitator."

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________ State ________

Better start gargling with Listerine, Mister!

WHEN you've got the sniffles, a chill, and your throat feels irritated, it's a sign that germs are probably at work in mouth and throat.

Sometimes they can be killed in sufficient numbers or kept under control so that Nature can halt the infection . . . throw off the cold.

If you have any symptoms of trouble, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic and keep it up. Countless people say it's a wonderful first aid and 8 years of scientific research back them up. Tests during this period actually showed fewer and milder colds for Listerine Antiseptic users . . . fewer sore throats, too.

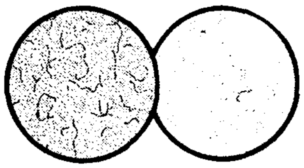
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the secondary invaders—germs that many authorities say help to complicate a cold and make it so troublesome.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% one hour later.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it is a wise precaution to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are a constant menace to the health of the entire family?

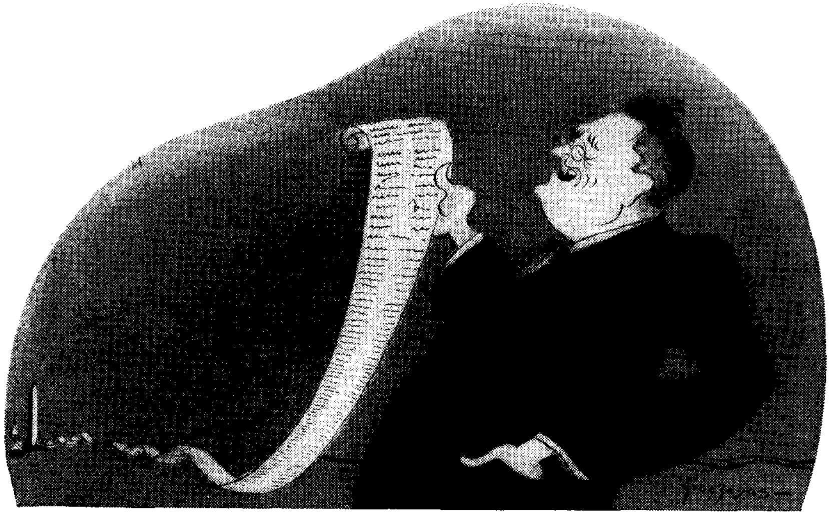
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS!



The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

LISTERINE FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The longest telegram on record was a birthday greeting message sent to President Franklin D. Roosevelt from Birmingham, Alabama, on January 30, 1934. This night letter, which required nineteen hours and eight minutes to transmit over high-speed automatic telegraph instruments, contained 41,000 signatures and was a quarter of a mile in length.—*By J. R. Concord, Manchester, New Hampshire.*

Unlike the majority of other countries, the United States has not made one secret treaty with a foreign government since 1789.—*By George Carson, Chicago, Illinois.*

In a new South Dakota flour mill, the heat generated by friction in the grinding machine is so great that the heated air it creates, drawn off by a fan and washed, is sufficient to heat the entire six-story building, except in very cold weather.—*By Francis Newlon, Rapid City, South Dakota.*

During the past twenty years, symphony orchestras in this country have increased from 17 to about 275, twelve of them being composed of women. Further evidence that symphonic music has gained tremendously in public favor is the fact that the sale of its records has shown an 800 per cent increase during the past decade.

Mohammedanism, whose adherents represent fifteen per cent of the world's population, is the only great religion that prohibits the use of coffins, the dead being wrapped only in a burial cloth.—*By G. Pittman, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.*

Ornithologists and seamen have good reasons to believe that most albatrosses fly around the world several times during the course of their lives. Incidentally, these great birds, which can be buffeted for days by ocean gales, become very seasick when standing on the deck of a moving ship.

California's new license plates, owing to their rounded corners and lighter weight, will save the state, in cost of manufacturing and milling, approximately $125,000 a year.—*By Clate O'Riley, San Diego, California.*

Probably America's busiest piano tuner is the gentleman who works from one to nine each morning, seven days a week, keeping in tune the thirty-eight pianos in the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company.—*By Alice Bradford, New York, New York.*

An average of five women a day die from burns received in the home, the majority of these accidents being due to the lightness and looseness of feminine apparel, which makes it a fire hazard.

Every American automobile manufacturer, with one exception, now makes his motorcars with more space between the rear wheels than the front wheels to provide for extra room in the back seat.—*By Leonard Murphy, Oswego, Oregon.*

As the ownership of property on a street extends to the middle of the roadway, both the sidewalk and the street are intended only as rights of way for the public. Thus the New York Supreme Court has held that a man who stops on the sidewalk in front of another man's house and shouts abusive and insulting language at him is a trespasser.—*By Hugh B. Collins, Eugene, Oregon.*

In most outboard motorboat races, the fuel used is a mixture of alcohol, benzol and castor oil because it is more powerful than any high-test gasoline.—*By Stanley Ross, Long Beach, New York.*

The commercial railroads of the world still use thirty different gauges, ranging from fifteen inches to sixty-six inches.—*By Dr. Harry E. Cash, Newton Center, Massachusetts.*

A number of American lawyers not only handle the legal affairs of their clients, but are also requested to take charge of such personal details as buying and furnishing homes, advising on marriage partners, paying bills and even selecting servants.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

YOU'LL FIND
a Road of Mystery

Someday this week you're going to rub your eyes and wonder where you are.

You'll find yourself on a road of mystery. The scene outside is hauntingly familiar—but, what's happened?

The day is clearer . . . the sky is brighter. You can almost count the shingles on the houses flashing by.

Suddenly, you realize why. You're in a Nash—*and for the first time, there's no* blur or jiggle between you and the landscape, thanks to a new kind of ride called Arrow-Flight!

Where's that hill you used to crawl up in second . . . those ruts that yesterday jarred you to the teeth?

Look! You're flashing over them now at forty—in a new kind of Fourth Speed Forward!

Where's the engine roar . . . the slap-bang of the springs . . . the howling wind?

Listen! Now you can hear the scratch of the match as your wife lights a cigarette.

(You've never known such car quietness as new Nash soundproofing achieves.)

And that blizzard blowing up outside? It must be a mirage—for you're breathing in air as fresh and warm and friendly as a May morning.

Perhaps it's this Weather Eye magic that produces perpetual spring . . . or the absolute ease of Arrow-Straight steering—but something leads you on. . .

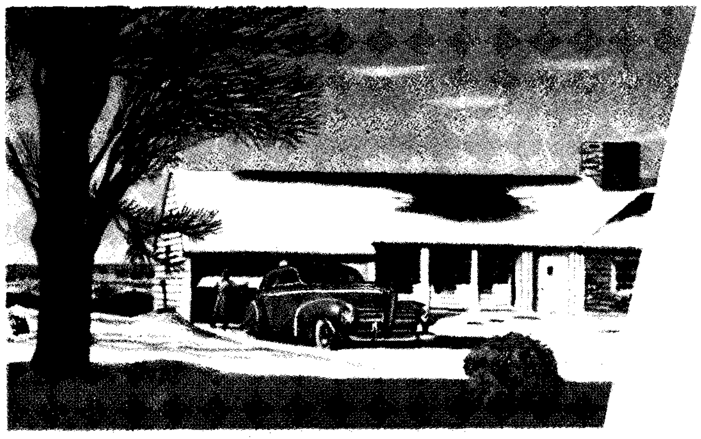
Yes—you'll follow this strange, uncanny road—free from cold and dust without ruts or bumps or menacing hill . . . for at least a hundred thousand miles!

• • •

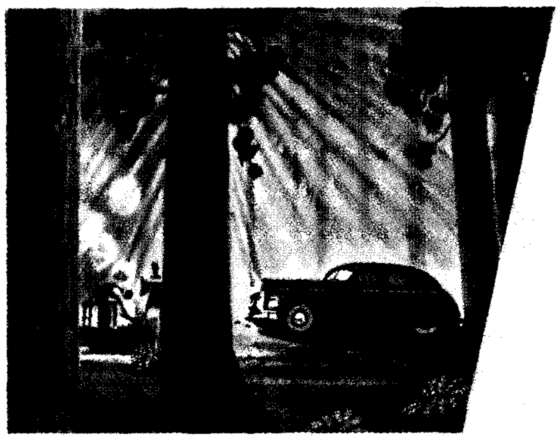
What a pity you haven't yet driven a Nash.

If it's price that's holding you back—forget it! Nash prices begin next to the lowest-priced cars . . . and when you weigh in Nash economy and high resale value, you can't spend much less for *any kind* of an automobile!

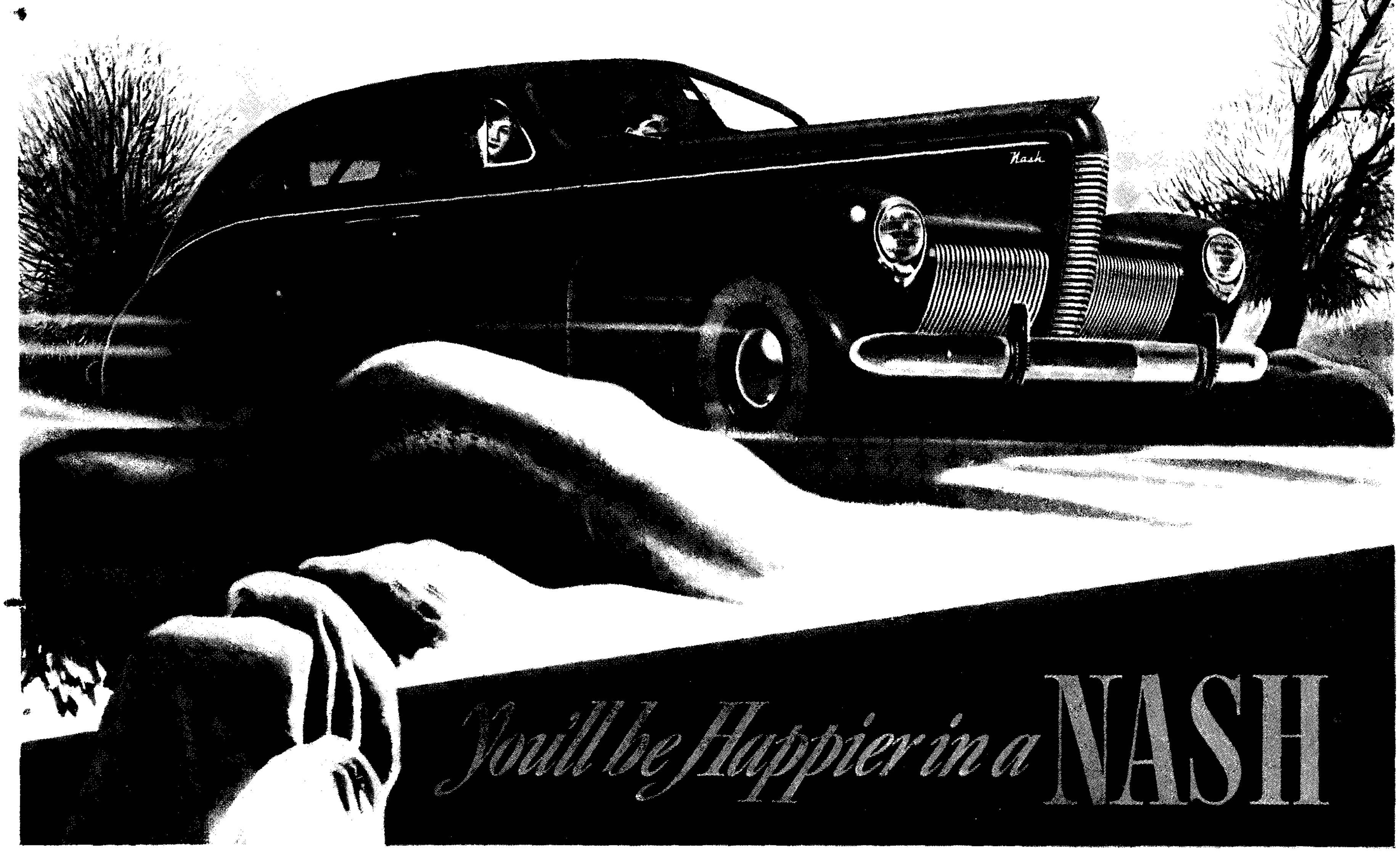
That road is waiting . . . get on it *now!*



INSTANT STARTING in any weather, with the exclusive Nash Manifold-Sealed engine. Pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds in high gear. New Fourth Speed Forward has Automatic Overtake for safe passing, fast hill climbing. Sealed Beam lights for night driving.



RESTFUL TRAVEL. Smooth, silent Arrow-Flight springing, Foam Sponge seats, Fabreeka body mountings keep you rested 'til you turn into your Nash bed. 1800 Nash dealers offer nation-wide service.


Nash
You'll be Happier in a NASH

CITY OF BRUNSWICK

I never forgot the man who climbed aboard the City of Brunswick

WHEN I was a kid, my grandfather was the captain of a freighter called the City of Brunswick. It was a great day when, to celebrate my 12th birthday, he let me ship with him on a trip from Boston to New York.

As we approached New York harbor, a small boat pulled alongside us, a stranger climbed aboard and, to my surprise, he seemed to take charge of everything.

Grandfather explained that he was the harbor pilot, that he knew the channels, and would guide the ship from here on in to her berth.

"But Grandpa," I cried, "you're the best sailor in the world! Couldn't you take her in?"

"Perhaps I could, son," he grinned; "but in waters you're not familiar with, it's always best to have a pilot to take you safely in to shore."

Those words of Granddad's stuck. Today, people say I'm a good doctor, but when I get away from my doctoring and into strange waters, I get a pilot.

I realized I was no wizard on money matters, so years ago I got an insurance man aboard my "ship." I figured that he'd know better than I how to steer me clear of financial shoals and reefs. He did, too.

I could name half a dozen successful business men who've left their wives and kids in pretty bad straits. Right at the start, my insurance man fixed it up so that Mary and the boys wouldn't ever be left that way.

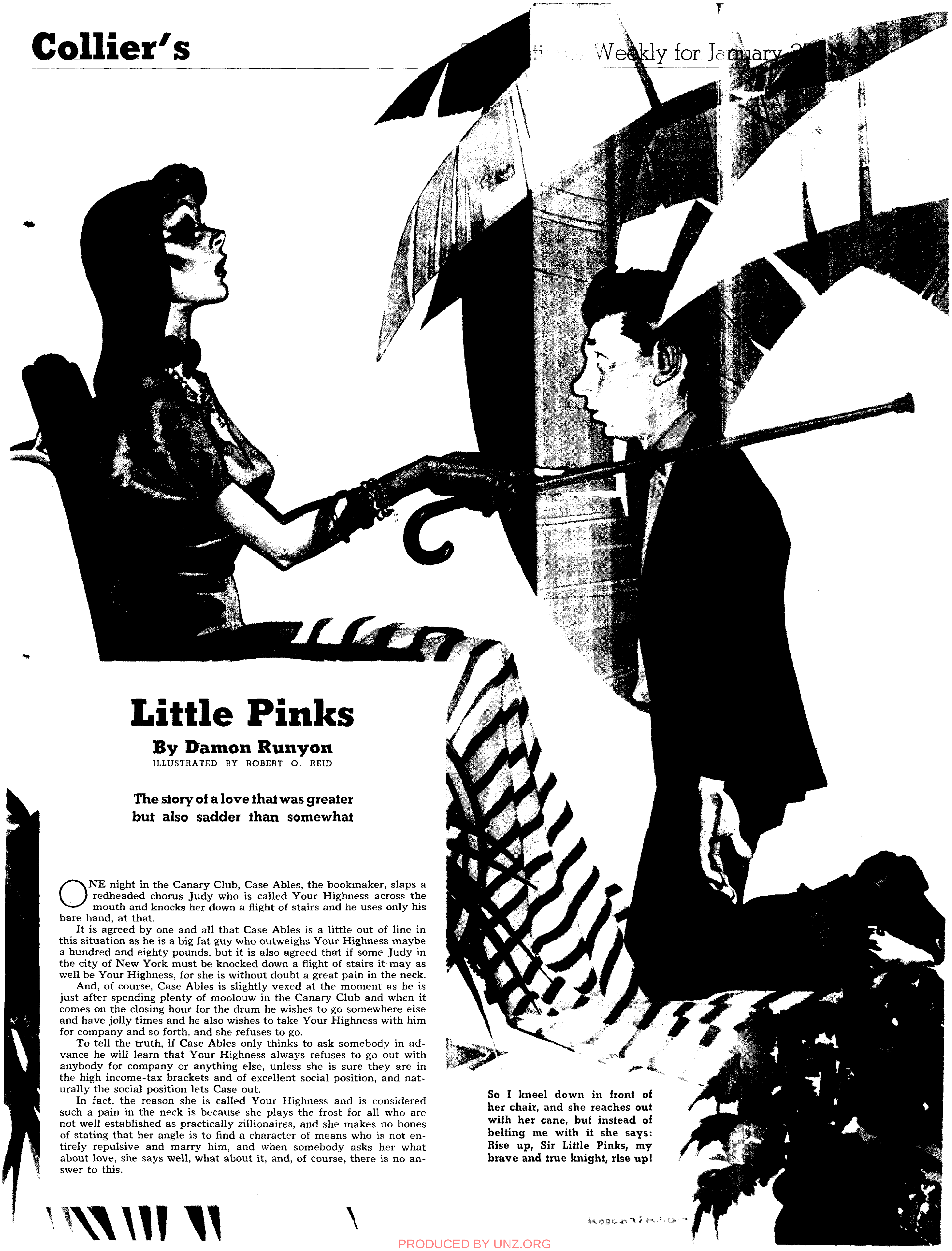
I've known other good men who've had a tough time in their later years. Thanks to my good pilot, I could retire tonight.

Twice he's come to my rescue when I've run aground. Once in 1922 when we had a fire in the attic. And once last year when he took over all the worries, bills, and damage suits that came from our auto smash-up.

All through the years my insurance man has done a grand job of bringing me peace of mind about financial matters; a better job, all the way along, than I could have done myself.

* * *

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.



Little Pinks

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The story of a love that was greater but also sadder than somewhat

ONE night in the Canary Club, Case Ables, the bookmaker, slaps a redheaded chorus Judy who is called Your Highness across the mouth and knocks her down a flight of stairs and he uses only his bare hand, at that.

It is agreed by one and all that Case Ables is a little out of line in this situation as he is a big fat guy who outweighs Your Highness maybe a hundred and eighty pounds, but it is also agreed that if some Judy in the city of New York must be knocked down a flight of stairs it may as well be Your Highness, for she is without doubt a great pain in the neck.

And, of course, Case Ables is slightly vexed at the moment as he is just after spending plenty of moolouw in the Canary Club and when it comes on the closing hour for the drum he wishes to go somewhere else and have jolly times and he also wishes to take Your Highness with him for company and so forth, and she refuses to go.

To tell the truth, if Case Ables only thinks to ask somebody in advance he will learn that Your Highness always refuses to go out with anybody for company or anything else, unless she is sure they are in the high income-tax brackets and of excellent social position, and naturally the social position lets Case out.

In fact, the reason she is called Your Highness and is considered such a pain in the neck is because she plays the frost for all who are not well established as practically zillionaires, and she makes no bones of stating that her angle is to find a character of means who is not entirely repulsive and marry him, and when somebody asks her what about love, she says well, what about it, and, of course, there is no answer to this.

So I kneel down in front of her chair, and she reaches out with her cane, but instead of belting me with it she says: Rise up, Sir Little Pinks, my brave and true knight, rise up!

Personally, I consider Your Highness' attitude slightly unromantic, especially for a Judy who is only about twenty-two years old, but many citizens claim that it displays great intelligence, although they all admit they are glad she can never have them in mind for her purpose.

In fact, Joe Gloze, the owner of the Canary Club, states that as far as he is concerned he will just as soon marry a fire plug as Your Highness as he says he figures a fire plug will not be so cold and hard in case of a clinch. But, of course, Joe Gloze admits he is only guessing both ways.

HOWEVER, no one can deny that Your Highness does very good for herself by specializing in characters of means. They are always taking her nice places and she has fine clothes and fur wraps and other odds and ends such as these characters dearly love to bestow upon chorus Judys for the asking, and Your Highness is not at all tongue-tied when it comes to asking.

Furthermore, she has quite a personal following of these characters and always brings trade to any joint in which she is working, so she gets a good salary although all she has to do is to walk around with the rest of the chorus and look beautiful, which is really no effort at all for Your Highness. In fact, many citizens say that if she is not the most beautiful Judy that ever hits Broadway, she is at least in there somewhere scrambling along close up.

The price is 8 to 5 anywhere along Broadway that Your Highness will sooner or later marry the United States Mint, or maybe the Bank of England, and 20 to 1 that she will make either of them sick of her in two weeks when she winds up in a heap at the foot of the stairs from Case Ables' slap. I remember she has on a red dress and what with this and her red hair she reminds me more than somewhat of a woodpecker that someone knocks out of a tree with a rock.

Well, while she is lying there, a bus boy in the Canary Club by the name of Little Pinks, who has a very large nose and a short forehead and who does not weigh more than ninety pounds, apron and all, runs down the stairs and begins carrying on in a way that is most distressing to hear, especially to Case Ables, as Little Pinks keeps yelling that Case is a murderer and a no-good and I do not know what all else.

So naturally Case has to go down the stairs and give Little Pinks a few good clops on the chops because such talk is practically vilification of character and by no means pleasing to Case Ables. But the more clops Little Pinks gets the louder he yells and as a scene of this nature is by no means beneficial to an establishment such as the Canary Club, Joe Gloze and two of his captains of waiters go down and assist Case in the clopping, so after a while Little Pinks is very well clopped indeed.

It comes out that Little Pinks is a great admirer of Your Highness, but it is agreed that even so he is going too far in speaking so freely of Case Ables. In fact, after some discussion it is the consensus of opinion that a bus boy has no right to admire anybody and consequently Little Pinks is in great disfavor with one and all, especially when it comes out that his admiration of Your Highness is from a distance and that he never more than says good evening to her in his life and even then she does not answer unless she feels like it. And of course, everybody who knows Your Highness knows that she will very seldom feel like answering a bus boy.

It becomes plain to all that Your Highness probably never knows Little Pinks is alive, yet it seems that whenever she goes to work in a night club, Little Pinks always gets himself a bussing job there, just so he can be near her and see her. When this information is made public it is generally agreed that Little Pinks is slightly eccentric and, furthermore, when Joe Gloze gets to figuring that if Pinks is so busy admiring Your Highness he must be neglecting his bussing, he gives Little Pinks a few more clops for luck.

WELL, finally it also comes out that Your Highness' spine is injured so she will never walk again and Case Ables feels so sorry about this that he talks some of paying her hospital expenses, but Joe Gloze convinces him that it will be setting a bad precedent in these situations. In fact, Joe Gloze says it may start his chorus Judys to falling down the stairs of their own free will just to get in hospitals.

There is also a rumor around that Your Highness has a right to sue Case Ables for damages, but as Case soon has thirty-four witnesses, including the cop on the beat, who are willing to swear she attacks him first and that she is undoubtedly under the influence of something at the time, nothing comes of this rumor. In fact, everybody forgets the incident as quickly as possible except Your Highness and maybe Little Pinks, who is bound to remember if only because Joe Gloze gives him the heevus from his job in the Canary Club.

Now all this is some years ago and it comes on a winter when things are pretty tough for one and all and I judge they must be especially tough for bus boys as I meet Little Pinks on Broadway one cold day and he is thinner than an old dime and does not have enough clothes on to make a bathrobe for a mouse. His toes are leaking out of his shoes and he is as blue as a toad from the cold and I stake him to four bits out of the goodness of my heart. Then I ask him if he ever sees Your Highness and he says to me like this:

"Sure, I see her," Little Pinks says. "I see her all the time. In fact, Your Highness lives in the same place I do which is in a basement over in West Fifty-second Street near Tenth Avenue. I am the only one who does see her nowadays as all her former friends give her the brush-off after she is hurt. She is in the hospital nearly a year and," he says, "she has to sell all her possessions to pay the expenses. She does not have one penny when I take her to my place to live."

"How is she now?" I say.

"She is cold," Little Pinks says. "Always so cold. There is not much heat in our basement and this is one reason why Your Highness is always slightly irritable. But," he says, "it keeps me so busy hustling around trying to get a few dibs to keep up the installments on the wheel chair I buy her and for food and magazines that I cannot afford a better place. Your Highness must have her magazines so she can keep up with what the society people are doing. They cost quite a lot," he says.

"Are you married to her?" I say.

"Oh, my goodness, no," Pinks says. "Do you suppose Your Highness will marry anybody like me? She is too proud to think of such a thing. She is just letting me take care of her until she can get well and marry somebody with a lot of sugar. That is always her dream," he says. "When she is in good humor she talks about how she will reward me some day.

"But," Little Pinks says, "she is not often in good humor lately because she is so cold. She says she wants to go to Miami where it is warm and where there are society people like she sees in the magazines. She says she will get a chance to meet guys with money there. Yes," he says, "I think I will take her to Miami."

"Well, Pinks," I say, "that will be fine, but how are you going to get her there? It looks to me as if you may be a little short of what it takes."

"Why," Little Pinks says, "I will push her there in her wheel chair."

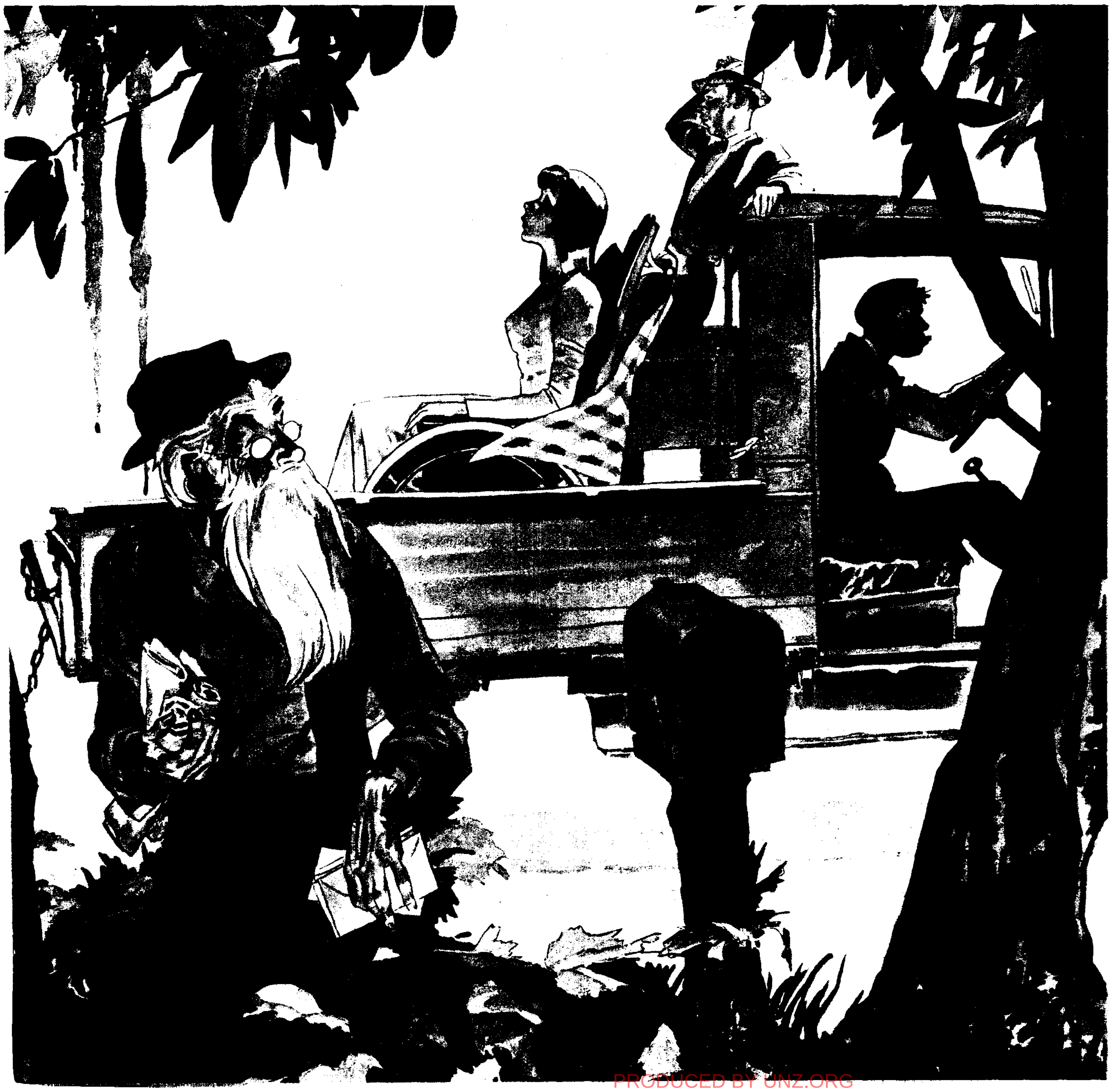
"Pinks," I say, "I guess you are a case for Bellevue. It is thirteen hundred miles to Miami."

"How far is thirteen hundred miles?" Little Pinks says.

"Pinks," I say, "thirteen hundred miles is thirteen hundred miles. That is how far it is. You can no more push somebody in a wheel chair such a distance than you can roll a peanut from here to Chicago with your nose."

"Well," he says, "I must try because

(Continued on page 30)



When she is in one of those trucks she pretends she is Cleopatra in her royal barge scooting along the Nile, an idea she gets from some movie

Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot

By Duane Decker

SHE sat down at the dressing table and drew a lipstick from the glittering sequin bag that matched her sequin bolero. But she didn't need lipstick—she saw that when she glanced in the mirror. So she flung the lipstick down and picked up a nail file. Her nails were okay, too. "Well, nuts!" she said, frowning. "Why doesn't he come in so I can tell him and get it over?"

From the cocktail lounge the frantic music of the six-piece band hammered away. Well, it had been her last floor show—she was through hoofing it in these cheesy, small-town night clubs. She propped her chin on her two pink fists and gazed with detached appraisal at the mirror, through cool, narrowed eyes. "So you're going to get married," she said to her defiant reflection. "Well, dearie, you know how to wear an orchid, but how the hell do you boil an egg?"

She crossed silken legs and tapped a high-heeled pump against the dressing table in a nervous sort of rhythm. Now, why did Jimmie have to take so long getting into his street clothes *tonight?* Just because this was the night she was going to tell him about breaking up the act, to marry Tod—that was why.

Tod was a local insurance man. She'd met him the first night they'd opened in this bum bistro and he'd come back steadily ever since. Tonight he'd pressed a ring, a huge, beautiful thing that sparkled like the front of the Astor Theater, into her hand and he'd told her to give him a yes or a no, after the floor show. Like that.

Well, it was going to be a great big yes. Maybe she wasn't crazy in love with Tod—he didn't leave her dizzy with joy or anything; but she had never known any man who did. Except, once in a great while—Jimmie. But nine days out of ten, Jimmie only made her nod. He never got gentle, or tender, or sad—he had none of those moods that give a girl a chance to get really close to a guy. Nope, he was just a dumb oaf who was positive he'd lick the world by peppering away at it with his puny little jabs, day after day. She couldn't picture the boob's ever being in love with a woman.

Because he was so stuck on himself. Nothing ever even *ruffled* his confidence about their future. Time and again, when they'd get fired from one job after another, did he get *at all* blue or worried the way she always did? Never. Why, he'd act as though he had the world on a string; he'd be a very gay, very giddy thing; he'd practically turn into a human vibraphone. When he'd tell her the bad news, he'd always laugh, as though this getting fired had been a very *strange* development. And he'd scratch his ear (the right one) with that exaggerated mock ruefulness. He'd say, "Well, babe, now it can be told. That was our last floor show in *this* dump, thank God! Now we can line up something *good.*"

THEN he'd bring up the cheery business about putting their ad in Variety or Billboard again. That ad slayed her. It always said: "Temporarily at liberty—Jimmie Nolan and Connie Dale. Three years vaudeville and night-club exp. Sing, dance, plenty hot."

Plenty hot. Yeah. Hot, like April in Altoona. Their act stank and she knew it. But he was always discussing their *brilliant* future!

Well, he could go right on kidding himself if he wanted to. But she was stepping out of this dismal picture while the stepping was good. While there was still Tod Pearson.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in," she called.

Jimmie walked in. He came over by the dressing table. She didn't glance up right away—she was busy wording, in her mind, the way she would tell him that she was quitting the act. Then, she saw him fumble clumsily in his pocket and finally he drew out four crisp, green bills. Four tens. He dropped two of them in front of her.

"Look, Connie," he said, "we got canned again."

Her head came up with a snap. "What!" She almost yelled it. "Fired from *this* firetrap!"

He blinked. "Yeah. That's why I've got to tell you something, babe, that hurts. I—I'm quitting the act."

He tried to look at her when he said it, but his glance crumpled before hers. "*You're* quitting the act!" she said. "*You!* And you're the guy who—"

"I know," he said. "I always talked big. But I'm sick of trying to kid myself that we've got a future."

"But you were so *sure*, always, so *positive!*"

"Whistling in the dark," he said. His shoulders seemed to sag and he looked miserable. "I thought you knew that. But I can't keep the old upper lip stiff any longer, Con. We're just another couple of second-rate hoofers."

She toyed with her sequin bag, snapped it open, saw Tod's ring glinting inside. She didn't say anything.

"Me," he said, "I'm driving the coupé to New York, right now. There's a job I think I can get in a—a shoe-store. I used to sell shoes once, before I met you. But you, Con—well—this Tod Pearson now. He seems like a very all-right guy, kid, and he's nuts about you and well-heeled and if I were you—"

For reply, she picked the ring from the bag and held it up for him to see. "Tod gave me this tonight."

"That's great, kid. That's fine. I'm awfully glad for you, honestly."

SUDDENLY he stooped and kissed her, quickly. Then he mumbled something and almost stumbled toward the door. There, he said: "Well, I'm off to the parking lot to pick up the coupé. I guess this is so long. Lots of luck, kid."

He was gone. She sat there, staring at the ring in her hand. She tossed it into the air a couple of times. Then, she almost bounced to her feet, grabbing her chunky fox coat and her turquoise velvet turban. She practically rammed herself into these garments, then picked up her bag, which was already packed.

In the foyer of the night club, a man met her. "Connie!" he said. "Jimmie just told me you were staying behind. He—"

"Jimmie is cockeyed wrong, Tod," she said. She held out her hand and dropped the ring into his. "It—it was terrific of you, Tod, and I'll never forget this. But—I'm shuffling off with Jimmie."

She planted a hurried, grateful kiss on his mouth and then she flew before he had a chance to argue. She reached the parking lot and she started to run when she saw Jimmie's coupé pulled up at the cut-rate gas pump. She opened the door, threw her bag in and slid over with an unladylike grunt. He stared.

"I'm going with you," she announced firmly. "And you're *not* going to New York to—to sell shoes."

"But listen, kid—"

She shook her head. "*You* listen. Remember that swell place in Bridgeport we heard about—the one that just opened?"

"Yes, only—"

"We go there. And *don't* try to tell me we're just another pair of hoofers. We're something special, you dope. We're *good.*"

Suddenly she saw the lines in his face relax a little. He put his arm around her—absent-mindedly, of course, but it was around her. "You know, babe, maybe I was just down in the dumps tonight, talking crazy like I did back there a while ago."

"Sure you were. You just needed somebody to cheer you up. You needed—"

"Well, I'm okay now. Sing, dance, plenty hot. That's us."

He kissed her then, and it wasn't awkward either. She said, "Jimmie—some day we might even fall in love, you know that?"

"Now *that* would be a hot one," he said, grinning. He started to scratch his right ear then. And she felt much better.

Russian bombs blasted this Helsinki apartment house and sent its tenants scurrying to the snowbound forests for shelter. At the right is a young refugee bundled up to spend an arctic night outdoors

ACME

Bombs from a Low Sky

By Martha Gellhorn

BY RADIO

From their front-row seats in Europe's war theater Collier's staff correspondents report to you weekly. This week Miss Gellhorn, who saw a peaceful Helsinki transformed overnight into a bomb-torn city of terror, takes a trip through the wreckage

WAR started at nine o'clock promptly. The people of Helsinki stood in the streets and listened to the painful rising and falling and always louder wail of the siren. For the first time in history they heard the sound of bombs falling on their city. This is the modern way of declaring war. The people moved unhurriedly to bomb shelters or took cover in doorways and waited.

That morning Helsinki was a frozen city inhabited by sleepwalkers. The war had come but it had come too fast and all the faces and all the eyes looked stunned and unbelieving.

The sky had been slate-colored all day with a low blanket of cloud folding over the city. At three o'clock no siren gave the alarm; there was only the swift, breath-taking roar of the bombs. The Russian planes flew high and unseen and dived to within two hundred meters of the ground to dump their bombs in heavy loads. It lasted one minute. It was the longest minute anyone in Helsinki had ever lived through.

There were five great explosions and afterward the stillness itself was dreadful. Then a rumor flew through the quiet, broken street: gas. Anything was believable now. You guided yourself by the tremendous sound of the bombs, and coming from that direction a high, round, gray cloud of smoke blew slowly between the buildings. We had no gas masks.

It can't be gas, you thought, unwilling to believe that a stupid death was only half a block away. They shut the doors of the hotel but as the hall skylight had already been broken by concussion this seemed feeble protection. On the fifth floor I saw the light of fire, pink around the sky. "Not gas yet," we said to one another, greatly cheered; "just incendiary bombs."

You shuffled through broken glass in the streets. The gray afternoon was darker with smoke. The bombed houses on this block were so shrouded in flames that you could not see through into the ruins. Turning left, we ran toward the light of another fire. The technical school, a vast granite square of buildings, had been hit. The houses around it and on the next street were scalped clean, with flames leaping out of all the empty windows. Firemen worked fast and silently but there was nothing much to do except try to put out the fire. Later they could dig for the bodies.

At a street corner, in the early oncoming night, a woman flagged a bus and put her child on it. She did not have

MOVIETONE NEWS

PATHÉ NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

A terrified Finnish woman runs through a littered street even though the bombs have stopped falling. Right, winter gloom and smoke from burning buildings combine to darken Helsinki at noon

time to kiss the child goodby and no one said anything. The woman turned and walked back into the bombed street. The bus was collecting children to take them away, anywhere, no one knew where, but out of the city. A curious migration started that afternoon and went on all night. Lost children, whose parents were gone in the burning buildings or separated in the confusion of that sudden attack, straggled out alone or in twos and threes, taking any road that led away from what they had seen. Days later the state radio was still calling their names, trying to find their families for them. The houses near the railway were scarred by bomb fragments from an explosion blocks away. Close to a big filling station a bus lay on its side, already burned out, and beside it in the street was the first dead man I saw in this war.

The day I came to Madrid, three winters ago, I saw a man like this one. Now as then there was no identification left except the shoes, since the head and the arms had been destroyed. In Spain the small, dark, deformed bundle wore the welt-soled shoes of the poor and here the used leather soles were carefully patched. Otherwise the two remnants of bodies were tragically the same. I thought it would be fine if the ones who order the bombing and the ones who do the bombing would walk on the ground sometime and see what it is like.

It's night at four o'clock in Helsinki but people stayed in the street as if to take comfort from one another. Women clustered in doorways and did not speak, and nowhere was anyone crying, nowhere was there the wild grief and panic that could be expected. That freezing night the roads out of Helsinki were dark with silent people, carrying knapsacks or light suitcases or carrying nothing, walking to the forest for safety.

Next morning they shoveled the broken glass off the streets around the technical school with snow shovels. The great buildings were holed through from roof to cellar and burned black inside. A fireman took me into an apartment house next door. We waded in water from the fire hoses and climbed two flights of stairs and went through a hanging door into a home that had once been comfortable and sweet. Now the white-painted furniture of the bedroom was half splintered and the voile curtains hung in damp rags and the family photographs and all the small, useless ornamental things people collect and cherish were blown about like rubbish on the floor.

"Nice Fellas, These Roosians"

All night the fireman had been digging out bodies in this flat and the next one (and a week later they were still finding the buried dead). The fireman had worked in San Francisco and Trenton years ago and we talked about those places and how lucky the people were who live there. We stood in the street and watched a fire that was still burning and looked at the ruins of the high school and the shattered homes and the fireman said quietly, but not to joke, "Nice fellas, these Roosians."

There was a woman in one of the hospitals who had been pinned under the wreckage of her home and was now waiting to die, pushing the blankets from her body because any weight was intolerable. Her child was dead but she didn't know it, and her husband lay in another ward staring in front of him with fixed, dazed eyes. The husband was a house painter. In the bed beside him a handsome dark boy with the bright face of fever held himself very still because with a hole like that in his back even breathing was torture. He had been a plumber.

The Russian planes came over again at one o'clock and the machine guns on the roofs of the office buildings and apartment houses that line the main street hammered up at them into the thick gray sky. The planes turned and dumped their bombs over the workers' quarters at the outskirts of the city. The florists sent flowers to the hospital and made wreaths for the coffins, and dark little processions of unweeping people followed the pretty coffins to the cemetery.

They evacuated children in hearses and cattle cars, in anything that would run on rails or wheels. People had been hiding in the woods for days and nights without shelter or food, and now they were beginning to find their way into the villages.

Then a truck came to move some of them to the railroad station where they could catch a train going farther north. They put a ladder up against a truck and seven little old ladies, carrying small satchels, clambered up the ladder twittering like birds. They spoke the neat, stilted English English of governesses and laughed because they were so awkward and said yes, they were going to take a train now, and no, they didn't know where they were going but it would be all right, they would find some place to stay. It had been rather hard in the woods, they said, but now everything would be quite all right. A well-dressed young woman with two small children and a baby had walked from the city, the nurse pushing the baby carriage and she leading and carrying the other children. She had left everything behind, as had all the others. But the baby had a fur rug in his carriage to keep him warm, so she was not complaining.

In the neighboring village a fine, big woman with red cheeks was buying cough medicine for her ten-year-old daughter. Her child was ill from three nights in the open woods. The mother said they slept ten in a one-room hut now, but that way, of course, they were warm. "We went and we hope," she said. "Why should we be afraid? We have done nothing wrong."

Only Bombs Are Impressive

Rumors, the inevitable by-product of war, circulated through the countryside and in the city, saying that the Russians were planning a giant air attack: they were going to flatten Helsinki! And nothing and no one would be left. In the midst of all this the Russians bombarded the city with propaganda by leaflets and by radio. The Finns reacted with bitter amusement. With the bombs came badly printed pamphlets saying, "You know we have bread, why do you starve?"

Since the Finns eat as well as any people in the world, this was not convincing. They were told repeatedly by the Moscow radio that the Finns were brothers and this war was not the work of the real Finnish people but only the devilish machination of a small band of

(Continued on page 41)

Thirty Grand, Goodby

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The story of a professional fight that was conducted—by the winner—in a spirit of strictly amateur indignation

YOU would think, with such a fine day and all the sun that shone and the sea so strong and the plants so very healthy, that people would be healthy, too. Especially in Miami. But then you took a look around the doctor's office and you could see that not all the things that grow are so pretty. Danny Brady sat there, turning his Panama hat around in his hands, and thinking things like that, because it helped keep him from thinking about himself and what the doctor was going to say.

Danny was nice to look at. He was big and blond and wider than the chair he sat in. He was big in the shoulders, but not so big in the waist, and when he rose nervously from his chair to pace the room he moved like a cat in a grocery-store window, the way a cat walks in and out and around the jars of mayonnaise, very smooth, and without any effort. Just like a cat. He wore a white linen suit and it was wonderful the way he wore it. Then the doctor opened the door and said, "Come in, Danny," and Danny went in through the door with his hands sweating, and a little chill around the muscles of his back.

Doctor Barrow had a cigarette in his mouth and the smoke curled up and punished his left eye. He had X-ray plates in his hands, and Danny went over to look at the plates. "You probably can't make any sense out of them," the doctor said. "I have a hell of a time myself."

The doctor was a clever and pleasant man who had come to Florida because the big-league ballplayers did the same, and he was skilled at fixing tricky elbows and dislocated shoulders and the broken fingers of catchers. Danny couldn't wait any longer, and so he held up his big left hand and asked, "What about it, Doc? Do I or don't I?"

"It looks like you do, Danny," the doctor said, "but you never can tell for sure. Best thing to do is belt somebody on the skull, only be sure you don't hit me."

Danny laughed and giggled foolishly and his eyes grew wet. He put his hands on the doctor's shoulders and squeezed mightily and thanked him for this minor miracle. "You'll be glad of this, Doc," he said sincerely. "I'll be up there again and you'll be at the ringside. I'm not kidding myself, you know. I'm not exactly a dope."

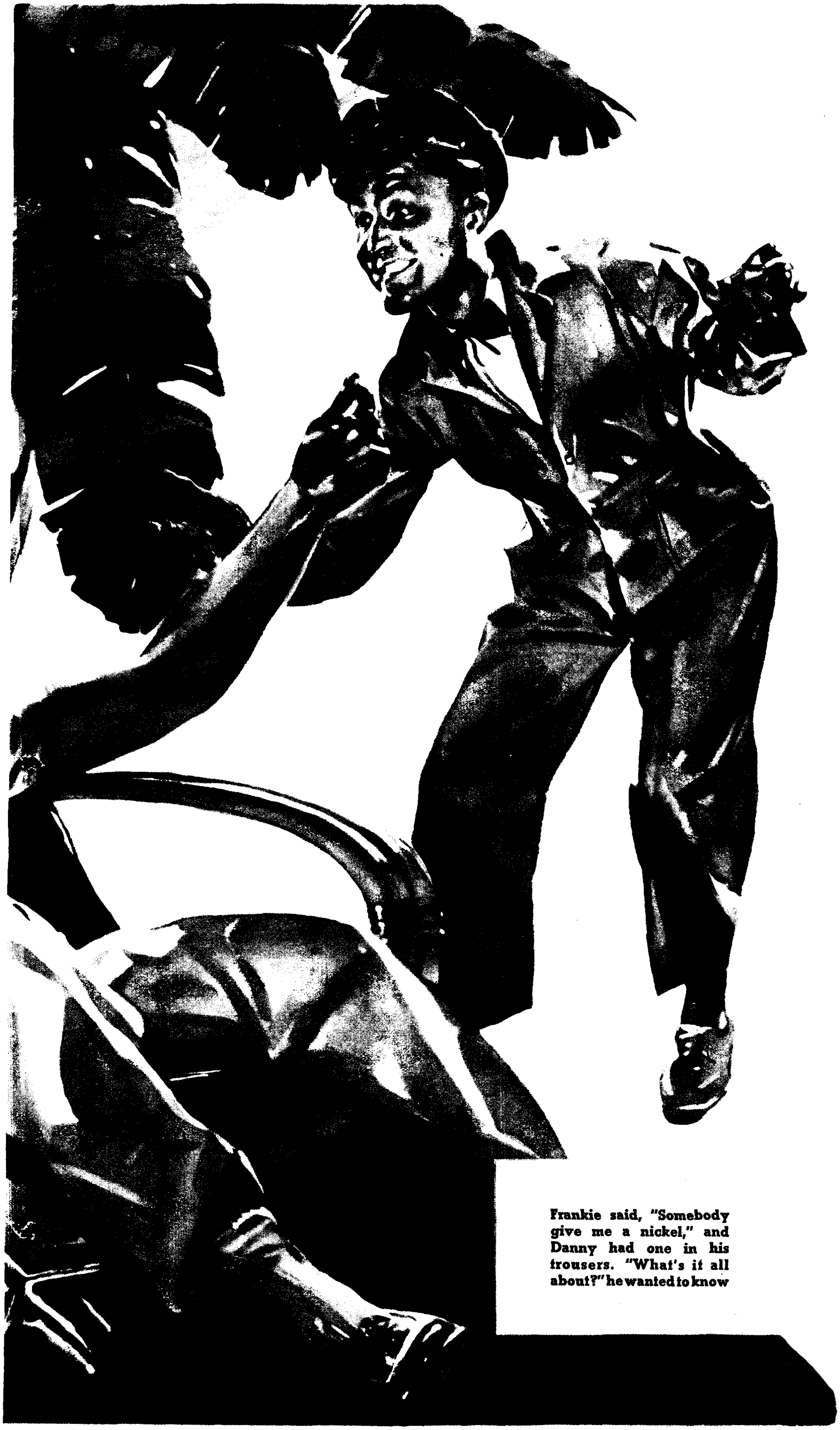
"You've been away a long time, Danny."

"A year and a half, Doc. It's not so long. Hell, I'm only twenty-five. I've been taking care of myself. Marge feeds me right; I get exercise, and—the hell with it. You know what I mean."

The doctor knew exactly what he meant. It was more than another prize fight. "You just be careful Marge isn't a widow," the doctor said, and chased him out of the office.

Danny hustled out of the doctor's house and into his coupé and drove out of the city, thinking, while he drove, of the day when he might fight again. It wouldn't be like the last time he'd fought, and he wouldn't have Lew Katz in his corner. And Lew wouldn't be his manager when the pay-off came around, as he had been the last time. He remembered what Lew had said. Something about the dough he had spent in building Danny up. Then Lew had stuck Danny's thirty gees in his pocket and walked out of the hotel room, leaving Danny with his head in a sling and his left hand in fragments.

Danny had yelled, of course, but it didn't do him any good. The promoter gives your manager the dough, and the manager cuts one third for himself and gives the rest to you. He does, if he goes by the book, except that Lew Katz had written his own book, and it was a very left-handed Bible. Lew just said, "I paid the bum. I paid 'im every dime. He's just squawkin' cause I threw 'im out. He's bleedin' cause his hand is gone an' I got Jook Manders under me wing. Me and Jook'll go a long ways together. Jook's a very



Frankie said, "Somebody give me a nickel," and Danny had one in his trousers. "What's it all about?" he wanted to know

promisin' boy." Lew was exactly that manner of thief.

So that's how it was with Danny and Lew Katz, with Lew handling not only Danny's dough, but also the butcher who had chopped him into little pieces, that "very promising boy!"

So now Danny drove across the causeway toward the sea, and then north, along Miami Beach, to the gas station he owned jointly with Frankie Costello. Frankie was waiting there, with a wrench in his hand, and smelling of gasoline. Frankie had been a lightweight when he was fighting, but he wasn't fighting any more. He was a funny little guy.

They called him Frankie the Fruitcake in the sports columns, where they are so desperate to be smart, and maybe Frankie was pretty punchy once upon a time, but he wasn't so silly he didn't know the score.

Danny told him what the doctor had said about his hand, and Frankie's eyes grew bright and alive.

"Ya see, pally, ya'll be back in there," said Frankie. "Ya'll be back in the dough an' ya'll punch big holes in Mr. Jook Manders. Ya'll be up there again, Danny, boy; ya'll be up there!" And Frankie threw punches at the atmosphere, as though someone had rung a bell.

DANNY went upstairs to the clean little apartment over the gas station, where his wife was waiting, and he told her, too, and they clung together, the two of them, wanting to keep this happiness between them for a while, and also being a little afraid, now that Danny must begin to fight, and now that they must leave the refuge of each other.

Because that's the way he had found her; he had found Marge and her arms at once, when most he had needed a haven, when he was full of the lumps that Jook Manders had raised all over his blond head, and when he was empty of the thirty grand he should have received for the fight; and when the blade of his profession, his fine left hand, was shattered and crumpled on the end of his arm, the bones like a box of matches, and the flame of his pain eating into his flesh, and making ashes of his pride which had been so great. She had been nobody but a kind and lovely face and a few words that were soft, and she had loved him since that afternoon he met her in Central Park, and maybe she was looking for a harbor, too. She didn't have a dime and he didn't have a dime; and she didn't have a job and he didn't have his hands to fight.

So here they were now, with Frankie the Fruitcake, and with the kindness the three of them could generate among themselves to warm one another, and the lousy little gas station, way down north at the end of the beach. It was a lot to have; it was a temptation to be nobody and not to be Danny Brady, the laughing Galahad with murder in his hands, the boy who might have been champ. But he was a guy whose hands and brain were meant to be busy.

"I don't care too much what you do, darling," Marge told him. "Long as you don't get hurt. And even being hurt a little wouldn't be so bad, because you're more afraid of failure than you are of a beating."

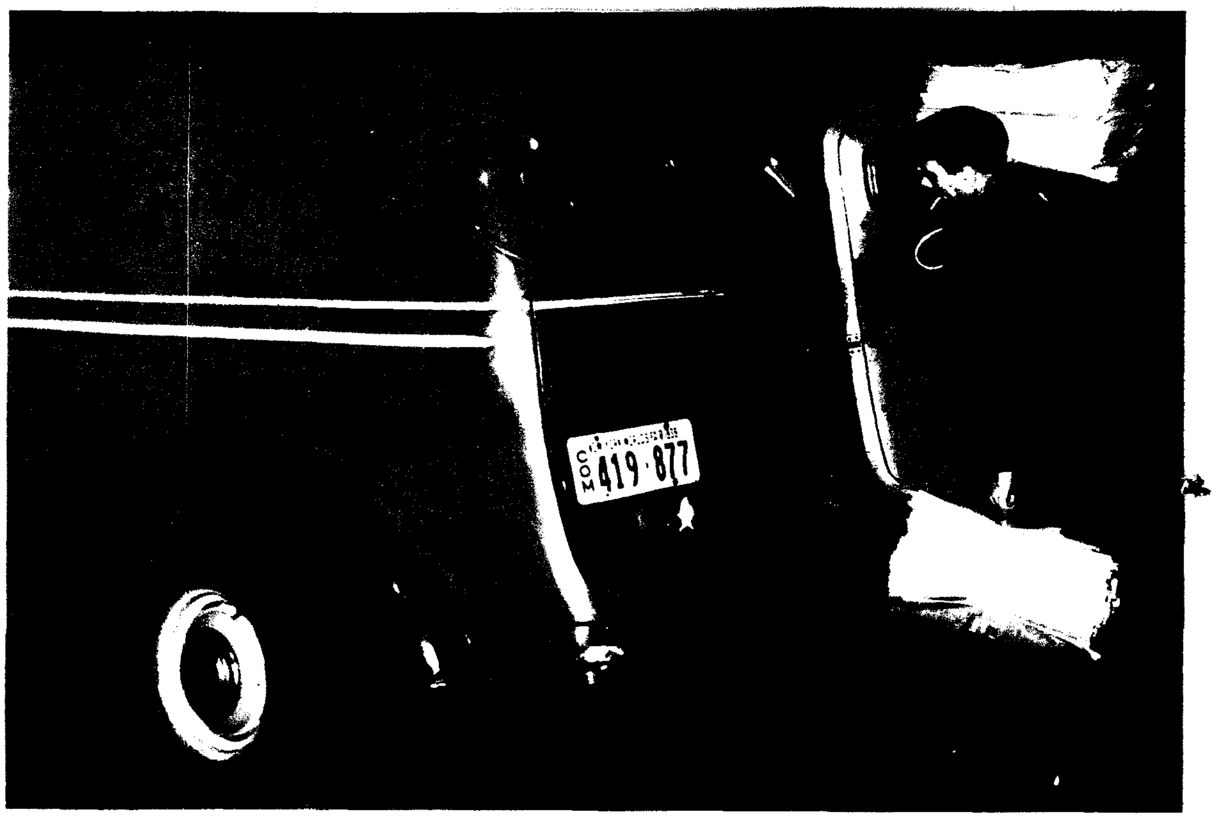
It took a good woman to see that, Danny thought, because it is true a fighting man doesn't mind only the pain of the punches that rain off his head and open his wounds. The pain is cheap and you can buy it from your dentist. The real pain is a man's futility and the fact that he can do nothing while his strength is running away, and that now he is a bum to the world, where an hour before he was a champ. The pain of the punches? It doesn't mean a thing. Look

(Continued on page 58)

Smart Money

By John T. Flynn

Moe Annenberg was supreme in his chosen field. His competition was finished off and his enemies were squelched. He was a rich man and looking for more. In this chapter he turns toward new fields—and new dangers



The Daily Racing Form, one of Annenberg's most profitable enterprises, reaches New York buyers through practically every newsstand in the city

MONAHAN

In Chicago, on [illegible] Moe Annenberg (above) peered [illegible] federal grand jury as it inquired [illegible]. The hearing resulted in Annenberg's [illegible] for income-tax evasion and [illegible] lottery laws

III

THE year 1927 was a stormy one in storm-blown Chicago. That was the year that Moe Annenberg stepped into the business of supplying dope and data by wire to the horse-gambling houses of this thrice-happy United States, soaring upward in its gayest and most glorious boom.

For some time the gambling world in Chicago had been subjected to growing disturbances—ever since 1920, when Pat Crowe began his attacks and Michael Hughes became chief of police. The General News Bureau, which furnished racing news by wire, had been raided, and Monte Tennes, its gambling overlord owner, had been indicted. Mr. Tennes was one of those imperious underworld dignitaries to whose sense of importance immunity was a moral necessity. To be indicted like any of the other common or garden variety of gamblers in Chicago was disgusting to him, even though the case was dismissed. The general manager of the General News Bureau was also indicted.

To add to Tennes' discomfiture a new and terrible force was accumulating its Satanic energy in Chicago. Al Capone had succeeded the less Napoleonic hoodlum kings like Colosimo and Torrio. The age of the prohibition mobster was flowering. And Al and his colleagues and rivals were moving in on the gambling racket. Tennes' customers in the racing-news wire service were the bookie joints, and the Capones and their kind were taking over many places in the Loop and cutting in on the take in other places all over town. It was now necessary not only to do business with the corrupt politicians to escape police raids but to make terms with the racketeers to escape pineapples. By 1927 the war was on in earnest—bombs bursting in air, politicians lining up with various mob captains and shivering for their lives. The homes of the city comptroller, of Dr. W. H. Reid, Big Bill Thompson's chief lieutenant, of an assistant state's attorney and the undertaking establishment of Judge Sbarbaro were bombed as part of this gambling war. The world was getting too complicated for Tennes. It was a world to frighten away even hardier souls. But apparently it didn't frighten Moe. For it was into the midst of this sulphurous, graft- and pineapple-ridden city of gamblers and their police and gangster parasites that Moe Annenberg stepped when Monte Tennes sold him a half interest in the General News Bureau. Tennes retired to the side lines and let his new partner take the reins. And two years later, as already recorded, Tennes stepped out entirely, selling his half interest to Jack Lynch, who was assuming the role of Tennes' successor as gambling king.

Moe and Jack Lynch, from 1929 on, owned the General News Bureau. But in the organization of the business Moe, on his entry into it, obtained control. He put in as general manager James M. Ragen, who had been circulation manager of Hearst's Chicago Examiner.

Mr. Ragen was a man well qualified for the job—a graduate of a famous organization on the South Side formed back in the pre-Volstead days and known as the Ragen Colts. It took its name from Ragen's brother Frank, who organized it, and it became famous as the training ground for young buckaroos near the stockyards who were handy and quick with their dukes. Ragen was one of these young sluggers and later, in the rough days of the circulation wars in Chicago, was one of the men who took an active part in that violent struggle.

With Ragen as his field generalissimo, Moe Annenberg—then about fifty—took over the troublous industry which had been the center of so much strife for twenty years. Its headquarters were in Chicago—at 431 South Dearborn Street, though most of the plant was located along Plymouth Court, a little street at the rear of the South Dearborn building where Moe's countless enterprises were spread all around. It is even today

(Continued on page 34)

Left to right, [illegible] John Flanagan and Senator [illegible] The Flanagans sued Annenberg, [illegible] them out of the scratch-sheet [illegible] contended that their business—[illegible] information bought from him—was [illegible] publishes the scratch sheet that [illegible] the Flanagans'

A Mink Coat Each Morning

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The baffling conduct of a young dentist seeking $600. Moral: Never sell a desperate man short

"I'm going," she said. There were no tears now. "I've just been waiting to tell you goodby"

COMING off the Chicago train at Grand Central, Mike Foster walked up the ramp with his wife and found Matt Passy waiting for him outside the track gate. His presence there surprised Sue, and at the sight of him she seemed to brighten up for the first time in days; but Mike had been expecting him.

"I got your wire," Passy said to him after the greetings. "What's up?"

"Later," Mike whispered, nudging him to keep quiet before Sue. They followed the porter to the sidewalk. Once outside, they heard the nervous racket of the streets—the miscellaneous clatter and rumble of New York that you never noticed until you left town for a while and then returned.

"My town!" Mike said aloud to himself, half joking, half serious. It made him feel exhilarated just to be near Broadway again.

"Your town," Sue said dryly. "Your New York. You own it."

He didn't even hear her. He pushed them into the cab, tipped the redcap and piled in.

"Where to?" the driver said.

"Central Park South," Mike told him. "The San Fernando."

"Mike!" Sue pinched him. "The cheapest room they have at the San Fernando will cost seven dollars a day."

"Oh, baby, listen!" he cried, a hurt note in his eager, boyish voice. "We're in the money. We're cashing chips this time. This guy Bobby Yale is going to be a gold mine for us. He'll be champ in a year or two, you wait and see. On the level, Sue, one of these days real soon I'll be bringing you home lavalieres!" He went on and on, too happy to stop.

Sue lay back in the seat, wedged in between him and Passy. "You and your lavalieres," she murmured hopelessly. "You and your mink coats. . . ."

MIKE took a two-room suite that cost fifteen dollars a day. After the bellboy left, Passy sat down and threw one leg over the chair arm. He smoked a cigar, saying nothing for a while, and just looked on. The living room was big, full of sun and richly furnished. Sue was walking around over the thick rug, a helpless, unhappy smile on her face.

"Who needs it?" she asked. "What do I want with all this anyhow?"

"High class," Passy said, taking the cigar out of his mouth. "Real big shot. Nothing but the best for Dr. Foster. He has to live in style."

"Aw, lay off, both of you," Mike said.

"Listen, Mike," Passy said. "You're a nice boy. You been running loose long enough. Why don't you behave now?"

"What's the matter with me? I'm okay. I'm doing all right."

"No, you know what I mean. You got a hell of a sweet kid there. Why don't you settle down again and take care of her right like you should? You got a dental degree. Use it. Get back into practice. Go back to work where you belong."

"Slow but sure?" Mike said, smiling weakly. "Safe and steady and all that junk?"

"Sure," Passy said. He rose and went up to him. "I been looking around for something for you, Mike. There's a guy up in Yonkers called Dr. Wellsbach. He wants to retire and get out."

"Yonkers," Mike said and laughed. "Me in Yonkers!"

"Why not? It's a good living, decent and normal. Lay off the ponies and the cards. Stop hanging around Massler's cigar store on 44th Street and keep away from those Broadway sharpshooters. You're a dentist. You're no sharpshooter like them. This guy Wellsbach's willing to sell his practice for peanuts."

"We haven't even got peanuts," Sue said. She was bending over the suitcases, unpacking. "All we have is a prize fighter. Mike paid out every cent

(Continued on page 42)

Saddle and Ride

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

CLAY MORGAN, a young ranchman in the Powder Desert country, is seemingly in love with Catherine Grant, the sister of Gurd Grant, one of the leading men in the region. But, to the amazement of everyone, he marries Ben Herendeen's fiancée, Lila Durrie.

From that time on, Herendeen (owner of the Three Pines ranch) and Morgan are enemies. Trouble does not break out, however, until nine years later, when Lila, after giving birth to a girl baby, dies. Herendeen precipitates it when, disregarding Morgan's warnings, he savagely attacks some poor homesteaders; has some of his men kill Ollie Jacks (a friendless puncher whom Morgan has befriended); and begins to persecute Hack Breathitt, an itinerant rider whom Morgan likes.

Hostilities start when Bones McGeen and Liard Connor (both in Herendeen's pay) attempt to assassinate Breathitt. They attack the man on a street in the little town of War Pass. Breathitt kills Connor. Then, riding away, he goes into hiding.

Then Morgan goes into action. He buys some government land (Government Valley) which Herendeen had wanted. Disregarding the warnings of Catherine Grant (with whom he is still friendly) and Ann McGarrah, a lovely girl whom he has known for years, he boldly declares war on the owner of Three Pines. . . .

Infuriated by the loss of Government Valley, Herendeen orders Pete Borders (an unscrupulous cowboy) to go to the valley and "work over Morgan's stuff." Then, accompanied by a number of his aides, he rides to Freeport, where he has been told Hack Breathitt is hiding. There, he encounters Morgan; and there, in the course of a terrific fight (without guns) Morgan gives him a beating.

While the two men battle, Herendeen's men find Breathitt. In attempting to capture him—or kill him—they set fire to the town. Breathitt makes his getaway. But a short time later, Charley Hillhouse, Herendeen's foreman, captures him, and (despite the protests of Gurd Grant, who is present) disarms and kills him.

Among Morgan's neighbors is Lige White. Lige is a restless soul, is unhappy. Seated on the porch of his ranch house, he reviews his past. Then, rising, he enters the house.

VII

LIGE WHITE'S wife was on the second floor, moving around from room to room, but when Lige went up the stairs he found her seated in her own bedroom with a pile of darning on her lap. She had heard him come and this was her way of throwing up a guard against him.

He stood half across the room, black-haired and smiling, favorable enough in the eyes of most women, watching her face come up from the pretense of work. Her voice, cool as it was, never failed to stir him:

"Did you have good luck?"

"Nice fat one."

She said: "I'll have Chin smoke one of the quarters. You're quite fond of jerky."

"Meat's meat," he said as, jingling the silver change in his pocket as he idly circled the room. It was cool and orderly, as she was; it had her personality in it, a kind of gentle formality. She had dropped her eyes to the darning, bowing her head at him. Turned still, he found a good deal of pleasure in watching this woman who had been his wife for twenty years. She held her age. There wasn't a touch of gray in her black, shining hair, there wasn't a mark on her face. Something kept her young and something of girlhood—faithful and unworldly—was still to be seen in her eyes. It always affected him.

He said: "Old girl, you're a hell of a good-looking woman, do you know?"

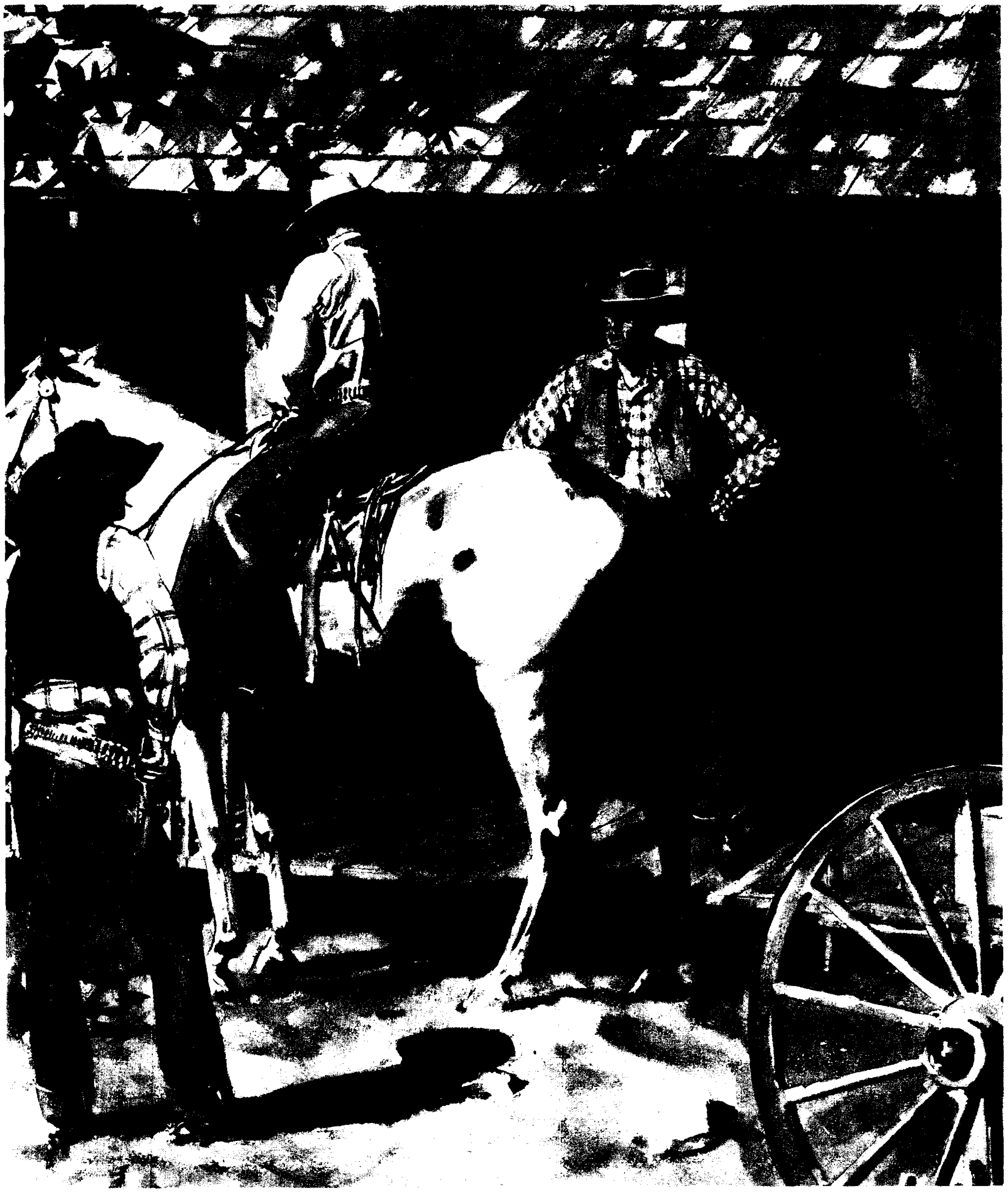
Her voice wouldn't let the silence remain. It hurried back to him: "The peaches should be picked. I think I'll turn Joe loose on them tomorrow. We'll can a lot of them, of course. But it would be nice if you loaded up a wagon of them and went around to the neighbors."

"What neighbors?" he said, shaking his head. "It is a poor word to describe what they are now, to one another. Herendeen and Morgan are ready to fight at the drop of a hat. Gurd's got it in for Morgan over something—I don't know what. We are going to have a fight and I hate to consider it."

She said: "You should know the reason for it, Lige."

"Why, yes," he answered. "Herendeen wants to clean up the range and

(*Continued on page 46*)



Herendeen said: "Take a good look before you finish your speech, Clay." "I see nothing new," Morgan answered

Bully-Boy Microbe

By J. D. Ratcliff

Suppose you don't want to get pneumonia. Up to now medicine has been no help. But today there's a vaccine. It will be ready for anyone interested when they're through trying it on the CCC

Dr. Lloyd Derr Felton with a mouse that won't die of pneumonia despite a deadly injection of pneumococci. It has been immunized with the antigen developed by Dr. Felton

THIS winter something like 120,000 CCC boys will line up before Army doctors who have charge of camp health work. Needle plungers will send minute doses of a clear, colorless fluid into their arms. The boys know that these shots, which they volunteered to take, have something to do with pneumonia. The shots might protect them from the sullen fury of this killer disease. The doctor said that. But he stressed the word *might*.

Had he been in a talkative mood, the doctor could have added a great deal more to the story. He might, for instance, have mentioned that the organism that causes pneumonia is the killer supreme; that in the past it killed upward of 100,000 Americans every year. He could have suggested that a vaccine to keep people from dying of pneumonia would rank as the greatest achievement since Edward Jenner found how to save people from death or disfigurement at the hands of smallpox. Beside such an accomplishment, the doings of a Hitler or a Chamberlain would rank as very small beer indeed. To wind up his little sermon, the doctor would glance at the fluid in his poised hypodermic syringe. This stuff, he would say, looked like the most promising step yet taken in that direction.

In all probability the doctor said none of these things. Most likely his conversation was limited to two words: "Next man." So we will get along with the story here. Like all tales of medical research it begins a long way back. The spring of 1913 is our date.

Dr. William Henry Welch, who studied in Germany and came home to set up the first U. S. course in pathology at Johns Hopkins, was lecturing to a group of students. It was his famous Monday 12 to 1 course in bacteriology. Welch was going alphabetically through the students. He got to the F's. Turning to a chunky, towheaded youngster, he asked: "What is virulence?"

The youngster fumbled miserably for a few minutes and then admitted that he didn't know. Welch smiled. "Neither do I," he said. He went on to explain. Nobody knew why one strain of microbe would be sure death and another of the same family would cause only relatively mild manifestations. If a means could be found of lessening virulence of any microbe strain, he added, that would be tantamount to controlling disease.

The young medical student who listened with fascination to all this was Lloyd Derr Felton, son of the Lutheran minister at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.

Felton was taking bacteriology and had decided to go into research. No better place to begin, he decided, than with the virulence of that particularly lethal microbe *Diplococcus pneumoniae*. If you could tame this one you would save lives by the million. Since then Felton has worked at the Rockefeller Institute, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and, finally, at the National Institute of Health, the research organization maintained by the United States Public Health Service. For twenty-odd years he has worked almost continuously with the microbe which is shaped like a pair of linked berries.

There are 32 specific pneumonia bacteria. The casual eye cannot distinguish one from another, but delicate tests are available which will do the sorting job. Curative serums—made from blood of horses which have been injected with heat-killed microbes—are available for most types. These serums are capable of cutting death rates in half. The magic new drug, sulfapyridine, is even more effective. It cuts the normal death rate of 25 per cent down to 6 or 8 per cent.

The All-Important Antigen

Superb as these weapons are, they are valuable only when pneumonia has developed. Wouldn't it be better to prevent the disease in the first place? Most researchers thought so and have devoted an enormous amount of attention toward finding a vaccine that would be as effective as the protection we now have against diphtheria, tetanus, typhoid and smallpox.

Most of these efforts have been directed toward finding an antigen. Get that word fixed in your mind, as you are going to hear a lot of it from now on. Antigen is any substance that stimulates production of antibodies. It may be something in the structure of the bacterium or it may be a product of bacterial metabolism.

This material has rather miraculous qualities. It gives the body the kick that it needs to make it fight off bacterial invaders. It does this by stimulating human blood to produce antibodies. Antibodies in their turn usually kill off bacteria. This completes the suicidal daisy chain; the microbe carrying the seeds of its own destruction. Like traders passing out guns and liquor to Indians, so the Indians will come back and shoot them.

Very well, said research men everywhere, why not extract this antigen from bacteria and shoot it into men? Soon their blood would be swarming with protective antibodies. Whenever a microbic Goliath wandered in, these potent little Davids would swarm over him and there would be one less health hazard in the world. Antigens might represent the sure-fire protection all human beings wanted against disease.

On paper it was an enticing idea. But how could you operate on a microbe so small that it took twenty-five million of them, standing shoulder to shoulder,

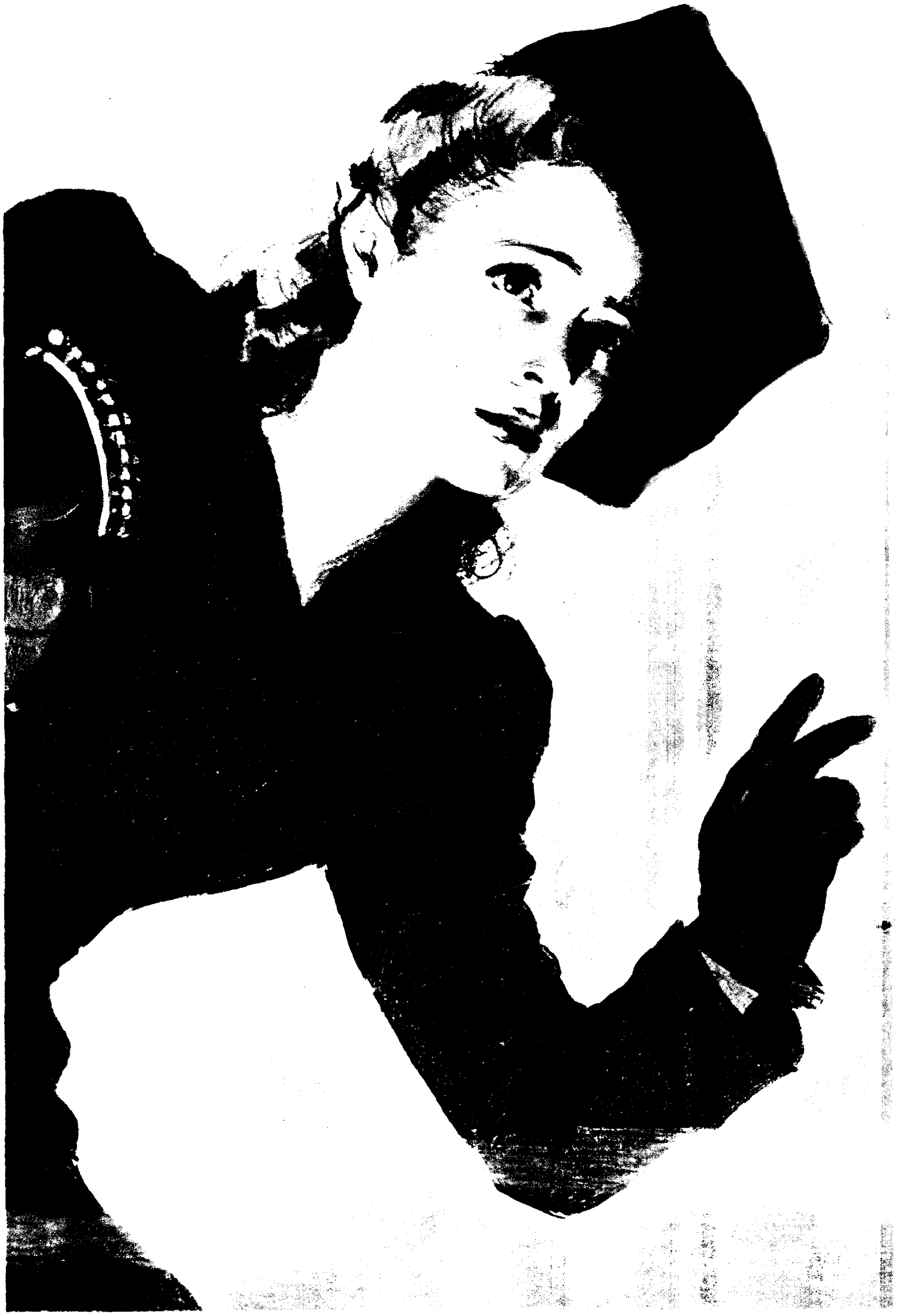
(*Continued on page 62*)

Gavegan's Choice

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The romance of a gangster's victim who did not seek revenge—but got it



The hall was quiet then. And Jack Bohannon lay very still, clumsily sprawled out

THE one sound came from behind him distinct and flat but not very loud, so that at first Mickey Gavegan wasn't altogether sure whether or not it was a shot. As soon as he heard it he stopped on the pavement and turned completely about, looking back uneasily along the row of tenements that lined this side of the street to the corner. It came from somewhere in there, Mickey Gavegan thought, the uneasiness stirring stronger in him.

A woman ran out onto the lamplit street through the front door of the house on the corner. Mickey Gavegan heard one word in the frantic shrillness of her screams: "Police! Police! Police!"

He looked back at her uncertainly with a lumpy panic catching at his breath. He took one step toward her and stopped, and then, when a police whistle squealed on the avenue, without thinking, instinctively, he turned and ran up the low stoop behind him. Pounding through a dim hall there, out a rear door to a yard, across a fence to another yard beyond, he stopped breathlessly in the shadow of a building—big and awkward in a well-worn gray suit, with a felt hat turned down in front cutting all light sharply away from his eyes and the pointed, high angles of his cheekbones. What had he run for? He was just coming home from the movies, walking along—

Blocks away a police-car siren whined intolerably against the night. He licked his lips at the sound, turned toward it, hesitated and froze. A window went up somewhere above him; in the street beyond, the woman's voice, insane and uncontrolled, screamed on wildly. Another window was raised; one man called to another across the court. Mickey Gavegan ran into the hallway, through a front door, out to the street.

A car racing up from the avenue missed him by a foot as he crossed the road; he was scarcely conscious of it. He ran through an alley, cut west two blocks, north another, slowing to a fast walk that kept him half concealed in the shadows of the buildings, with the siren passing him on the way, whining and close, pouring its incredible rasp over all other sounds like a sea of solid chaos extending about him with the speed of light.

He couldn't control the panic it roused in him. Even when he had reached his doorway his fingers trembled clumsily when he grabbed his keys, and perspiration stung his forehead, blurred on the lashes of his small black eyes. Crazy, he thought; what was wrong with him? But only after he had slipped quietly up four flights of stairs to the top-floor front apartment he shared with Luke Daly did the tight band loosen in his chest.

He did not switch on the lights. Stripping off his clothes quickly, getting into bed so that everything would be innocent and quiet when Luke Daly got home, two sullen lines creased into the flesh around his stubby nose. Cops—this time they couldn't question him.

Wakeful in the dark, he thought bitterly about that other time, remembering that he'd been dumb then, a kid, telling them the truth over and over, stupid enough to think they were going to believe it. He admitted he was in the car; he admitted he was driving it. But he didn't know it was stolen, and he didn't know Jack Bohannon was pulling any holdup.

That night, he said, he was just hanging around the corner when Jack Bohannon pulled up and asked him if he'd like to try the new bus out. So they rode around for a while, Mickey Gavegan driving, and then they stopped on the avenue because Bohannon said he wanted to get some cigarettes. And Bohannon went into the store, and after a while came out again, running, with a guy after him, yelling, and a cop coming out from somewhere. He just sat there, Mickey Gavegan said; he didn't know what it was all about. And then Bohannon ducked into a subway entrance because the cop was between him and the car, and Mickey Gavegan got out from behind the wheel kind of nervous, thinking maybe he'd better beat it too. He was just beginning to walk away when somebody pointed at him, and the cop grabbed him. And then he was hooked; then, no matter how many times he told his story, nobody believed him.

The prosecutor didn't; the jury didn't; the judge didn't—he gave young Michael Gavegan two and a half years.

So he went up the river and served his time. His mother was dead then, and only Luke Daly came up once a month to see him. Bohannon had been smart; Bohannon had skipped out. No one around the neighborhood saw him or heard of him. After a while Mickey Gavegan didn't even bother to ask Luke Daly about him. . . .

In the yard, at exercise time, Mickey Gavegan heard a lot of stories about cops—how yellow they were, how crooked, how cruel. Everyone had his own story about them, and Mickey Gavegan never got tired listening to them. Cops! Mickey Gavegan got to spitting out of the corner of his mouth whenever anybody mentioned one.

Then, after he got out and went to live with Luke Daly while he hunted a job, Luke made the list—and became a cop.

IN THE morning papers, after Luke Daly had gone off to duty, he read that a man named Dingbat Green had been shot dead in a tenement doorway at half past eleven last night. His wife had heard the shot and found him in the entry; she had heard some people running through the yard but she had not seen them, and she had not seen Mickey Gavegan. He read all the papers, and all said the same thing. No one had seen him; he was safe.

That night, smoking in the armchair with his eyes wrinkled up thoughtfully in his lean homely face, Luke Daly gave him his idea of it.

"It ties in with those four guys who got away with a hundred thousand in that pay-roll job," he said. "We found that out. This Dingbat was talking about it in O'Brien's place last night, an hour before he was killed—saying he'd get his cut out of that or something was going to break. Joe Glennon got a tip on what was going on and went down there to pick Dingbat up, but he missed him by five minutes. He was on his way over to the house when Dingbat got it."

"Dingbat liked his liquor," Mickey Gavegan said. "I guess it made him talk too much."

Luke Daly said slowly: "This is how I figure it, Mike. Whoever bossed that pay-roll job was smart enough to know what anybody like Dingbat Green would do with twenty grand or so in his pocket. He knew he'd tear the town wide open and put the finger right on himself, and the others too. So I think he didn't split the money right away—he gave them maybe a couple of hundred each and held back the rest until things were quieter. But Dingbat gets drunk and begins to bellyache, and this other bird hears what he's saying, or somebody passes him the word. So he rubs out Dingbat right away, to save himself—and maybe to split what's left just three ways instead of four."

"I guess that's it," Mickey Gavegan agreed, trying not to seem too interested. He looked at a bracelet Luke Daly had bought that day for his girl; and afterward, when Luke Daly, all decked out, had started out to see her, he sat around for a while reading the papers again.

His face looked dull and tired when he raised it at the knock on the door. He said, "Huh? Come in," and a thin man in a swagger brown topcoat and a soft hat turned down all around opened the door and closed it after him and leaned against it with his hands in his pockets.

"Hello, Gavegan," he said, his small mouth smiling in his long, pale face. "How're tricks?"

Mickey Gavegan looked at him across the room; he knew him right away. "Bohannon," he said. "Jack Bohannon. What—" His throat got kind of dry; he swallowed to clear it.

"Yeah," Bohannon said, jerking his head backward. "I seen Daly go out a couple of minutes ago. When's he due back?"

"Late," Mickey Gavegan said automatically. Up there where they'd sent him he used to think that he'd meet Jack Bohannon again; and when he did—Something tingled in his fingers, as if a charged wire had touched him, and he got out of his chair slowly.

"Wait a minute," Bohannon said. He didn't move; his voice was casual. "Listen to what I got to tell you before you act up. I never knew you took the rap for that holdup until I got back in town last month; I figured you scrammed out of there the way I did. Why in hell didn't you?"

"Maybe," Mickey Gavegan said huskily, "because I didn't know what it was."

In the pale face across from him the brows arched outward in a shallow V.

"No," Bohannon said, watching him curiously. "I guess you didn't. You were always slow on the uptake." His voice was soft but his dark eyes were cold and serious. "As soon as I heard about it I figured I owed you something. Not that I'm scared of you— Don't get ideas. I'm no corner punk any more, Gavegan. I been around. I got connections, good connections. In Chi—" He raised his brows again. "That ain't here or there. I got a grand in my pocket, Gavegan—it don't square everything but it'll help."

"A grand?" Mickey Gavegan repeated. His mind did not take in the words; he spoke only because Bohannon paused.

"That's it." Bohannon nodded, watching him directly. "For what I owe you, and for something I want you to do. There's a guy I want to get in touch with, Gavegan, only he's ducked out of sight and I don't know where to find him. He's got a sister on the west side who could locate him—but she's never gonna do it for me. Just tonight, when I heard you were living with Daly, I got an idea how maybe you could work it out of her."

Raising his head so that his chin was tilted up, he nodded to the bedroom. "All you have to do is to put on the uniform Luke Daly's got in there. Then you're a cop, see? You're pretty near his size and it would fit you all right; she won't know any different. You tell her you're from the D.A.'s office and they want to get in touch with her brother. You say they want to protect him because they heard he's in trouble and somebody's plannin' to knock him off. That'll scare her all right; she'll tell you where he is then. Ain't you a cop? So you pick him up and take him to where I tell you—"

His hands spread wide on the table, his head lowered between his shoulders, Mickey Gavegan stared at him with glittering eyes. For a moment Bohannon considered him. Then he said in an edged voice:

"Or maybe I got to get tough with you. You want that, Gavegan? After that guy was shot last night I saw you running away, scared as hell. Say the cops got that tip phoned in to them tonight. You think they'd want to know why?"

"What?" Mickey Gavegan asked thickly. "You can't pull that. I never—"

"The cops might believe you," Bohannon said. He showed his teeth delicately, like a cat smiling. "And maybe they won't."

HIS voice stopped carelessly there. Cold inside, not scared, but upset and uneasy, Mickey Gavegan tried to think this out. But it was confused in his head, offering no place from which to start.

Bohannon gave him no time. Lifting his left arm, he glanced at his wrist watch.

"I got a black coupé parked downstairs with the keys in it. You get into it with Daly's uniform on in fifteen minutes or that call goes in to headquarters." Looking up, his eyes narrowed. "Or don't you think it would?"

Shaking his head, Mickey Gavegan said slowly: "I guess it would go in all right, Bohannon."

"I guess so too," the pale man added. He threw a piece of paper to the table. "The first address is where this sister lives; the second is where you bring this Joe Larkin when you get him. If he squawks about not going to headquarters you say the D.A. wants to see him personal; he's not taking chances on any leak from his office." He opened the door, nodded, said, "Fifteen minutes, Gavegan," and went out.

Even after Mickey Gavegan was alone and quiet it seemed hard to get it all straight in his head. He thought of those guys in the cell block—how many claimed they had been framed? Say some of them lied; a few had told the truth. They'd done it to other men and they'd do it to Gavegan. Unless . . .

He walked into the bedroom and opened the closet door and looked at Luke Daly's uniform. Blue shirt, blue pants, blue coat, blue tie—some buttons, a shield, a holster, a gun. Then he looked at the paper Bohannon had left, which he held mechanically now in his hand. Ann Larkin, four forty-one Court Terrace; and under that sixty-four Arverne Road, Ransom's Beach.

He put the paper on the dresser, next to the jeweler's box that held the bracelet Luke Daly had shown him. Luke had forgotten that, he thought; but he'd be over at his girl's house probably before he found it out. Too late anyway to come back for it; he wouldn't be home now till twelve or one. And Mickey Gavegan could be through then, and safe; the suit would be hanging up the way he'd left it, as if it had never been touched. Only—

Mickey Gavegan forced his mind away from that only. He kept it as empty and thoughtless as he could. He took off his clothes and put on Luke Daly's. Then he went out to the hall, listened there and started down, his head lowered and his cheeks flushed.

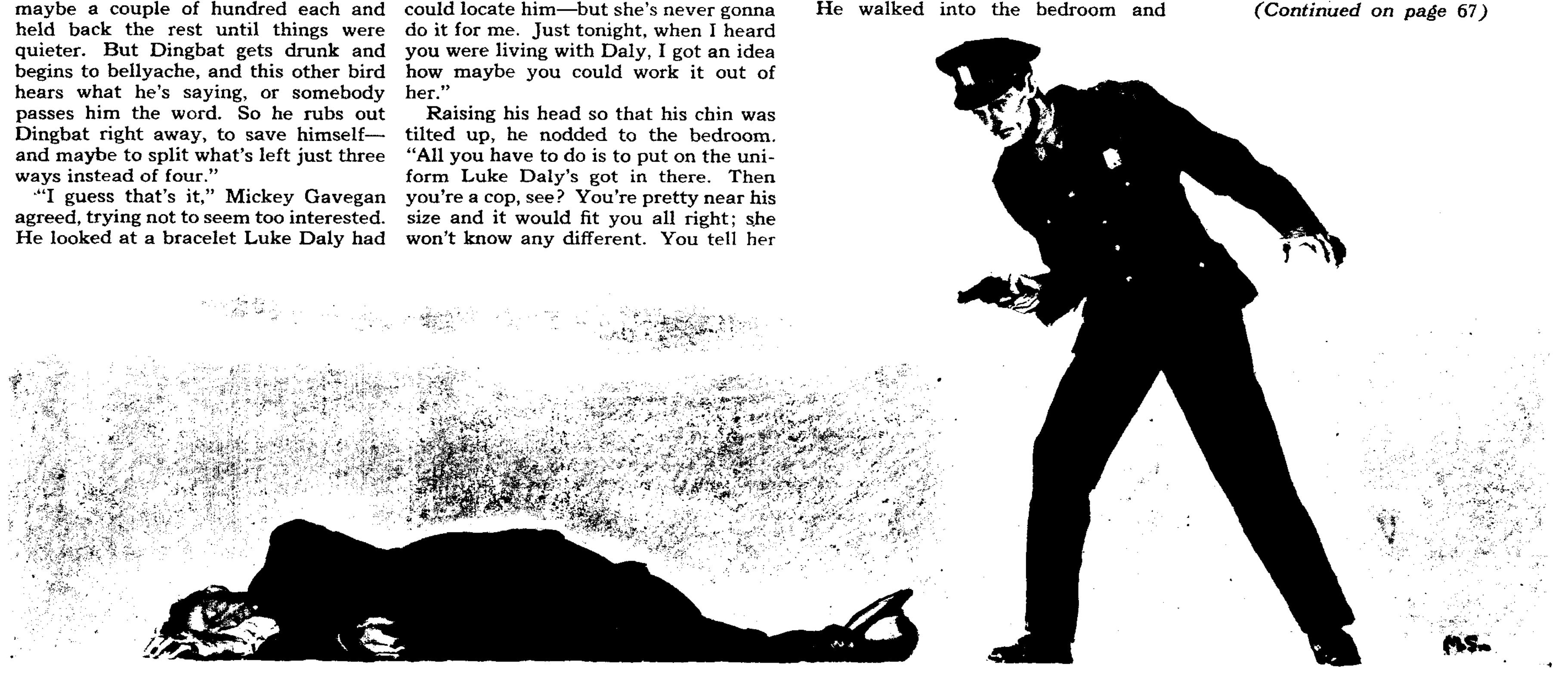
Nobody met him in the hall; nobody noticed him on the street. He got into the black coupé that was parked where Bohannon had said it would be and drove across town to Court Terrace, to four forty-one. The number and the name were very clear in his mind; he did not have to look at Bohannon's paper. Four forty-one, Ann Larkin—they might have been painted on a board before his eyes.

When she came into the front room where the landlady had asked Mickey Gavegan to wait, this Ann Larkin had a tension in her features that showed mostly in the trembling line of her lips. "Yes?" she said, in a shaky voice, looking at him as he sat on the couch, in Luke Daly's uniform, with Luke Daly's cap on his knee. She was a tall girl, with steady, rather serious brown eyes, very slender in a dark blue dress. Her eyes were bright now with anxiety or fright, he could not tell which; but the moment he saw her Mickey Gavegan knew he wouldn't have any trouble here.

Bohannon had been right; the uniform was enough. Mickey Gavegan repeated what Bohannon had told him to say, calm now, sure of himself, everything conquered, even the shame; and she listened to him quietly, her eyes meeting his, dropping away from them, all the while he spoke.

For a moment after he stopped she was silent; then she looked up at him again and said what, of all things,

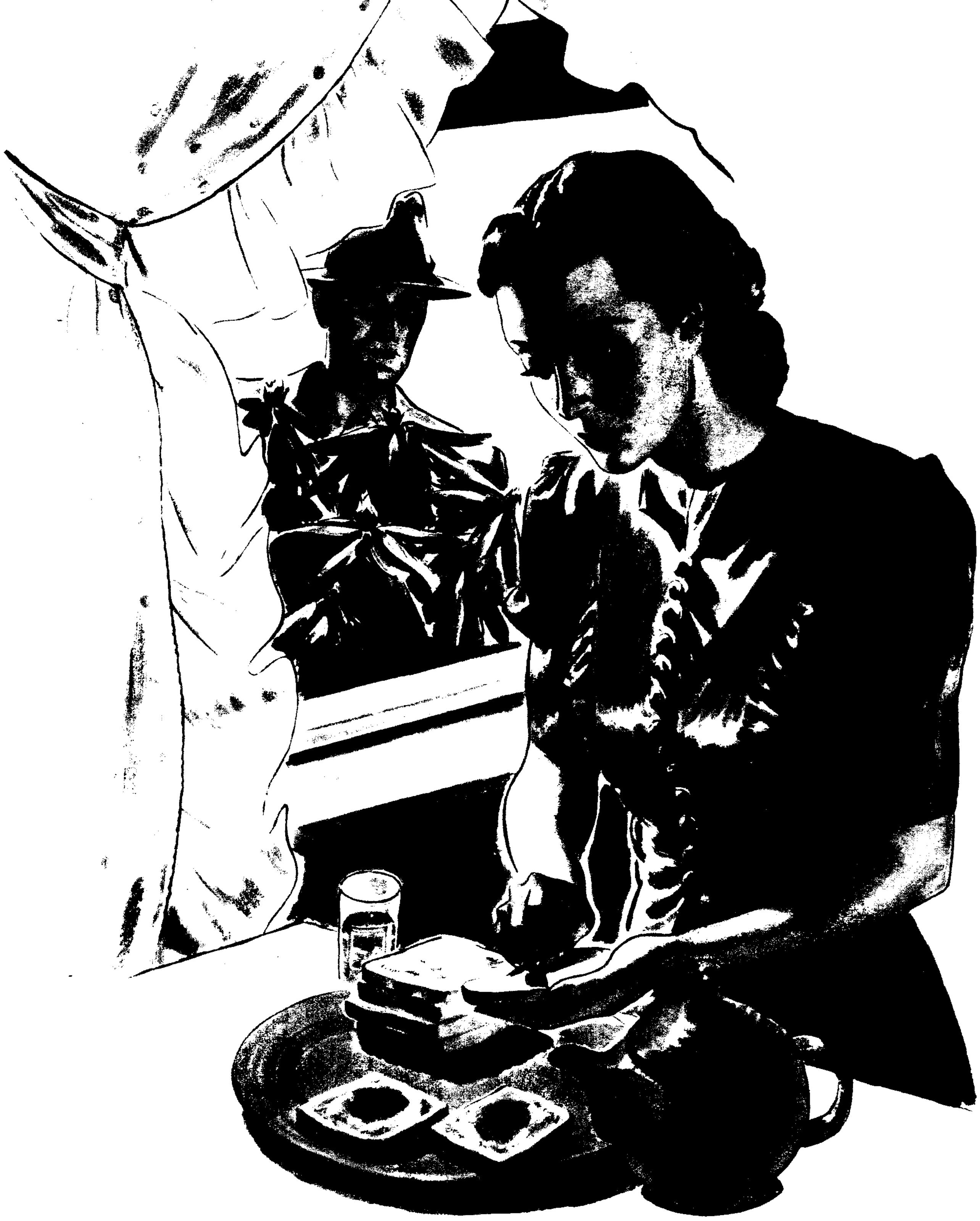
(Continued on page 67)



Sad Cypress

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"I didn't mean to speak to her. I—I just wanted to—well—see her. From the path in the shrubbery I saw her in the pantry making sandwiches—"

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN wealthy old Mrs. Welman dies at Hunterbury Hall, her country home near London, her physician, Peter Lord, is astounded. She had been attended by two experienced nurses—Eileen O'Brien and Jessica Hopkins; surrounded by people whom she loved—her niece, Elinor Carlisle; her dead husband's nephew, "Roddy" Welman (Elinor's fiancé); her housekeeper, Mrs. Bishop; and Mary Gerrard, her lodgekeeper's lovely daughter, whom she had educated—she had seemed well on the road to recovery. *Why should she die?*

Nurse Hopkins does not suspect murder; but she and Nurse O'Brien wonder what has become of a tube of morphine tablets that had mysteriously disappeared. . . . Since no will can be found, Elinor Carlisle, the old lady's next of kin, inherits the entire estate. But she is not elated by the news—Roddy has confessed to her that he has fallen in love with Mary Gerrard; and he has gone to the continent for a while to "think the matter over."

Knowing that her aunt had planned to take care of Mary Gerrard financially, Elinor (who hates the girl) settles two thousand pounds on her. After which, both girls make wills, Elinor naming Roddy as her beneficiary, and Mary naming an aunt, Mary Riley, who lives in New Zealand, as hers.

Mary's father dies. Elinor prepares some sandwiches, which Nurse Hopkins and Mary share with her. A few moments later, Mary dies—*of morphine poisoning*. Elinor (to whom all the evidence points) is arrested and charged with murder.

Summoned by Dr. Lord (who feels sure Elinor is innocent) Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, comes to Hunterbury, goes to work on the case. He learns that, shortly before Mrs. Welman's death, Roddy Welman had been seen entering her room; that Mary Gerrard had been the illegitimate daughter of Mrs. Welman; that, at the time Mary Gerrard had been poisoned, Peter Lord's car had been parked near the rear entrance of Hunterbury Hall (although the doctor stoutly denies it). With these facts, and a few others, in his possession, Poirot begins to form a theory that will clear up the double murder.

The trial begins. The testimony is all against the accused. But Sir Edwin Bulmer, defending Elinor, announces that he has a surprise (to be sprung later) for the prosecution. . . . Elinor takes the stand. Roddy testifies. He answers a number of questions that have been put to him by Sir Samuel Attenbury, of the prosecution. Then—"That is all," Sir Samuel says quietly.

Conclusion

ALFRED JAMES WARGRAVE.

"You are a rose grower and live at Emsworth, Berks?"

"Yes."

"Did you on October 20th go to Maidensford and examine a rose tree growing at the lodge at Hunterbury Hall?"

"I did."

"Will you describe this tree?"

"It was a climbing rose—Zephyrine Drouhin. It bears a sweetly scented pink flower. It has no thorns."

"It would be impossible to prick oneself on a rose tree of this description?"

"It would be quite impossible. It is a thornless tree."

No cross-examination.

"YOU are James Arthur Littledale? You are a qualified chemist and employed by the wholesale chemists Jenkins & Hale?"

"I am."

"Will you tell me what this scrap of paper is?"

The exhibit was handed to him.

"It is a fragment of one of our labels."

"What kind of label?"

"The label we attach to tubes of hypodermic tablets."

"Is there enough here for you to say definitely what drug was in the tube to which this label was attached?"

"Yes. I should say quite definitely that the tube in question contained hypodermic tablets of apomorphine hydrochloride, one twentieth of a grain."

"Not morphine hydrochloride?"

"No, it could not be that."

"Why not?"

"On such a tube the word *morphine* is spelled with a capital *m*—the end of the line of the *m* here, seen under my magnifying glass, shows plainly that it is part of a small *m,* not a capital *m.*"

"Please let the jury examine it with the glass. Have you labels here to show what you mean?"

The labels were handed to the jury.

Sir Edwin resumed:

"You say this is from a tube of apomorphine hydrochloride. What exactly is apomorphine hydrochloride?"

"It is a derivative of morphine prepared by saponifying morphine by heating it with dilute hydrochloric acid in sealed tubes. The morphine loses one molecule of water."

"What are the special properties of apomorphine?"

Mr. Littledale said quietly: "Apomorphine is the quickest and most powerful emetic known. It acts within a few minutes."

"So if anybody had swallowed a lethal dose of morphine and were *to inject a dose of apomorphine hypodermically within a few minutes,* what would result?"

"Vomiting would take place almost immediately and the morphine would be expelled from the system."

"Therefore if two people were to share the same sandwich *or drink from the same pot of tea*—and one of them were then to inject a dose of apomorphine hypodermically what would be the result, supposing the shared food or drink to have contained morphine?"

"The food or drink together with the morphine would be vomited by the person who injected the apomorphine."

"And that person would suffer no ill results?"

"No."

There was suddenly a stir of excitement in court and an order for silence from the judge.

"YOU are Amelia Mary Sedley and you reside ordinarily at 17 Charles Street, Boonamba, Auckland?"

"Yes."

"Do you know a Mrs. Draper?"

"Yes. I have known her for over twenty years."

"Do you know her maiden name?"

"Yes. I was at her marriage. Her name was Mary Riley."

"Is she a native of New Zealand?"

"No, she came out from England."

"You have been in court since the beginning of these proceedings?"

"Yes, I have."

"Have you seen this Mary Riley—or Draper in court?"

"Yes."

"Where did you see her?"

"Giving evidence in this box."

"Under what name?"

(Continued on page 24)

The Grapes of Raps

By Frank Condon

When a press agent won't talk, that's news. When Darryl Zanuck's publicity man won't talk, it's "colossal." Steinbeck's Grapes is in the cans. But here's what the silence was for

THERE appears to be, at the present time, which is early winter as these dispatches are being rushed out of the Dust Bowl, a mild case of general hell-to-pay in Hollywood and, as Gene Fowler says from his hospital cot, Zanuck is moving about accompanied everywhere by a bodyguard consisting of his two small children. Rumors and counterrumors fill the air and there are low murmurings of threats, sabotage, stink bombs, glue on the seats and of angered citizens cutting wires.

I have labored earnestly to get to the bottom and ferret out the grim facts, but I have found nothing more sinister than a policeman in the booth where you get your passes to enter the studio, and he was always there. I can discover only one significant item. Harry Brand is the head major domo and chef de publicity for 20th Century Fox, and he says we better not write anything about it. He says, quote: "Let's drop the whole thing."

Now then, when Harry Brand, head of the publicity department for Fox—when he says earnestly, "Let's drop the whole thing," you might as well give up, for reason begins to totter on her throne, precedent slides down the drain and water runs uphill. Nothing like this has happened since Adam and Eve were run off the parking lot for keeping animals.

It's all about Grapes of Wrath, the motion picture, which is now finished and being looked at in projection rooms. The job is shot, done, complete and in the cans. Director John Ford has taken himself off to the coast of Mexico and is peacefully fishing for tuna. Second Unit Director Otto Brower is done with his twenty-four jallopies and has given them back to the junkman. Producer Zanuck is sitting in his office in Westwood, surrounded by piles of mail calling him bitter names for making the picture, for not making the picture, for buying Steinbeck's book, for putting Steinbeck's book on the shelf, for taking the grim tale and covering it with a film of sugar and sweetness and light, for proving the migrant workers should stay at home and are a lot of bums, for proving the landholders of California are a lot of swollen buzzards who should be deprived of their good earth, for holding the state up to scorn and for several other things.

All this is a trifle astonishing, since nobody has seen the picture but Mr. Zanuck and friends. Even John Ford hasn't seen it. The Steinbeck book has created a deal of talk, has been cursed up- and downhill and praised to the moon, has been barred from small-town libraries here and there for its verbal eccentricities, and consequently comes in daily for a gob of publicity, some good, some bad.

That is the kind of book a movie studio loves. Movie studios wish to heaven all authors were John Steinbeck and all books Grapes of Wrath.

Mr. Z Gets a Bargain

What Mr. Z purchased some six or seven months ago from Mr. Steinbeck for the lustrous sum of seventy thousand dollars was the motion-picture rights to an interesting piece of fiction, which would in all likelihood make an interesting motion picture and consequently some money for the corporation. The seventy grand happens to be the largest sum ever paid in the industry for the rights to a book and must have brought great satisfaction to Mr. Steinbeck, as he signed his name on the back of the check and took it down to the local bank, where it led all deposits for that day, week, and year.

At that time, Mr. Z paused not to think whether he was purchasing a piece of propaganda for or against the Okies of the Dust Bowl or for or against the embattled fruit farmers, trust companies and banks of sunny Cal. He was hoping he had bought a book of fiction that in its later and celluloid form would help keep his company in the black while we turn the corner, and at that time, persons in Hollywood told one another that anybody who would pay seventy thousand silver dollars for a book ought himself to be in a book on diseases of the mind.

When the book was published, three movie concerns opened fire and began dickering with Steinbeck's agent, the opening offer being fifteen thousand dollars, which seemed reasonable for a story that might or might not become a best seller. A second movie firm boosted the offer to twenty thousand and while telegrams were flashing back and forth, Zanuck read the first hundred pages of Grapes and walked hurriedly out of the room to send *his* telegram. He jumped

(Continued on page 64)

The Joad family in the movie version of the Grapes of Wrath. Left to right are Eddie Quillan, Dorris Bowdon, Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, Russell Simpson, Frank Darien, O. S. Whitehead and John Carradine

Sad Cypress

Continued from page 22

"Jessica Hopkins."

"And you are quite sure that this Jessica Hopkins is the woman you know as Mary Riley or Draper?"

"Not a doubt of it."

A slight commotion at the back of the court.

"When did you last see Mary Draper—until today?"

"Five years ago. She went to England."

Sir Edwin said with a bow: "Your witness."

Sir Samuel rising with a slightly perplexed face began: "I suggest to you, Mrs.—Sedley, that you may be mistaken."

"I'm not mistaken."

"You may have been misled by a chance resemblance."

"I know Mary Draper well enough."

"Nurse Hopkins is a certificated district nurse."

"Mary Draper was a hospital nurse before her marriage."

"You understand, do you not, that you are accusing a Crown witness of perjury?"

"I understand what I'm saying."

"EDWARD JOHN MARSHALL, you lived for some years in Auckland, New Zealand, and now reside at 14 Wren Street, Deptford?"

"That's right."

"Do you know Mary Draper?"

"I've known her for years in New Zealand."

"And have you seen her today in court?"

"I have. She called herself Hopkins—but it was Mrs. Draper all right."

The judge lifted his head. He spoke in a small, clear, penetrating voice:

"It is desirable, I think, that the witness Jessica Hopkins should be recalled."

A pause, a murmur.

"Your lordship, Jessica Hopkins left the court a few minutes ago."

"Hercule Poirot."

Hercule Poirot entered the box, took the oath, twirled his mustache and waited with his head a little on one side. He gave his name and address and calling.

"M. Poirot, do you recognize this document?"

"Certainly."

"How did it originally come into your possession?"

"It was given me by the district nurse, Nurse Hopkins."

Sir Edwin said: "With your permission, my lord, I will read this aloud and it can then go to the jury."

CLOSING speech for the defense:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the responsibility now rests with you. It is for you to say if Elinor Carlisle is to go forth free. If, after the evidence you have heard, you are satisfied that Elinor Carlisle poisoned Mary Gerrard, then it is your duty to pronounce her guilty.

"But if it should seem to you that there is equally strong evidence and perhaps far stronger evidence against another person, then it is your duty to free the accused without more ado.

"You will have realized by now that the facts of the case are very different from what they originally appeared to be.

"Yesterday, after the dramatic evidence given by M. Hercule Poirot, I called other witnesses to prove beyond any reasonable doubt that the girl Mary Gerrard was the illegitimate daughter of Laura Welman. That being true, it follows, as his lordship will doubtless instruct you, that Mrs. Welman's next of kin was not her niece, Elinor Carlisle, but her illegitimate daughter who went by the name of Mary Gerrard. And therefore Mary Gerrard at Mrs. Welman's death inherited a vast fortune. That, gentlemen, is the crux of the situation.

"A sum in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand pounds was inherited by Mary Gerrard. But she herself was unaware of the fact. She was also unaware of the true idenity of the woman Hopkins. You may think, gentlemen, that Mary Riley or Draper may have had some perfectly legitimate reason for changing her name to Hopkins. If so, why has she not come forward to state what the reason was?

"All that we do know is this: That at Nurse Hopkins' instigation, Mary Gerrard made a will leaving everything she had to 'Mary Riley, sister of the late Eliza Gerrard.' We know that Nurse Hopkins, by reason of her profession, had access to morphine and to apomorphine and was well acquainted with their properties. Furthermore, it has been proved that Nurse Hopkins was not speaking the truth when she said that her wrist had been pricked by a thorn from a thornless rose tree. Why did she lie, if it were not that she wanted hurriedly to *account for the mark just made by the hypodermic needle?* Remember, too, that the accused has stated on oath that Nurse Hopkins, when she joined her in the pantry, was looking ill and her face was of a greenish color—comprehensible enough if she had just been violently sick.

"I will underline yet another point. *If* Mrs. Welman had lived twenty-four hours longer, she would have made a will. And in all probability that will would have made a suitable provision for Mary Gerrard, but would not have left her the bulk of her fortune, since it was Mrs. Welman's belief that her unacknowledged daughter would be happier if she remained in another sphere of life.

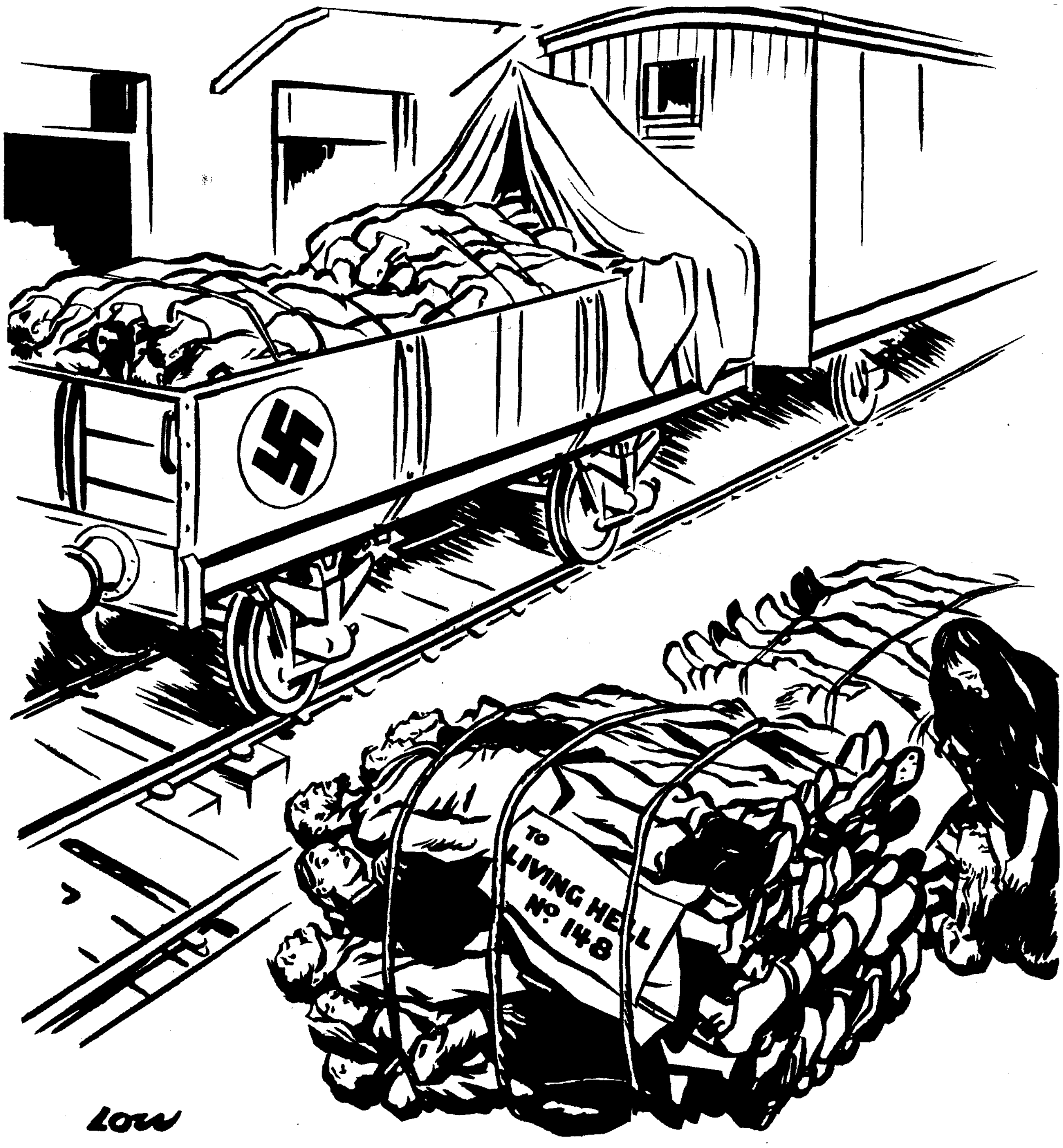
"It is not for me to pronounce on the evidence against another person, except to show that this other person had equal opportunities and a far stronger motive for the murder.

"Looked at from that point of view, gentlemen of the jury, I submit to you that the case against Elinor Carlisle falls to the ground. . . ."

FROM Mr. Justice Beddingfeld's summing up:

. . . "You must be perfectly satisfied that this woman did in fact administer a dangerous dose of morphine to Mary Gerrard on July 27th. If you are not satisfied you must acquit the prisoner.

"The prosecution have stated that the only person who had the opportunity to administer poison to Mary Gerrard was the accused. The defense have sought to prove that there were other alternatives. There is the theory that Mary Gerrard



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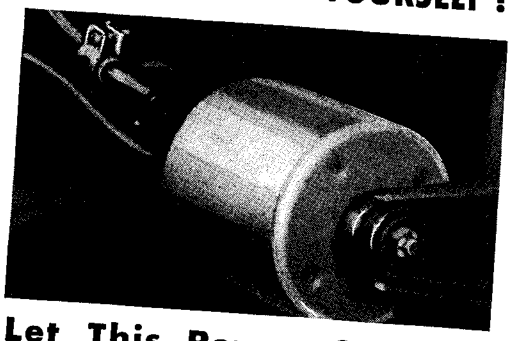

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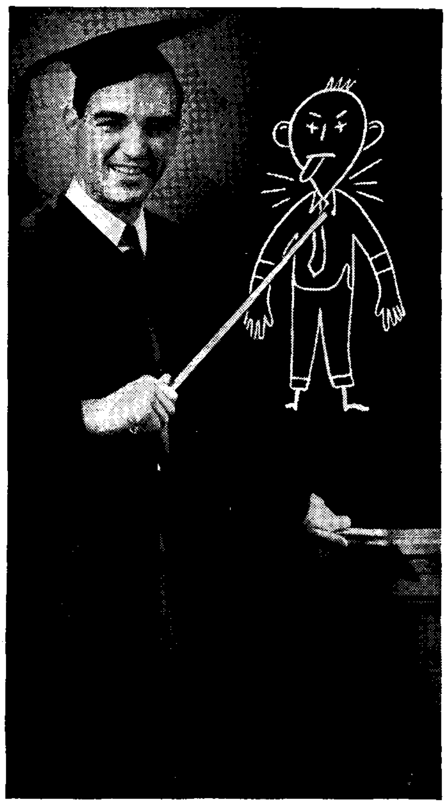
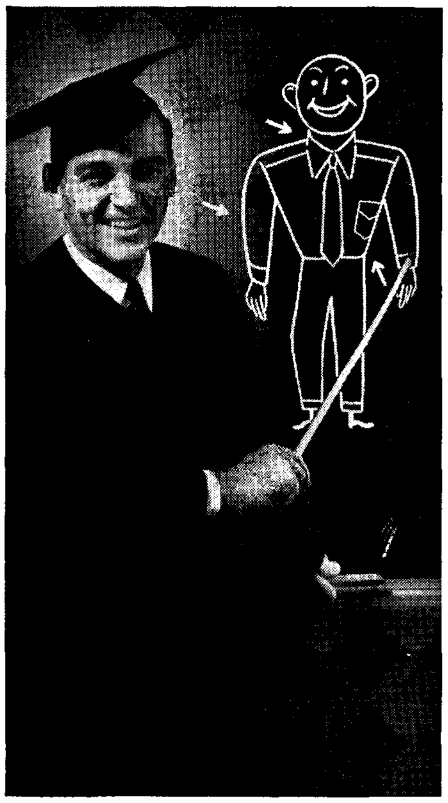
CHEVROLET

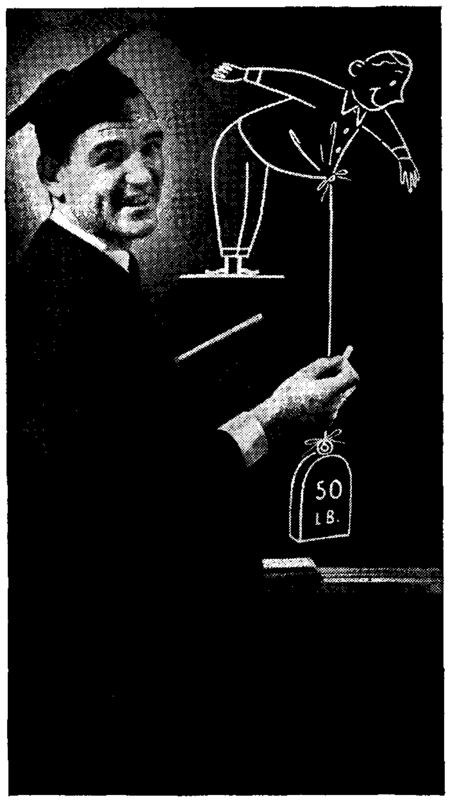
A free 2-minute course in buying shirts



1. **WHY IS THIS MAN CHOKED UP?** Because his collar has shrunk. Why did it shrink? Because he didn't wear a Sanforized-Shrunk Arrow Shirt whose fabric won't shrink even 1%!



2. **WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?** Because his shirt fits his torso so well. Arrow's unique Mitoga tailored-fit curves with your waist, slopes with your shoulders, tapers with your arms.



3. **WHAT, PRAY TELL, IS THIS?** This is a 50-lb. weight, hanging from an Arrow Shirt button! It takes the heftiest laundress in town to loosen Arrow's *anchored* buttons. (Pat #1,871,355)

4. **HERE IS AN ARROW SHIRT,** a masterpiece of tailoring. Note the smart Arrow collar and fine fabric. Get Arrow Trump (soft collar) and Hitt (non-wilt collar) at your Arrow dealer's now. $2 each.

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Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

committed suicide, but the only evidence in support of that theory is the fact that Mary Gerrard made a will shortly before she died. There is not the slightest proof that she was depressed or unhappy or in a state of mind likely to lead her to take her own life. It has also been suggested that the morphine might have been introduced into the sandwiches by someone entering the pantry during the time that Elinor Carlisle was at the lodge. In that case, the poison was intended for Elinor Carlisle, and Mary Gerrard's death was a mistake.

"The third alternative suggested by the defense is that another person had an equal opportunity to administer morphine and that in the latter case the poison was introduced into the tea and not into the sandwiches. In support of that theory the defense have called the witness Littledale, who has sworn that the scrap of paper found in the pantry was part of a label on a tube containing tablets of apomorphine hydrochloride, a very powerful emetic. You have had an example of both types of labels submitted to you. In my view the police were guilty of gross carelessness in not checking the original fragment more closely and jumping to the conclusion that it was a morphine label.

"The witness Hopkins has stated that she pricked her wrist on a rose tree at the lodge. The witness Wargrave has examined that tree and it has no thorns on it. You have to decide what caused the mark on Nurse Hopkins' wrist and why she should tell a lie about it. . . .

"If the prosecution have convinced you that the accused and no other committed the crime, then you must find the accused guilty.

"If the alternative theory suggested by the defense is possible and consistent with the evidence the accused must be acquitted.

"I will ask you to consider the verdict with courage and diligence, weighing only the evidence that has been put before you."

ELINOR was brought back into the court.

The jury filed in.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

"Yes."

"Look upon the prisoner at the bar, and say whether she is guilty or not guilty."

"*Not guilty. . . .*"

They had brought her out by a side door.

She had been aware of faces welcoming her . . . Roddy . . . the detective with the big mustaches . . .

But it was to Peter Lord she had turned. "I want to get away. . . ."

She was with him now, driving rapidly out of London.

He had said nothing to her. She had sat in the blessed silence.

Every minute taking her farther and farther away.

A new life . . .

That was what she wanted. . . .

A new life.

She said suddenly: "I—I want to go somewhere quiet . . . where there won't be any *faces*. . . ."

Peter Lord said quietly: "That's all arranged. You're going to a sanitarium—quiet place—lovely gardens—no one will bother you—or get at you."

For the first time since she had entered the car she turned her head and looked at him.

The sight of his face didn't hurt her as Roddy's face always hurt her—it gave her no sharp pang of pain and pleasure mixed—instead it made her feel warm and comforted.

She thought: "How nice his face is. . . . Nice and funny—and yes, comforting."

They drove on.

They came at last to a gateway and a drive that wound upward till it reached a quiet white house on the side of a hill.

He said: "You'll be quite safe here. No one will bother you."

Impulsively she laid her hand on his arm.

She said: "You—you'll come to see me?"

"Of course."

"Often?"

Peter Lord said: "As often as you want me."

She said: "Please come—*very often. . . .*"

HERCULE POIROT said: "So you see, my friend, the lies people tell are just as useful as the truth."

Peter Lord said: "Did everyone tell you lies?"

Hercule Poirot nodded. "Oh yes! For one reason or another, you comprehend. The one person to whom truth was an obligation and who was sensitive and scrupulous concerning it—that person was the one who puzzled me most!"

Peter Lord murmured: "Elinor herself!"

"Precisely. The evidence pointed to her as the guilty party. And she herself, with her sensitive and fastidious conscience, did nothing to dispel that assumption. Accusing herself of the will, if not the deed, she came very near to abandoning a distasteful and sordid fight and pleading guilty to a crime she had not committed."

Peter Lord breathed a sigh of exasperation. "Incredible."

Poirot shook his head. "Not at all. She condemned herself—because she judged herself by a more exacting standard than ordinary humanity applies!"

Peter Lord said thoughtfully: "Yes, she's like that."

Hercule Poirot went on: "From the moment that I started my investigations, there was always the strong possibility that Elinor Carlisle was guilty of the crime of which she was accused. But I fulfilled my obligations toward you and I discovered that a fairly strong case could be made out against another person."

"Nurse Hopkins?"

"Not to begin with. Roderick Welman was the first person to attract my attention. In his case, again, we start with a lie. He told me that he left England on July 9th and returned on August 1st. But Nurse Hopkins had mentioned casually that Mary Gerrard had rebuffed Roderick Welman's advances both in Maidensford and again when she saw him in London. Mary Gerrard, you informed me, went to London on July 10th, *a day after* Roderick Welman had left England. When then did Mary Gerrard have an interview with Roderick Welman in London? I set my burglarious friend to work, and by an examination of Welman's passport I discovered that he had been in England from July 25th to the 27th. And he had deliberately lied about it.

"There had always been that period of

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We mark every car on display with the GM "plainview" price tag illustrated, which shows each and every item that goes into our final delivered price.

We include as "extras" in our prices only such extra equipment or accessories as you may elect to buy.

We display the same information on wall charts in our showrooms, and provide you after purchase with an itemized invoice showing you exactly what every penny of your money buys.

We observe the foregoing principles because we believe our customers appreciate out-in-the-open dealing.

We could, of course, operate on a different basis.

For example, we could inflate a total retail delivered price in any one of a dozen ways.

That might give us more profit per car, but it would give you less value, and in the long run would cut our volume down.

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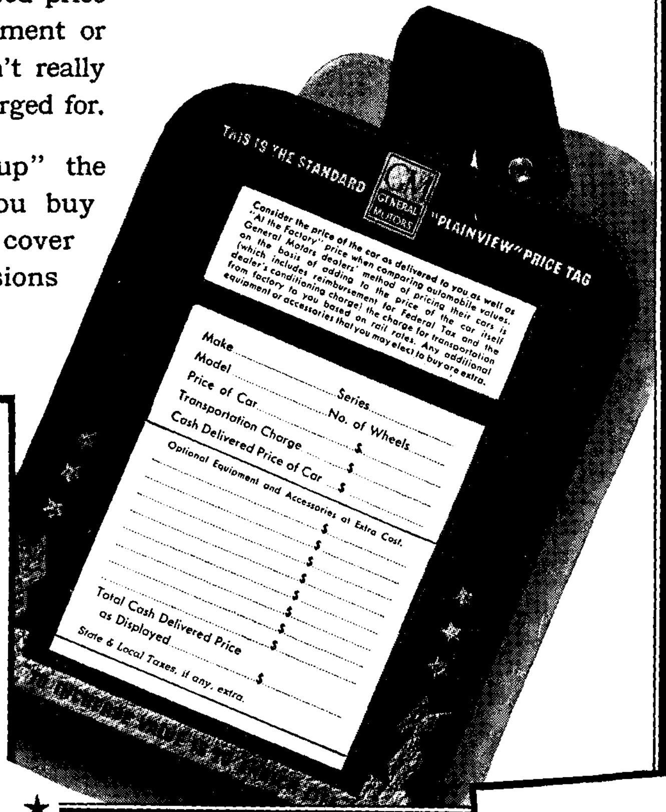
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Optional Equipment and Accessories at Extra Cost.
Total Cash Delivered Price as Displayed $
State & Local Taxes, if any, extra.

This is the standard price tag used by General Motors dealers to show what makes up the prices of new cars delivered to customers. "PRICE OF CAR" means the price we charge for the car itself, including reimbursement for Federal Tax and conditioning — "TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" means a charge for transportation from factory to you, based on rail rates — "OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" means the charge for any extra equipment or accessories you elect to buy.

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GM GENERAL MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK LA SALLE CADILLAC

The advertisement reproduced here is one of a series on motor car merchandising being published in newspapers in many cities throughout the country and signed by General Motors dealers, in the interests of sound business methods and the better information of the public.

STOP Motor-Fouling Oil Waste!
The Way Pacific GREYHOUND LINES STOP THEIRS!

LUXURIOUS Pacific Greyhound Buses hum along over hundreds of highways, covering millions of smooth miles, carrying passengers in complete comfort and safety.

Back of this fine performance are Pacific Greyhound service shops, who keep those engines "running like watches" and running economically. They know that motor-fouling oil waste, common cause of spark plug and piston ring trouble, often starts with *worn engine bearings*. So they check the bearings regularly, and when worn, replace with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings, to stop oil pumping *where it starts!*

Get the best in performance and economy from your car! Do as big fleets do—at the first sign of fouled plugs or sluggish performance, have a service expert check the engine bearings the new, quick, accurate, easy way, with the scientific Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector. Don't blame piston rings for oil waste caused by worn engine bearings—replace with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy!

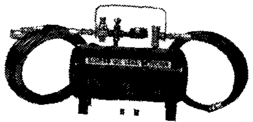
FEDERAL-MOGUL CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

THE SIGN OF SCIENTIFIC CHECK-UP

AUTHORIZED FEDERAL Mogul ENGINE BEARING SERVICE

Using oil? Stop where you see this sign. You'll find an engine expert who can accurately tell you what's wrong and what's needed to stop oil waste, restore fine performance! He knows his business. He knows there is no magic cure-all for oil pumping—he will give you the facts! Look for this sign!

ASK FOR THIS TEST



Don't guess at the cause of oil pumping! Ask for the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector Test, which now makes it possible to check internal engine conditions in a few minutes, without opening up engine. *See for yourself* what causes oil pumping, how to stop it!

WORN BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING

REPLACE WITH FEDERAL Mogul

ENGINE BEARINGS FOR EQUIPMENT—FOR SERVICE • ENGINEERED FOR OIL-CONTROL

time in my mind when the sandwiches were on a plate in the pantry and Elinor Carlisle was down at the lodge. But all along I realized that in that case Elinor must have been the intended victim, not Mary. Had Roderick Welman any motive for killing Elinor Carlisle? Yes, a very good one. She made a will leaving him her entire fortune, and by adroit questioning I discovered that Roderick Welman could have made himself acquainted with that fact."

Peter Lord said: "And why did you decide that he was innocent?"

"Because of one more lie. Such a silly, stupid, negligible little lie, too.

"Then Nurse Hopkins said that she had scratched her wrist on a rose tree, that she had got a thorn in it. And I went and saw the rose tree and *it had no thorns*.... So, clearly, Nurse Hopkins had told a lie—and the lie was so silly and so seemingly pointless that it focused my attention upon her.

"I began to wonder about Nurse Hopkins. Up till then she had struck me as a perfectly credible witness, consistent throughout, with a strong bias against the accused, arising naturally enough out of her affection for the dead girl. But now, with that silly pointless little lie in my mind, I considered Nurse Hopkins and her evidence very carefully, and I realized something that I had not been clever enough to see before. Nurse Hopkins knew something about Mary Gerrard which she was very anxious should come out."

PETER LORD said in surprise: "I thought it was the other way around?"

"Ostensibly, yes. She gave a very fine performance of someone who knows something and isn't going to tell! But when I thought it over carefully, I realized that every word she had said on the subject had been uttered with diametrically the opposite end in view. My conversation with Nurse O'Brien confirmed that belief. Hopkins had used her very cleverly without Nurse O'Brien being conscious of the fact.

"It was clear then that Nurse Hopkins had a game of her own to play. I contrasted the two lies, hers and Roderick Welman's. Was either of them capable of an innocent explanation?

"In Roderick's case, I answered immediately: Yes. Roderick Welman is a very sensitive creature. To admit that he had been unable to keep to his plan of staying abroad, and had been compelled to slink back and hang around the girl who would have nothing to do with him, would have been most hurtful to his pride. Since there was no question of his having been near the scene of the murder or of knowing anything about it, he took the line of least resistance and avoided unpleasantness (a most characteristic trait!) by ignoring that hurried visit to England and simply stating that he returned on August 1st when the news of the murder reached him.

"Now as to Nurse Hopkins, could there be an innocent explanation of her lie? The more I thought of it, the more extraordinary it seemed to me. *Why* should Nurse Hopkins find it necessary to lie because she had a mark on her wrist? What was the significance of that mark?

"I began to ask myself certain questions. Who did the morphine that was stolen belong to? Nurse Hopkins. Who could have administered that morphine to old Mrs. Welman? Nurse Hopkins. Yes, but why call attention to its disappearance? There could be only one answer to that if Nurse Hopkins was guilty. Because the other murder, the murder of Mary Gerrard, was already planned, and a scapegoat had been selected, but that scapegoat must be shown to have had a chance of obtaining morphine.

"Certain other things fitted in: The anonymous letter written to Elinor. That was to create bad feeling between Elinor and Mary. The idea doubtless was that Elinor would come down and object to Mary's influence over Mrs. Welman. The fact that Roderick Welman fell violently in love with Mary was, of course, a totally unforeseen circumstance—but one that Nurse Hopkins was quick to appreciate. Here was a perfect motive for the scapegoat, Elinor.

"But what was the *reason* for the two crimes? What motive could there be for Nurse Hopkins to do away with Mary Gerrard? I began to see a light—oh very dim as yet. Nurse Hopkins had a good deal of influence over Mary, and one of the ways she had used that influence was to induce the girl *to make a will*. But the will did not benefit Nurse Hopkins. It benefited an aunt of Mary's who lived in New Zealand. And then I remembered a chance remark that someone in the village had made to me. That aunt had been a hospital nurse.

"The light was not quite so dim now. The pattern—the design of the crime—was becoming apparent. The next step was easy. I visited Nurse Hopkins once more. We both played the comedy very prettily. In the end she allowed herself to be persuaded to tell what she had been aiming to tell all along! Only she tells it, perhaps, just a little sooner than she meant to do! But the opportunity is so good that she cannot resist. And after all, the truth has got to be known sometime. So with well-feigned reluctance, she produces the letter. And then, my friend, it is no longer conjecture. I *know!* The letter gives her away."

"Speak!"

Peter Lord frowned and said: "How?"

"*Mon cher!* The superscription on that letter was as follows: 'For Mary, to be sent to her after my death.' But the gist of the contents made it perfectly plain that Mary Gerrard was not to know the truth. Also the word *sent* (not *given*) on the envelope was illuminating. It was not Mary *Gerrard* to whom that letter was written but another Mary. It was to her sister, Mary *Riley*, in New Zealand that Eliza Gerrard wrote the truth.

"Nurse Hopkins did not find that letter at the lodge after Mary Gerrard's death. She had had it in her possession for many years. She received it in New Zealand where it was sent to her after her sister's death."

He paused.

"Once one had seen the truth with the eyes of the mind the rest was easy. The quickness of air travel made it possible for a witness who knew Mary Draper well in New Zealand to be present in court."

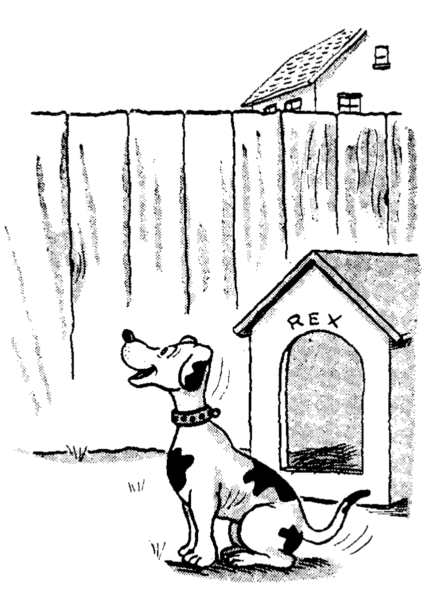
Peter Lord said: "Supposing you had been wrong and Nurse Hopkins and Mary Draper had been two entirely different people?"

Poirot said coldly: "I am never wrong!"

Peter Lord laughed.

Hercule Poirot went on: "My friend, we know something now of this woman Mary Riley or Draper. The police of New Zealand were unable to get sufficient evidence for a conviction, but they had been watching her for some time when she suddenly left the country. There was a patient of hers, an old lady, who left her 'dear Nurse Riley' a very snug little legacy and whose death was somewhat of a puzzle to the doctor attending her. Mary Draper's husband insured his life in her favor for a considerable sum and his death was sudden and unaccountable. Unfortunately for her, though he had made out a check to the insurance company, he had forgotten to post it. Other deaths may lie at her door. It is certain she is a remorseless and unscrupulous woman.

"One can imagine that her sister's letter suggested possibilities to her resourceful mind. When New Zealand became too hot, as you say, to hold her, and she came to this country and resumed her profession in the name of Hopkins (a former colleague of hers in hospital who died abroad), Maidensford was her objective. She may perhaps have contemplated some form of blackmail. But old Mrs. Welman was not the kind of woman to allow herself to be blackmailed and Nurse Riley or Hopkins very wisely did not attempt anything of the sort. Doubtless she made inquiries and discovered that Mrs. Welman was a very wealthy woman and some chance word of Mrs. Welman's may have revealed the fact that the old lady had not made a will.



"What'll I say?"

ERIC ERICSON

"So, on that June evening, when Nurse O'Brien retailed to her colleague that Mrs. Welman was asking for her lawyer, Hopkins did not hesitate. Mrs. Welman must die intestate so that her illegitimate daughter would inherit her money. Hopkins had already made friends with Mary Gerrard and acquired a good deal of influence over the girl. All that she had to do now was to persuade the girl to make a will leaving her money to her mother's sister—and she inspired the wording of that will very carefully. There was no mention of the relationship, just 'Mary Riley, sister of the late Eliza Gerrard.' Once that was signed, Mary Gerrard was doomed. The woman only had to wait for a suitable opportunity.

"She had, I fancy, already planned the method of the crime, with the use of the apomorphine to secure her own alibi. She may have meant to get Elinor and Mary to her cottage, but when Elinor came down to the lodge and asked them both to come up and have sandwiches she realized at once that a perfect opportunity had arisen. The circumstances were such that Elinor was practically certain to be convicted."

Peter Lord said slowly: "If it hadn't been for you, she would have been convicted."

Hercule Poirot said: "No, it is you, my friend, she has to thank for her life."

"I? I didn't do anything. I tried—" He broke off. Hercule Poirot smiled a little.

"*Mais oui*, you tried very hard, did you not? You were impatient because I did not seem to you to be getting anywhere. And you were afraid, too, that she might after all be guilty. And so, with great impertinence, you also told me the lies! But *mon cher*, you were not very clever about it."

Peter Lord blushed.

He said: "Did you know—all the time?"

Poirot said severely: "You led me by the hand to a clearing in the shrubs and you assisted me to find a German matchbox that you had just put there!"

Poirot went on: "You converse with the gardener and lead him on to say that he saw your car in the road—and then you give a start and pretend that it was *not* your car."

"I was a fool," said Peter Lord.

"WHAT were you doing at Hunterbury that morning?"

"It was just sheer idiocy . . . I—I'd heard she was down. I went up to the house on the chance of seeing her. I didn't mean to speak to her. I—I just wanted to—well—see her. From the path in the shrubbery I saw her in the pantry making sandwiches—"

"Charlotte and the poet Werther. Continue, my friend."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell. I just slipped into the bushes and stayed there watching her till she went away."

Poirot said gently: "Did you fall in love with Elinor Carlisle the first time you saw her?"

"I suppose so."

There was a long silence.

Then Peter Lord said: "Oh, well, I suppose she and Roderick Welman will live happily ever afterward."

Hercule Poirot said: "My dear friend, you suppose nothing of the sort!"

"Why not? She'll forgive him the Mary Gerrard business. It was only a wild infatuation on his part, anyway."

Hercule Poirot said: "It is you who have given her her life."

"No."

"Yes. It was your determination, your arrogant insistence, that compelled me to do as you asked. Admit now, it is to you she turns in gratitude, is it not?"

Peter Lord said slowly: "Yes, she's very grateful—now. . . . She asked me to go to see her—often."

"Yes, she needs you."

Peter Lord said violently: "Not as she needs—him!"

Hercule Poirot shook his head.

"She never *needed* Roderick Welman. She loved him, yes, unhappily, even desperately."

Peter Lord, his face set and grim, said harshly: "She will never love me like that."

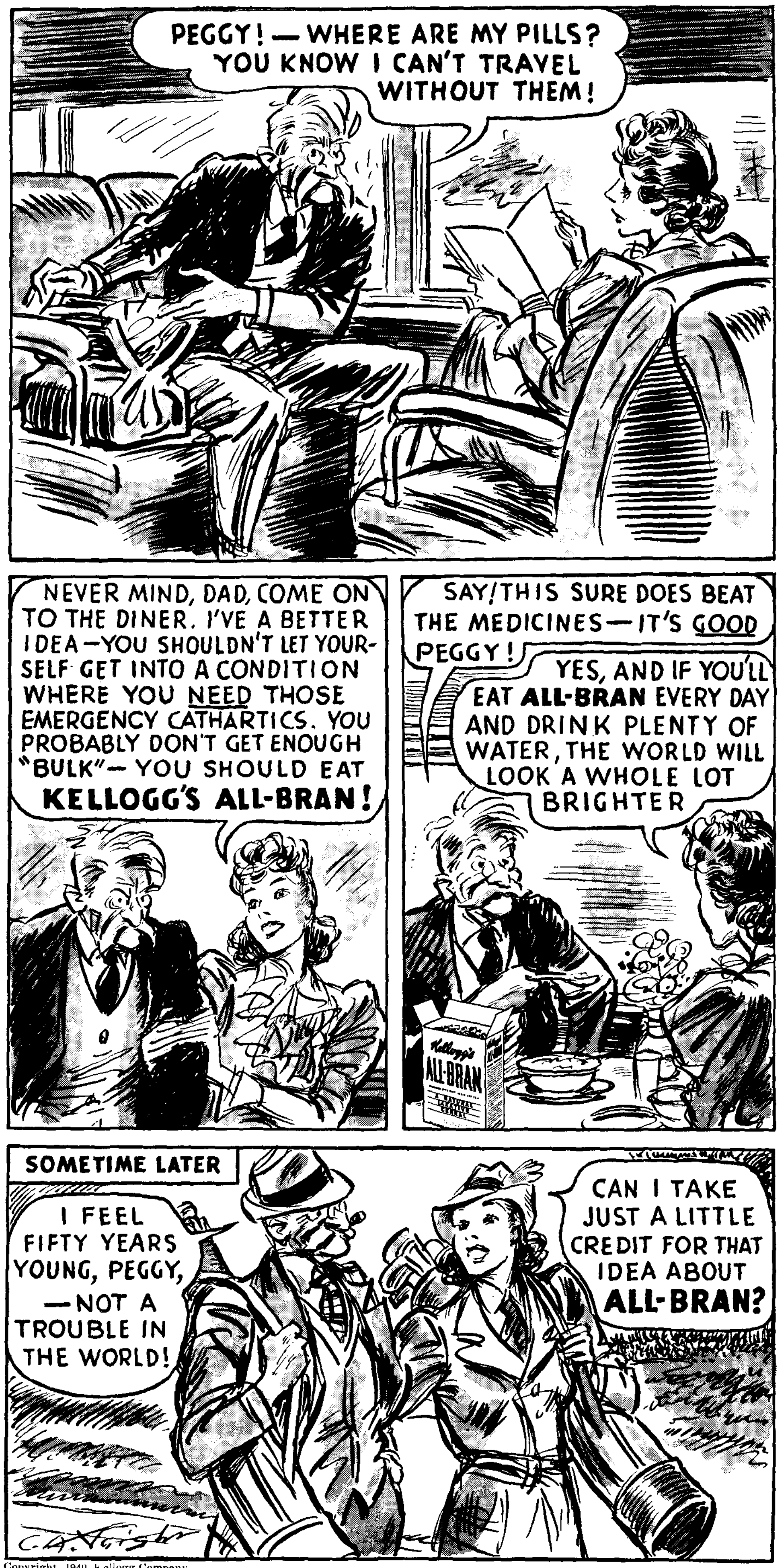
Hercule Poirot said softly: "Perhaps not. But she needs you, my friend, because it is only with you that she can begin the world again."

Peter Lord said nothing.

Hercule Poirot's voice was very gentle as he said: "Can you not accept *facts*? She loved Roderick Welman. What of it? With you, *she can be happy*. . . ."

THE END

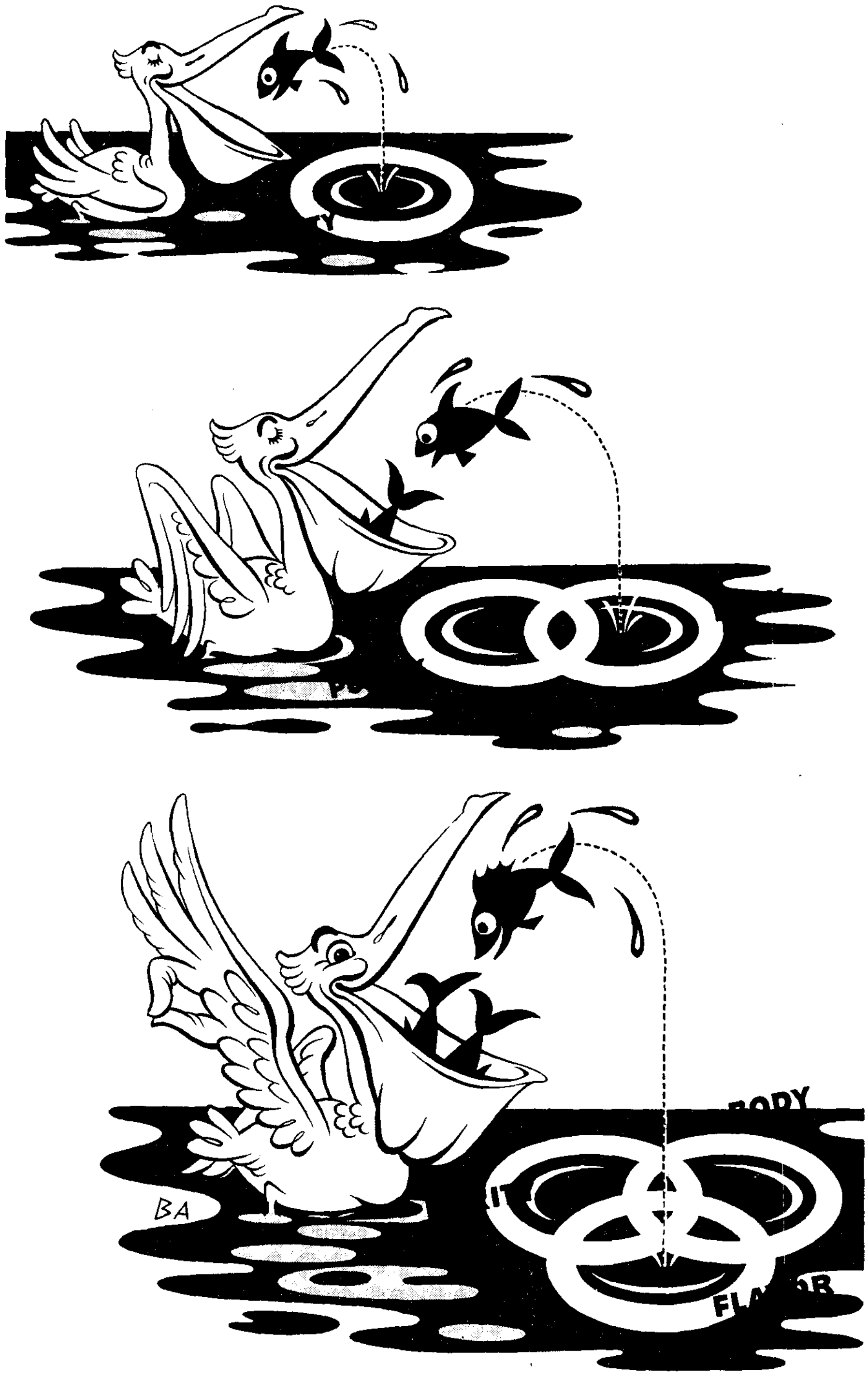
FAIR ENOUGH! —by C. A. Voight


PEGGY! — WHERE ARE MY PILLS? YOU KNOW I CAN'T TRAVEL WITHOUT THEM!
NEVER MIND, DAD, COME ON TO THE DINER. I'VE A BETTER IDEA—YOU SHOULDN'T LET YOURSELF GET INTO A CONDITION WHERE YOU NEED THOSE EMERGENCY CATHARTICS. YOU PROBABLY DON'T GET ENOUGH "BULK"—YOU SHOULD EAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN!
SAY! THIS SURE DOES BEAT THE MEDICINES—IT'S GOOD PEGGY!
YES, AND IF YOU'LL EAT ALL-BRAN EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER, THE WORLD WILL LOOK A WHOLE LOT BRIGHTER
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SOMETIME LATER
I FEEL FIFTY YEARS YOUNG, PEGGY, —NOT A TROUBLE IN THE WORLD!
CAN I TAKE JUST A LITTLE CREDIT FOR THAT IDEA ABOUT ALL-BRAN?
C. A. Voight

Copyright, 1940. Kellogg Company.

Doesn't this sound like common sense about constipation? Instead of enduring it first and trying to cure it afterward, why not avoid both the trouble and the treatment by getting at its *cause?* You can do it, if your difficulty is the ordinary one (too little "bulk" in the diet). The way is to eat a crisp, crunchy cereal that is particularly rich in "bulk"—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars"! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

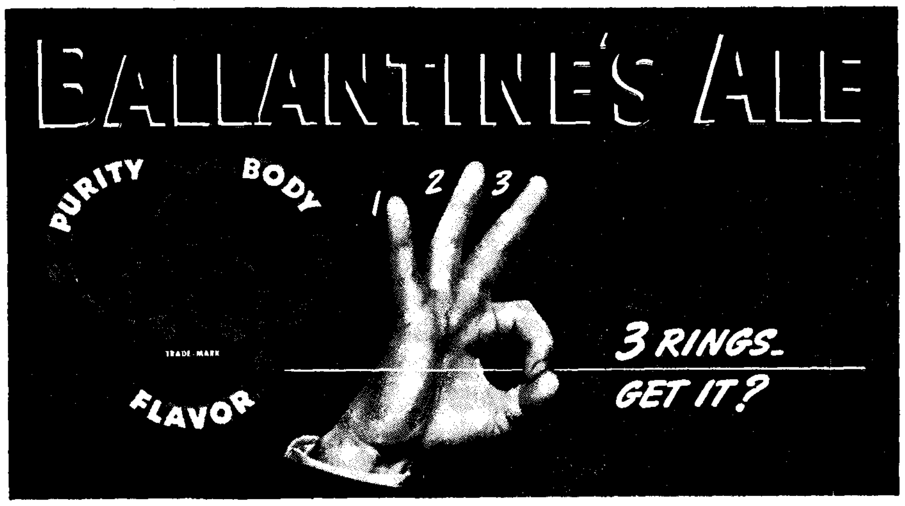


LEADERSHIP—unless it results from lower price—is the surest sign of excellence. Ballantine's Ale costs a little more than the average, yet it outsells them all!

Test this ale as Peter Ballantine did in 1840: One drink to judge its PURITY... a second for BODY... a third for FLAVOR. The 3 moisture rings left by his glass became his famous trademark.

His taste in ale became America's own—*more people get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other...*

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE



Little Pinks

Continued from page 10

Your Highness cannot stand the cold much longer. Now I must hurry home to cook the dinner, and," he says, "tonight is the night I do the washing. Your Highness does not like to be without clean clothes, especially lingerie. I am a good cook and launderer now and nobody can dust and sweep or wait on an invalid better than I can. Your Highness takes a lot of waiting on," he says. "I used to forget things but now she keeps a long cane at her chair to remind me when I forget."

"Pinks," I say, "everybody knows his own business best, but what is the idea of your working and slaving for a cold, selfish little broad such as Your Highness if you are not married to her and are not even going to get married to her? What is your percentage?" I say.

"Why," Little Pinks says, "I love her."

And with this he goes on down the street and I can see that he shrinks a lot since I last see him and in fact he is now so small that I look for him to fall out of the hole in the seat of his pants any minute.

Well, it comes on the winter of 1938 and I am in Chesty Charles' little grill on Biscayne Boulevard in the city of Miami thinking of very little when I notice that the character who is doing porter work around the joint seems to be nobody but Little Pinks although he is without doubt greatly altered. So I ask Chesty if this is not who the porter is and Chesty says to me like this:

"All I know," Chesty says, "is that he is a little stirry. He comes to me with a screeve from some old friends of mine in the canneroo at Raiford. He is just after doing a three-er and it seems to leave some impression on him. He talks to himself a lot. Yes," Chesty says, "he is without doubt stir-crazy."

After a while, when the porter does not seem to have anything on his hands, I walk over to him and slap him on the back and speak to him as follows:

"Hello, Pinks," I say. "How is everything?"

He turns around and looks at me a minute and I can see that it is Little Pinks all right and then he says:

"Oh, hello."

"Do you remember me?" I say.

"Sure," Little Pinks says. "You give me four bits on Broadway one day. It is a cold day."

"How is Your Highness?" I say.

AT THIS, Little Pinks puts his finger on his lips and says shush and then he takes me by the arm and leads me out the back door of the grill into a sort of areaway where they keep the garbage cans and he motions me to sit down on one can and he sits on the other and says like this:

"It is now over four years ago," he says, "since I bring Your Highness down here."

"Wait a minute, Pinks," I say. "You state you bring her. How do you bring her?"

"I push her in her wheel chair," he says.

"You push her in her wheel chair thirteen hundred miles?" I say. "Pinks, do you think you are kidding somebody?"

"Wait till I tell the story," he says. "It is thirteen hundred miles. It does not seem like a block to me now. But let me tell it all."

It is not so difficult as it may sound to push a wheel chair from New York City to Miami (Little Pinks says) with such a tiny thing as Your Highness in the chair as by the time we start she does not weigh much more than a bag of popcorn and besides it is a very nice wheel chair with rubber tires and ball-bearing wheels and rolls very easy, to be sure.

In fact, the only tough part of the journey is from the basement in West Fifty-second Street to the ferry that takes us across the river to the Jersey side. After that we thumb our way along, with Your Highness doing the thumbing and we get many a lift in empty trucks, although the drivers are generally greatly surprised, indeed, at the spectacle of a Judy in a wheel chair asking for a ride.

But it is seldom an empty comes along without stopping for us and usually the driver has to get off and help lift Your Highness, chair and all, into the truck and block the wheels so the chair will not roll out on the bumps and sometimes Your Highness is so bossy about the job that she gets the drivers to asking her who she thinks she is.

She likes the open trucks best and often passes up closed vans that offer a lift to wait for one without a top so she can sit in her chair and watch the scenery on all sides and pretend she is somebody big like a queen. When she is in one of those open trucks she nearly always pretends she is Cleopatra in her royal barge scooting along the Nile which is an idea she gets from some movie and while I do not mind her pretending to be Cleopatra or anybody else I can see that her conversation often makes the truck drivers very nervous.

ONCE in the state of South Carolina when I am pushing the chair along a road we are stopped by an automobile containing three characters who are very hard-looking, indeed, and one of these characters outs with a large Betsy and requests us to hold up our hands. Then one of the others fans me to see if I have any funds or valuables, and the third character looks Your Highness over and they are surprised and slightly annoyed to find only eighty-six cents on us all told.

So they start questioning us and when I tell them all about Your Highness and me, they are more surprised than ever and one of them picks Your Highness up out of her wheel chair and puts her in the automobile. They make me get in after her and then they tie a rope to the wheel chair and tow it quite a distance behind the automobile, traveling very slow, so as not to yank the chair around too much.

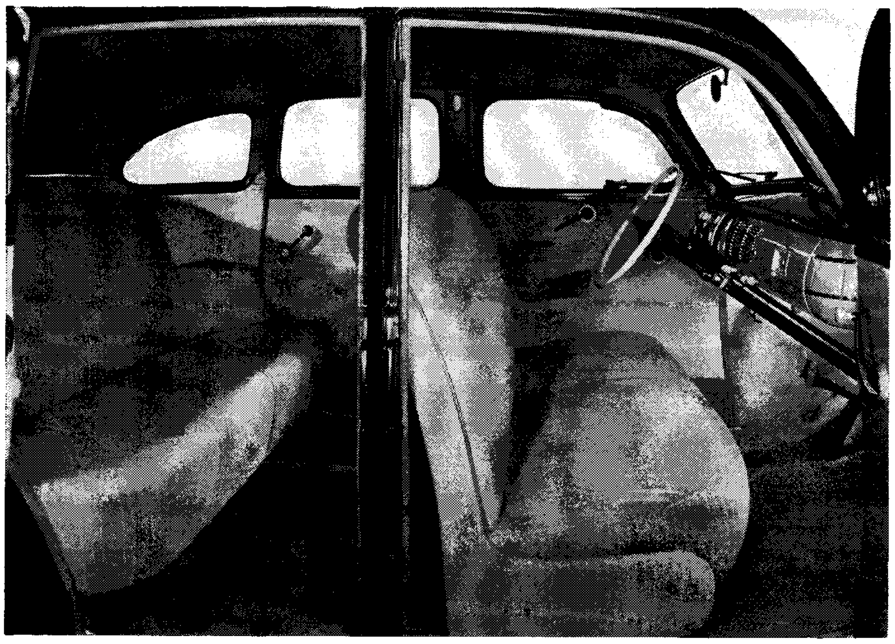
They let us go at a crossroads where they say they must branch off to get to a town off the main highway where they wish to rob a bank and, furthermore, they give me a pound note for my pocket and one of them who listens to Your Highness more than anyone else says that what I really deserve is a gold

"SAY! How *long has* this *been going on?"*

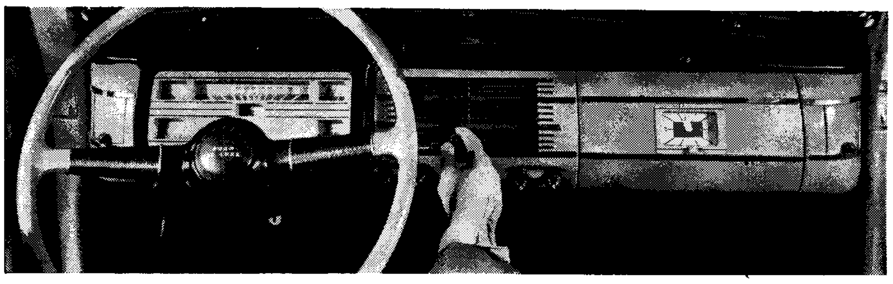
When you're first introduced to the 1940 Ford V-8, you'll say, "Can this low-price car be as good as it looks?"

For here is a big, substantial car—well-built, well-balanced—with a smooth, 8-cylinder engine, powerful hydraulic brakes, a uniquely stabilized chassis—*and a buoyant, restful ride that's a revelation in quiet comfort.*

You *can't* know what you're missing until you try the new Ford on the road. And when you do, you won't believe the price tag!

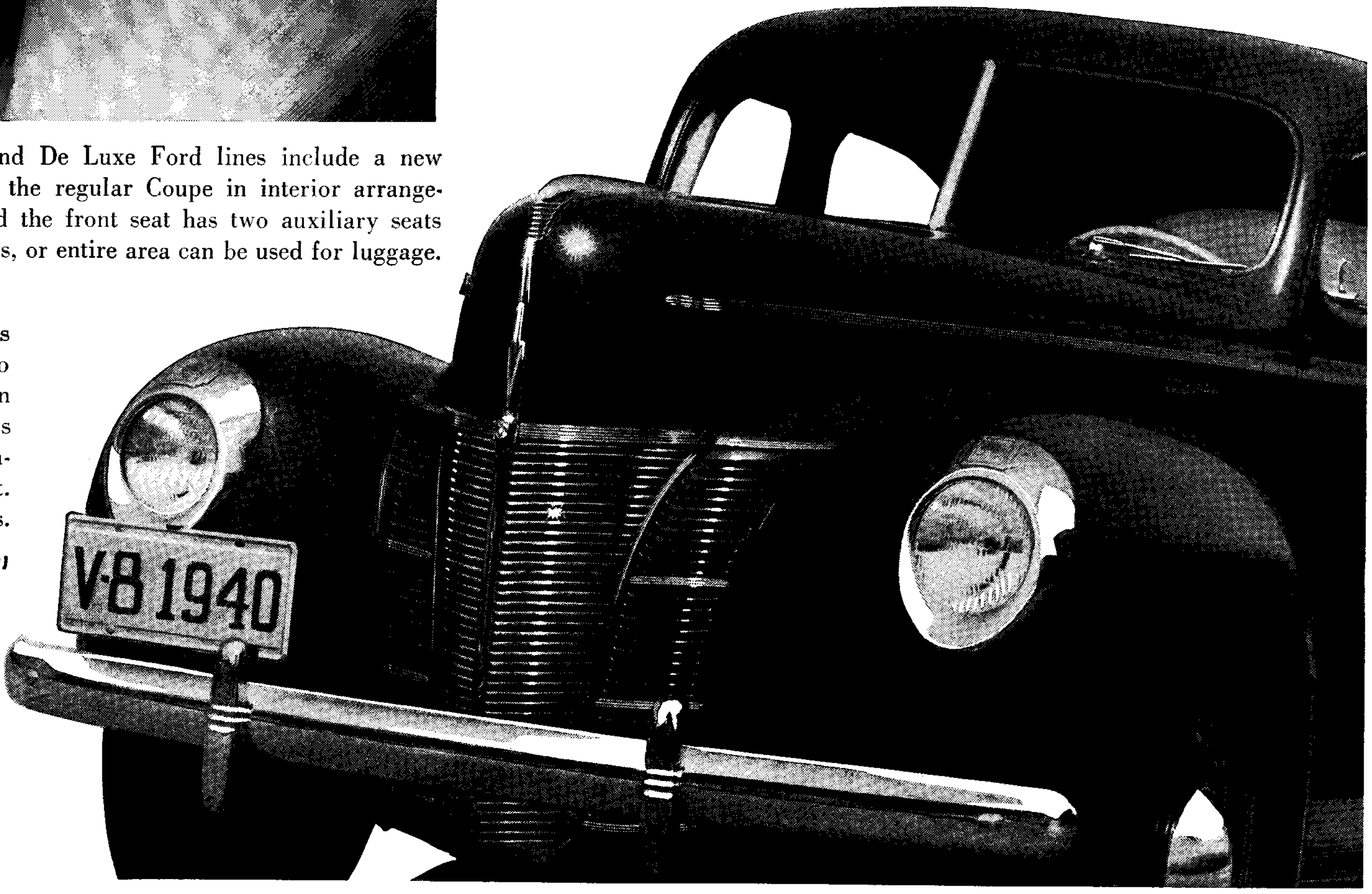


LUXURIOUS INTERIORS. Rich color harmony, finely tailored upholstery, and more room all around. Deep seat cushions of new construction, with a soft "floating edge" for increased comfort. Arm rests. Wide parcel shelf.



FINGER-TIP GEARSHIFT on steering post. All models, no extra cost. Smart, two-spoke steering wheel. Handsome new instrument panel with *two* ash trays, cigar lighter, grille for radio, glove compartment, battery condition indicator.

NEW BODY TYPE. Both the Ford and De Luxe Ford lines include a new Business Coupe which differs from the regular Coupe in interior arrangement. The big compartment behind the front seat has two auxiliary seats which fold down for extra passengers, or entire area can be used for luggage.



READY TO RIDE! The new Ford cars are as easy to ride in as they are to look at. Improved spring suspension and new ride-stabilizer—85-hp models—plus improved shock absorbers contribute to greatly increased comfort. Controlled Ventilation checks drafts.

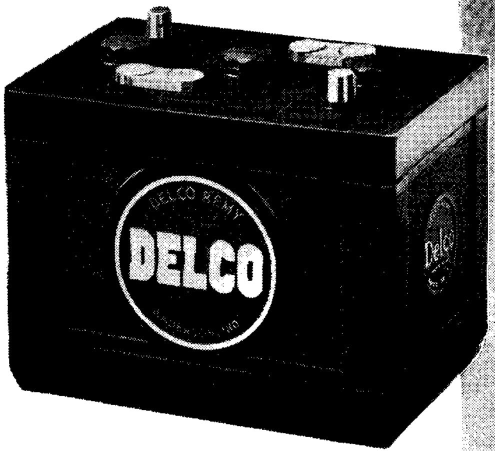
(All illustrations show De Luxe Ford V-8)

FORD V-8

Ford

Get off to a Good Start

Replace with a DELCO battery



Delco batteries have extra power for cold weather starting, complete dependability and exceptionally long life. There are types and sizes of Delco batteries to fit all passenger cars and commercial vehicles. There is a Delco battery dealer near you.

Delco batteries are original equipment in all General Motors cars. Be sure to register your new battery with your car dealer or Delco battery dealer. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

Delco-Remy

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

medal although he does not state why.

Another time in Georgia, I somehow lose the highway and hit a road that goes nowhere but into a swamp and the next thing we know we are in the midst of a bunch of five stove lids in striped clothes and it turns out that they are escaped convicts and are very desperate guys.

Personally, I figure we are going to have a lot of trouble with these parties, but right away Your Highness puts them to work fixing up a camp for us for the night and ordering them around until one of them tells me he will be glad to return to the prison and give himself up, especially as every time one of the stove lids gets close enough to Your Highness' chair she reaches out and gives him a good belt with her cane.

IT TAKES us about two weeks to get to Miami between her thumbing and my pushing and we live very good on the way. Sometimes I mooch a dookey at a kitchen door but Your Highness does not care much for Southern cooking and prefers canned goods such as I am able to obtain by climbing in the windows of country stores at night. Once I enter a henroost and sneeze a pullet when Your Highness thinks she feels in a mood for a little chicken à la king, but the pullet turns out to be very tough and Your Highness is most critical, indeed.

However, she cheers up no little and quite some when she feels the sun and sees the ocean in Miami. In fact, she is so cheerful that she forgets to remind me of anything with her cane for one whole day and has only a few cross words for me. The first thing I do is to find a room for her in a small rooming house on Miami Beach and the next thing I do is get myself a job bussing in a restaurant not far from the rooming house.

Then every morning, before I go to work, I push her in her wheel chair over to a big hotel on the beach that is called the Roney Plaza and she sits there on the sidewalk all day long watching the people walking up and down and here and there and to and fro and, the chances are, trying to flirt with any guy that she figures has as much as nine dollars in his pockets, for Your Highness never for a minute forgets her dream of marrying someone with money and social position, but, anyway, money.

Well, to tell the truth, Your Highness is now not as beautiful as formerly, though I never before admit it to anybody. In fact, she is so thin she is almost a shadow and her face is drawn down to the size of a nickel and there is no more glint in her hair and she is by no means such a looking Judy as will attract the attention of guys, especially as the shape that once draws them her way in herds is no longer on public view.

But Your Highness does not realize the change in her appearance and when she finds that the only ones who smile at her and stop and talk to her as she is sitting there are kindhearted old Judys, and that guys never rap to her at all, she becomes somewhat impatient and one day she speaks to me as follows:

"Pinks," she said, "I know what is wrong. I do not have any jewelry. I notice that anybody who has a lot of jewelry on always attracts plenty of attention even if they are as ugly as anything. Pinks, you get me a lot of jewelry," she says.

"Well, Your Highness," I say, "this is quite an order to be sure. I do not know how I am going to get you any jewelry. I am wondering right now about the room rent."

"Oh," she says, "you can get it. You get those groceries and that chicken when you want them. Pinks, I must have a lot of jewelry. I must, I must, I must."

Then she gets mad at me and the way Your Highness gets mad at me is to never say a word but just sit looking sad and it almost breaks my heart when she does this. In fact, I can scarcely sleep when she is mad at me, so instead of trying I spend the next few nights looking around a little and casing a few big houses in which I figure there is bound to be plenty of jewelry.

One night I enter one of these houses by way of a loose window and make my way very quietly to a bedroom in which I can see somebody is sleeping and there on a bureau in plain sight is a whole hatful of jewelry. In fact, there is a big square-cut diamond ring and a batch of diamond bracelets and a large diamond clip, so I figure that the party sleeping in the bedroom is some Judy and that she wears this jewelry earlier in the evening and is careless enough not to put it away in a safe place when she is going to bed.

Anyway, I remove the jewelry and present it the next morning to Your Highness and she is quite pleased with it, although she states that the square-cut diamond is not of first-class color and that the mountings of the bracelets are old-fashioned and cheap. However, she says they will do very well and she puts all the jewelry on and sits looking at herself in a mirror for half an hour. She never asks me where I get it or how. One thing about Your Highness, she never wishes to know where anybody gets anything or how as long as she gets it herself.

I push her in her chair over to the Roney as usual and when I go for her late in the afternoon she is smiling and happy and says that just as she figures the jewelry attracts plenty of attention to her, although she admits she does not get much of a tumble from any young guys who look as if they may be worth getting a tumble from.

"But," Your Highness says, "they will come later. This afternoon a very fine-looking old party who says he is Dr. Quincey, of Chicago, and his wife talk to me an hour. She is old, too, but nice. Pinks, I think they are rich and maybe they will introduce me to people. Maybe they have a son. They are much interested in my new jewelry."

Well, about an hour later I can understand this interest because a gendarme comes around to the rooming house and calls me out and tells me I am under arrest charged with the burglary of the home of Dr. Quincey, of Chicago, of sixty thousand dollars' worth of swag, and while I am naturally somewhat perturbed by this announcement, I can see that what Your Highness knows about the value of jewelry is not much.

THE gendarme takes me to the police station and into a room where several other coppers are waiting and also an old guy with a beard that they tell me is this Dr. Quincey and I am quite surprised to see him smile at me and to observe that he does not seem to be anywhere near as indignant as I will be myself upon beholding a guy who knocks me off for my valuables.

In fact, it is Dr. Quincey who starts questioning me instead of the cops and what he questions me most about is Your Highness and finally I tell him the whole story about us from start to finish including the part about where I finally enter his house and remove the jewelry and when I speak of this the cops are all in favor of immediately placing me in the jailhouse without any more dickering and then sending out and arresting Your Highness, too, and recovering the jewelry.

"One moment, gentlemen," this Dr. Quincey says. "I have a long talk with the girl today and observe her closely. She is extremely ill. There is no doubt of that. She is not only extremely ill but," he says, "she has strange delusions of grandeur."

"Is that bad, Doc?" I say.

"Never mind," he says. "I am not willing to condone this young fellow's crime, but let us suspend action on him temporarily. Say nothing to the girl and let her keep on wearing the jewelry a while longer under surveillance and let Pinks remain at liberty in the meantime if he promises to give himself up when you send for him and accept punishment afterward."

"What do you mean afterward?" I say.

"Never mind," he says. "We will let you know later. Do you agree?"

Well, naturally I am glad to agree to anything whatever if it is going to keep me out of the pokey but the coppers are by no means so eager. They say I have all the earmarks of a guy who will breeze off out of their reach as soon as they take their hands off me, but the old guy has them send me out of the room and has a long talk with them in private and then they tell me I can go until they want me.

OF COURSE I do not tell Your Highness what comes off and she goes on wearing the jewelry every day and taking great pleasure in same but I notice that one of the coppers I see in the room is always around somewhere close in plain clothes, so I judge they are taking no chances on the jewelry evaporating.

In fact, sometimes the copper talks to Your Highness and as he is a young guy and by no means bad-looking, and is always hanging around, she commences to figure that maybe he has a crush on her and she plays plenty of swell for him.

When I come to get her when he is around, she gives me a large bawling out for this and that and lets on that I am just a guy working for her, although of course he knows very well who I am. Then the copper happens to let it out that he is married and after that he cannot get close enough to her to hand her a grapefruit.

Your Highness tells me that Dr. Quincey and his wife are around to see her often and she says that sometimes she thinks that maybe the old Doctor likes her pretty well himself. In fact, she says she thinks Dr. Quincey has plenty of gall to look at her the way he does right in front of his wife and I say maybe he is only admiring her jewelry.

Now for several days Your Highness is very thoughtful and has little to say and it seems to me that she is getting so she is not much more than a shadow in her chair. Her eyes are as big as dinner plates and once I think she is crying which is a great surprise to me as I never before see her shed a tear. Then one afternoon I go to the Roney Plaza to get her and I find her watching the sunset instead of the people and after a while she looks at me and smiles and says:

"Come close to me, Little Pinks."

It is one of the few times she ever calls me Little Pinks. Generally it is just Pinks and it is not often she smiles at me, either. So I go up to the side of her chair but only figuring that the chances are she wishes to get me close enough to give me a belt with her cane for something I forget to remember and she says:

"Kneel down, Little Pinks."

Well, of course, this is an unusual request, especially in such a place, but if there is one thing I am accustomed to from Your Highness it is unusual requests, so I kneel down in front of her chair and she reaches out with her cane but instead of belting me she taps me on the shoulder with it and says:

"Rise up, Sir Little Pinks, my brave and true knight. Rise up and may God bless you forever and always."

Naturally I figure this is something else Your Highness gets from a movie or maybe out of a book and I am wondering what the idea is when I see that there are real tears running down her cheeks and she holds out her thin arms to me and says:

"Kiss me, Little Pinks."

So I kiss her for the first and only time in my life and she holds me tight to her breast a moment and slowly whispers:

"Little Pinks, I love you."

Now I feel her arms loosen and her poor little body slips down farther in the chair and I do not need Dr. Quincey who happens along just then to tell me Your Highness is dead. He says she lasts longer than he expects from the first time he ever sees her.

I get her buried out here in a little cemetery in the sun where she will never be cold again and then I go to the police station and give myself up and cop a plea of guilty to robbery and take two to ten years. I am now out on parole (Little Pinks says) and this is all there is to the story.

"Pinks," I say, "I am indeed very sorry for you."

"Sorry for me?" Little Pinks says. "Say," he says, "I am sorry for you. You never kiss Your Highness and hear her say she loves you."

Well, it is a couple of weeks before I am in Chesty's drum again and I do not see Little Pinks around, so I ask Chesty what becomes of his porter and Chesty says to me like this:

"Why," he says, "they pick him up again for violating his parole and send him back to Raiford. I do not know how or why he violates it because I never think to ask, but," he says, "that guy is better off there because he surely is off his nut."

SO I call up a guy I know by the name of Smiddy who works in the sheriff's office and ask him if he can remember anything about a character by the name of something that sounds like Pinks.

"Wait until I look in the record," Smiddy says. "Pinks, Pinks, Pinks," he keeps saying, so I figure he is going through a book. "Say," he says, "here is a guy by the name of Pincus who is grabbed for parole violation. Maybe he is your guy. I remember him now myself. It is a most unusual case."

"What is most unusual about it?" I say.

"Why," Smiddy says, "this Pincus makes his way into the hotel room of a winter tourist by the name of Ables and for no reason anybody can figure out he ties Ables to his bed at the point of a Betsy and bangs him across the back with a baseball bat until he permanently injures the poor guy's spine. Do you know what I think?" Smiddy says.

"No," I say, "what do you think?"

"I think this Pincus is daffy," Smiddy says. "But," he says, "of course we cannot have our winter tourists treated like Mr. Ables."

HOW I RETIRED ON A LIFE INCOME OF $150 A MONTH

To men of 40 who want to retire in 15 years

"FIFTEEN years ago I made a discovery that changed my life. I believe it will interest you.

"When I was 40, I was worried about my future. I wasn't getting ahead. I seemed to be living in a circle, and I was dissatisfied. I used to dream of being able to relax, forget money worries and enjoy life. I longed for security.

"But it seemed hopeless. I wasn't rich. I probably never would be. Like millions of others, I would simply live and work and die—spend a lifetime trying to make both ends meet.

You don't have to be rich

"But that was 15 years ago. Now I have retired on a life income. I have no business worries—my security is guaranteed. I can work or play, as I like. Each month the postman hands me a check for $150 and I know that I will receive another $150 every month as long as I live.

"My friends are envious. They want to know how, without being rich, I ever managed to retire on a life income. The answer is simple: When I was 40, I discovered the Phoenix Mutual Plan.

"The minute I read about this Plan, I realized it was just what I needed. Through it, I could get a life income of $150 a month in 15 years, protect my family, and even get a disability income if, before I reached 55, total disability stopped my earning power.

"Best of all, I could do all this through long-term, easy payments, and for far less money than ordinary investments require.

"Today, at the comparatively early age of 55, I have the things I want—lifelong security, the opportunity to travel, to hunt and fish, to live fully and well. I can laugh at worries. I can be sure of comfort and happiness in the years ahead—with a guaranteed income of $150 a month for life."

This story is typical. Wouldn't you like to make sure of your own future? Wouldn't you like to find out, for yourself, how the Phoenix Mutual Plan works? You can get the facts, without obligation, by sending for the free booklet offered below.

Send for Free Booklet

Send the coupon below and you will receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Plan. In a simple, illustrated way, this booklet explains how to get a life income of $10 to $200 a month or more, starting at age 55, 60, 65 or 70. It shows how to fit the Plan to your own needs, large or small. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy *now*.

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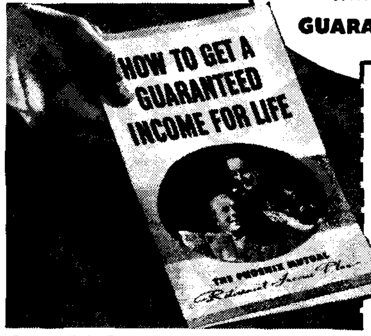
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE



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PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT PLAN.

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Date of Birth________________
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Home Address________________

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"Man to man, dad, this is what I call a breakfast!"

"Yes, your Mother knows AUNT JEMIMA'S always make a hit with us!"

TODAY enjoy this delicious old-time Down South Breakfast
Now being featured by thousands of grocers.

"Gee, mom, those Aunt Jemima's are swell! You're wonderful!"

"He's right, dear! Let's have Aunt Jemima's more often!"

Easy as 1-2-3 to whisk up a batch of mouth-watering Aunt Jemima's! Simply add water or milk to her magic Ready-Mix and whisk on the griddle. Ask your grocer today for both kinds of Aunt Jemima's famous Ready-Mix—the red box for nourishing pancakes; the yellow box for wholesome buckwheats.

"My secret recipe dat makes dese de world's most famous pancakes is already mixed in every box!"

AUNT JEMIMA'S READY-MIX FOR BUCKWHEATS AND PANCAKES

Smart Money

Continued from page 16

sometimes called Annenberg Alley.

Moe was worth quite a few millions now and he set about applying the Moe efficiency to the business of supplying to the gamblers and bookie joints of the country the current news bulletins and gossip of the horses.

He proceeded without very much prologue to the job of eliminating his competitors. We have seen in an earlier article how this work went forward in Pennsylvania and the East. As already pointed out, there were about nineteen wire services supplying the bookies. Most of these were local operators. And we have seen how these little fellows were wiped out. But there were four master services flourishing over large regions and fighting for business in many states. There was the General News Bureau, dominated by Moe. There was the Empire News Bureau, controlled from New York. There was the National, owned by McFadden, and the Greater New York.

The rivalry between these gentlemen was, of course, not conducted on Chesterfieldian principles. Moe's competitors claimed that in Chicago and elsewhere their places were raided by the police while the General News Bureau seemed to enjoy immunity. A former employee of Moe testified before the Thompson committee of the Pennsylvania legislature that in one small Eastern city he paid the chief of police $100 a month. The chief wanted $5,000 but the General News representative testified he settled for $50 twice a month for the police orphans' fund. After the payments began, according to the testimony, he found a bookie in the town getting his wire news from the National. Moe's agent complained to the chief about this. This noble functionary told him to go to the bookie, to warn him and run him out but not to crucify him. He escaped crucifixion but signed up with Moe. This investigation, to which we will refer more fully later, was authorized in 1938 by the Pennsylvania legislature, on the whole subject of service by wire and radio of racing news to bookmakers.

The Empire felt it was being discriminated against by the police. It rushed to court and got an injunction against Police Chief Michael Hughes in Chicago. It charged that the police had entered its offices, wrecked its equipment, terrified its employees. The injunction was granted and never contested by the police.

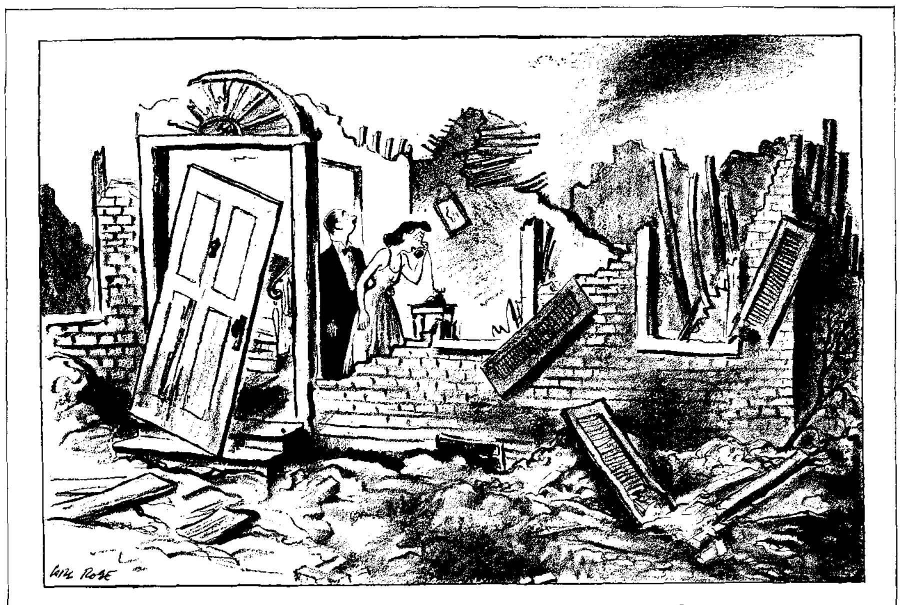
On another occasion a Chicago sports publication carried an offer of a reward of $10,000 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who raided the plants of the Empire News and the National News in broad daylight, destroying property, brandishing revolvers, frightening the inoffensive clerks. No charge was made against anyone in particular. It was in 1930, a time when the gangster mobs were spreading their dominion over the Chicago underworld with machine guns and pineapples.

Moe was having his troubles, too, with these rivals of his. They were stealing his news. A supervisor of the telephone company testified before the Pennsylvania committee that he had fired one of his operators because he was caught plugging Moe's precious news into the Empire wire in the East. Moe was gathering it with a large organization at great cost, and a telephone mechanic, by merely plugging a single wire from Moe's circuit into the Empire, was making all that valuable dope available to Moe's competitor and was collecting his bribe of $75 a week from the competitor. The General News Bureau retaliation was swift, ingenious and devastating.

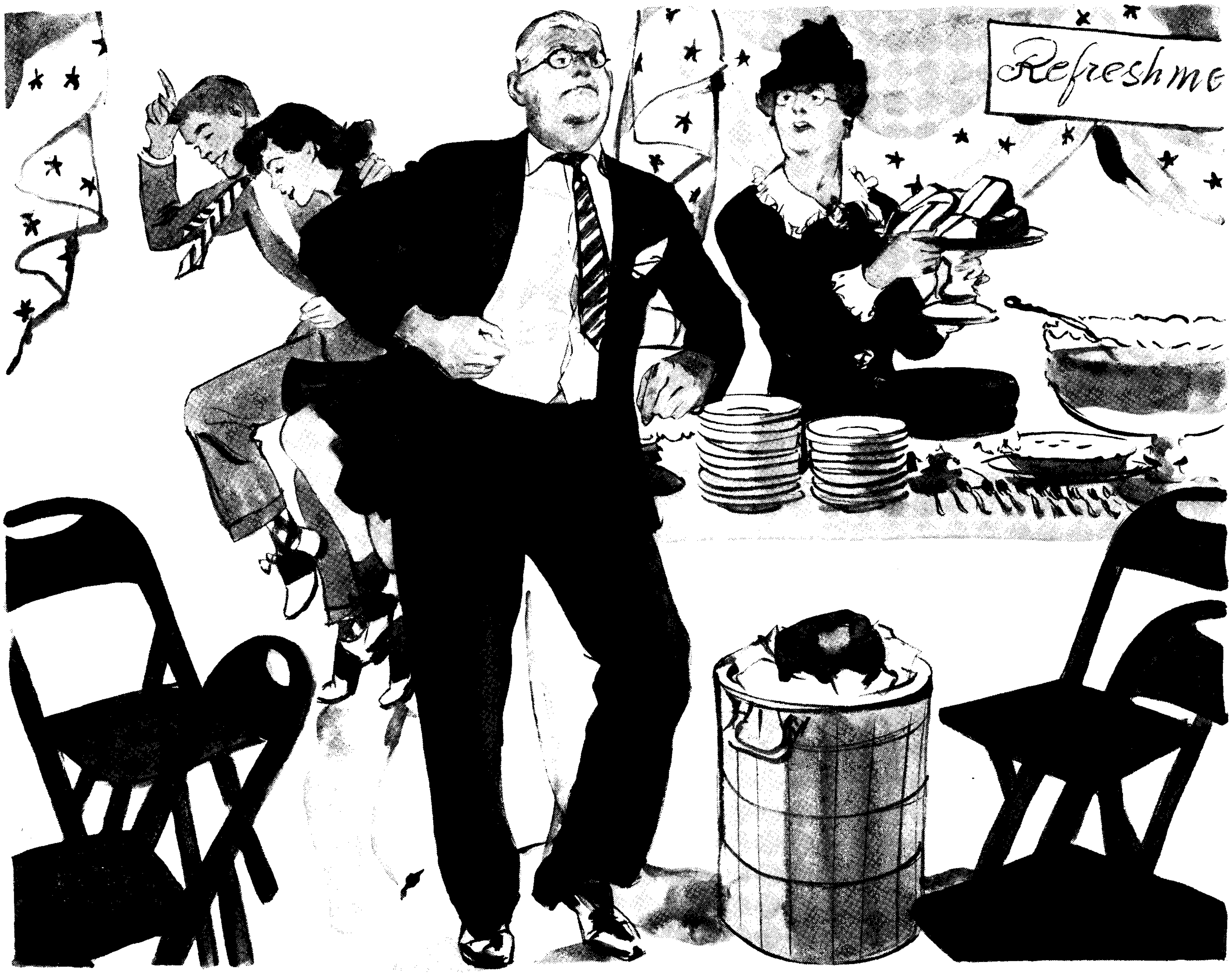
A Little Persuasion

When the General News Bureau got its news in Chicago, it deadened the wire leading to the East for several minutes. Thus, when a race had been run, the flash did not go out either to Moe's customers or to those of the Empire which was stealing his news. But the result was sent instantly by telephone to the bookies who were Moe's customers. Then representatives of the General News, knowing the winner, would rush to a bookie joint supplied by the Empire and place a large bet on a horse that had already won. Afterward the General News Bureau agents would explain to the bookies thus victimized how they were exposed to that peril constantly by taking the Empire service instead of the General News. They lost little time in dropping the Empire.

The Empire, the National, the Greater New York found they were waging a losing battle and around 1930 all capitulated. The General News paid the Empire $300,000 for their business and gave the Greater New York $110,000 for theirs. The National, which belonged to McFadden, was taken over with agreement to pay McFadden $10,000 a year



"Would you mind if we postponed tonight's dinner party, dear? The silliest thing just happened to us" CARL ROSE



"Ed Barnes, you're worse'n a jitterbug!"

MA BARNES: I swear you twist around crazier than those young folks dancin' in there. What ails you, anyway?

ED BARNES: *Now, ma, I'm no jitterbug. It's this shrunk-up shirt that's got me twisting and squirming.*

MA: Why on earth can't you do like Ella's husband—get yourself some Sanforized-Shrunk shirts?

ED: *But ma, these shirts had "pre-shrunk" wrote right on the collars.*

MA: Don't you ever listen to what I say? I said *Sanforized-Shrunk,* not "pre-shrunk."

ED: *Shucks—what's the difference?*

MA: Land a mercy! A body'd think you never learned to *read.* It's in all the magazines and papers now how Sanforizing takes practically every mite of shrinking out of a fabric.

ED: *Don't believe it.*

MA: Well, it's true. Sanforized-Shrunk fabrics can't shrink more'n a measly 1% by standard tests—and that means shirts don't ever shrink out of size.

ED: *But don't Sanforized Shirts cost plenty?*

MA: Not a red cent more than any other kind. You can buy Sanforized-Shrunk shirts in almost every store, in about forty-leven different makes. Same thing's true of shorts and pajamas, too.

ED: *D'you suppose I could run out and pick up a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt now?*

MA: If you *don't,* you can run out and *stay.*

P—sst! Mrs. Barnes—

This year, many new cottons, linens, and spun rayons have this sure shrinkage protection. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on these articles:

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments

The New Flannelettes

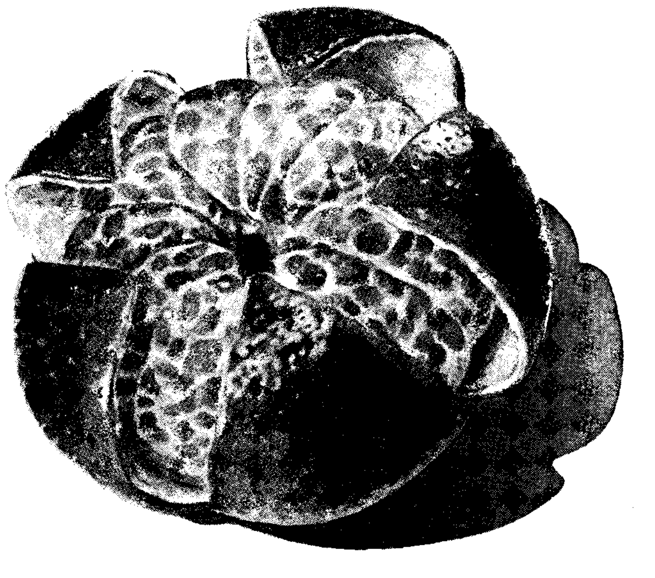
Slip Covers, Draperies

Cotton Uniforms

Trousers, Slacks

For permanent fit... look for the words... SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

It's still the time for TANGERINES!



Tangerines are still at your market! As a matter of fact, those you get right now are at the very *peak* of their goodness—the pick of the crop!

How dainty and luscious they are! Plump, juicy little morsels of tart-sweet flavor—all wrapped up in gaily-colored, tender peeling that slips off as easily as a glove slips off your hand!

And, as if that weren't enough, their delicious juice is literally *loaded* with wonderfully healthful calcium and vitamins!

Remember, the tangerine season is only a few weeks long. Act quickly—and you can still enjoy many more of these "party-size" packages of one of nature's grandest gifts!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION

Tangerines fit into any party menu—children's or grown-ups'. And, of course, during their all-too-short season they're a "must" in school lunches!

If you want to keep enough tangerines on hand for the youngsters, better order plenty—or else put a lock on the refrigerator!

The doctor says "everybody must have calcium in the daily diet." And we say "tangerines are a rich, cheap and one of the most pleasant, natural food sources of calcium."

for life. When these three services disappeared the General News Bureau was supreme, with a complete monopoly of racing news on all the twenty-nine tracks of the country and in all the states and in all the fifteen thousand or more bookie joints in the country. But Moe was not supreme because he had a partner—Jack Lynch, the saloon, bookie-joint, stuss-game magnate. Here was a business richer than any gold mine. It was growing under the touch of Moe's genius. Lynch was contributing nothing to its rich development. Besides, Moe didn't like partners. By 1933 this wire-news business alone was yielding a clear profit of over a million a year and it had even greater possibilities. By 1934 this had grown to a million and a half. Relations between Moe and Lynch were growing strained. And in 1934 the war broke out into the open.

Mr. Lynch Feels the Squeeze

Moe set out to work on Lynch the squeeze play he had used so successfully on Bannon and Murray. He organized another wire service—the Nationwide News Service. And he put the Nationwide into competition with the General News Bureau. See how it worked: Moe had a half interest in the General News. He owned a 100 per cent interest in the Nationwide. Both wire services went into competition. Moe managed the Nationwide. But he also controlled the General News. His man, James M. Ragen, was vice-president, its highest official and general manager. He had a majority of the board of directors. In a fight like that Moe, dominating both combatants, merely had to decide which side would win. The doom of the General News was decreed. And while Moe had a half interest and would presumably lose by the destruction of its value, nevertheless he would lose to the Nationwide, which was himself, while Lynch would lose to Moe. The situation was desperate for Lynch. The General News Bureau did not have any important assets save its list of customers. And Moe was now able to switch them to the Nationwide.

Lynch was not the man to take this lying down. But he was in a difficult position. His first move was to file suit and this brought the battle out into the open. He demanded an accounting in the Circuit Court of Cook County and he accompanied it with some sensational charges.

Lynch's suit was based on certain charges that illustrate the manner in which Annenberg does business, as well as the ingenuity he has exhibited in squeezing the last drop of profit out of his enterprises.

In a bookie joint or poolroom it is necessary to provide the clerks as well as the customers with the facts about all the races being run that day. For this purpose a small business had grown up in printing what were called run-down sheets. These were sheets listing each race, the horses, jockeys, weights and so forth. They were posted on the walls of the betting parlors for the convenience of everybody.

In every section of the country there were printers who made a business of supplying these sheets at a modest cost—about 10 cents for a full set covering all the races of the day. When Moe came into control of the General News he began to see possibilities in this simple convenience. He decided to monopolize the printing and distribution of these sheets along with everything else. This may look like small potatoes, but it was gold—not potatoes at all—in Moe's hands, as you will see.

Down in New Orleans the Bulletin Printing Company supplied these sheets. Moe bought it out for $50,000, the Daily Racing Form taking it over, plant and all. In San Francisco two small fry—Coleman Jalinski and Thomas J. Corcoran—issued what they called the Peerless Overnight Handicap and Run Down Sheets. In time Moe bought them out for $4,000. A fellow named Abe Markewitz operated a run-down-sheet business in Los Angeles. Moe took him over for $1,100. In New York these sheets were issued by the Walwin Press, owned by a chap named Minecas. Moe took these over and the name of the sheets were changed to Minn-Haff Sheets—Haffner being Moe's man in the business. They were printed in Chicago by the Bentley-Murray Company.

Moe now found a new use for these sheets. When sending the results of the news and results of the races to customers, the names of the horses were not used. Instead, each horse was represented by a number. Unless you had the key to the numbers you could not make out what the reports were all about. In order, therefore, to make use of the wire service after you had paid for it, you had to have this key each day. And the wall sheets or run-down sheets became the key. These sheets continued to have the names of the horses in each race, but opposite each horse's name was inserted a number. A man with the sheet in front of him and getting the wire flash that "post odds on 457 are 2 to 1" or that "457 has won" would know by looking at the sheets the name of the horse represented by 457. The sheets, therefore, became an absolute necessity for the bookie joint subscribing for the wire service. In other words, a man subscribing for the service would have only half a service. He would have to take the sheets from Moe to know what the wire service meant.

Moe organized a new corporation called the Universal Publishing Company, to take over this business throughout the country. He then jacked up the price of the sheets from 10 cents for a full set to 10 cents for a set on each track. If there were six tracks running it was 60 cents for a set. And all bookie places required from three to fifteen or twenty sets. In a city like Chicago this would mean about 3,000 sets a day at 60 cents a set or about $1,800. And most of this was profit because getting out the sheets was a very inexpensive process. With bookies doing business all over the country it may be guessed what this business was worth.

A Priceless Defense

This was the point on which the Lynch-Annenberg war broke out. The run-down sheets with the numbers were a necessary adjunct to the wire service. The run-down sheets could not be got out without the information belonging to the wire service. Moe and his man Ragen were operating the wire service for the benefit of all the partners. Instead of doing this business through the News Bureau, Moe organized a separate corporation and grabbed the whole business for himself so that his partner would not share in it. Moe's Universal Publishing Company made a contract with his and Lynch's General News Bureau. Moe's man Ragen acted for the News Bureau. The News Bureau was to furnish the Universal Publishing Company with all the necessary information each day. The Universal was to pay the News Bureau $100 a week for this and $1 a week for each set of sheets furnished. But neither Moe nor Ragen told Lynch anything about this. They proceeded to operate the Universal Publishing Company without Lynch's knowledge. They made enormous sums and, according to Lynch, never even paid the $1 fee that was due the General News Bureau under their own contract.

Here is the way they did it: They

made a contract with the Bentley-Murray Co. to print the run-down sheets. It was to print them and distribute them. After deducting the cost of this, it was to turn over 60 per cent of the net to Moe. All this is the account of the affair given by Lynch in that lawsuit, and he ended by charging that Moe had been collecting from the Bentley-Murray Company on this secret deal $200,000 a year clear profit for four and a half years. Lynch demanded an accounting and all sorts of legal redress.

This must have been very humiliating to Mr. Lynch. He was a professional gambler. He was a big shot. It was not supposed to be his role to be on the short end of anything. And here was the big-shot big-ender being taken for a ride by Moe. Moe's answer to the suit was priceless. "It appears," said Moe through his lawyers, "on the face of the bill of complaint that the subject matter of the lawsuit is a division of profits made by supplying operators with certain essentials which are necessary in the conduct of said gambling or handbook business. Equity will not take jurisdiction of an accounting between participants *in an illegal business*."

Annenberg Travels Alone

His collaborator in the transaction, Mr. Charles Bidwell of the Bentley-Murray Company, put the matter even plainer in his answer to the suit: "From the facts alleged, it appears that the subject matter of that suit is the *division of loot,* alleged to have been procured by supplying the instrumentalities indispensable to the operation of poolrooms and handbooks. A court of equity will not entertain an application for accounting between *alleged coadventurers in an alleged criminal enterprise,* nor aid the participant therein to recover his *alleged share of the loot.*" The italics, of course, are ours.

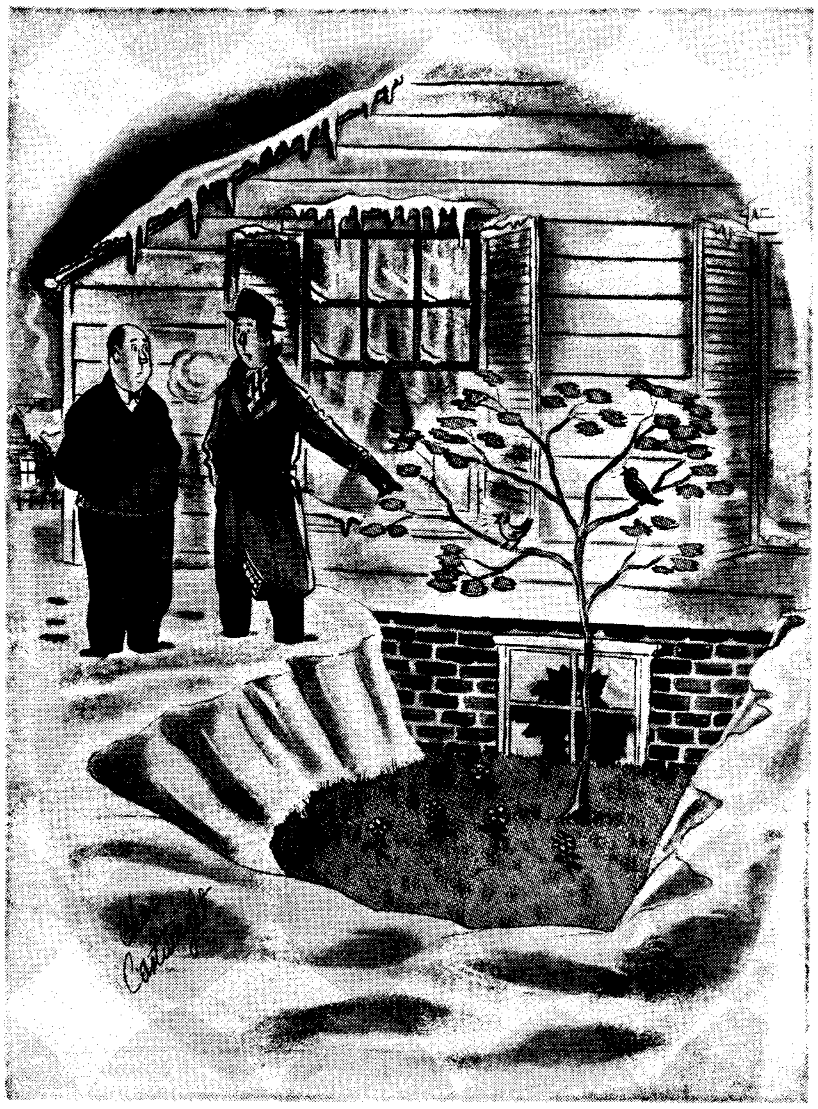
This was plain talk. This was Moe and Bidwell talking about Moe's business—an "illegal business," "a criminal enterprise," and calling their profits "loot."

The case was called to trial. But Lynch was in the position of Poland. He might win his suit some day in the sweet by-and-by. But meantime the Nationwide News Service was swiftly taking all the business of the General News Bureau. By the time the suit was ended there would be no General News Bureau. So Lynch agreed to compromise. He sold out all of his interest to Moe for $750,000. Moe thus got the other half interest in a business that was making a million and a half a year for half of one year's profit and complete freedom in the run-down sheet business.

What that business alone yielded when the wire service was operating, one can only estimate. It probably had a gross return of two millions a year and its profits were probably at least half that sum. Moe merely discontinued the General News Bureau and the Nationwide moved into its quarters and carried on as if nothing had happened. Nothing had happened save that the business had changed its name and Lynch had been squeezed out.

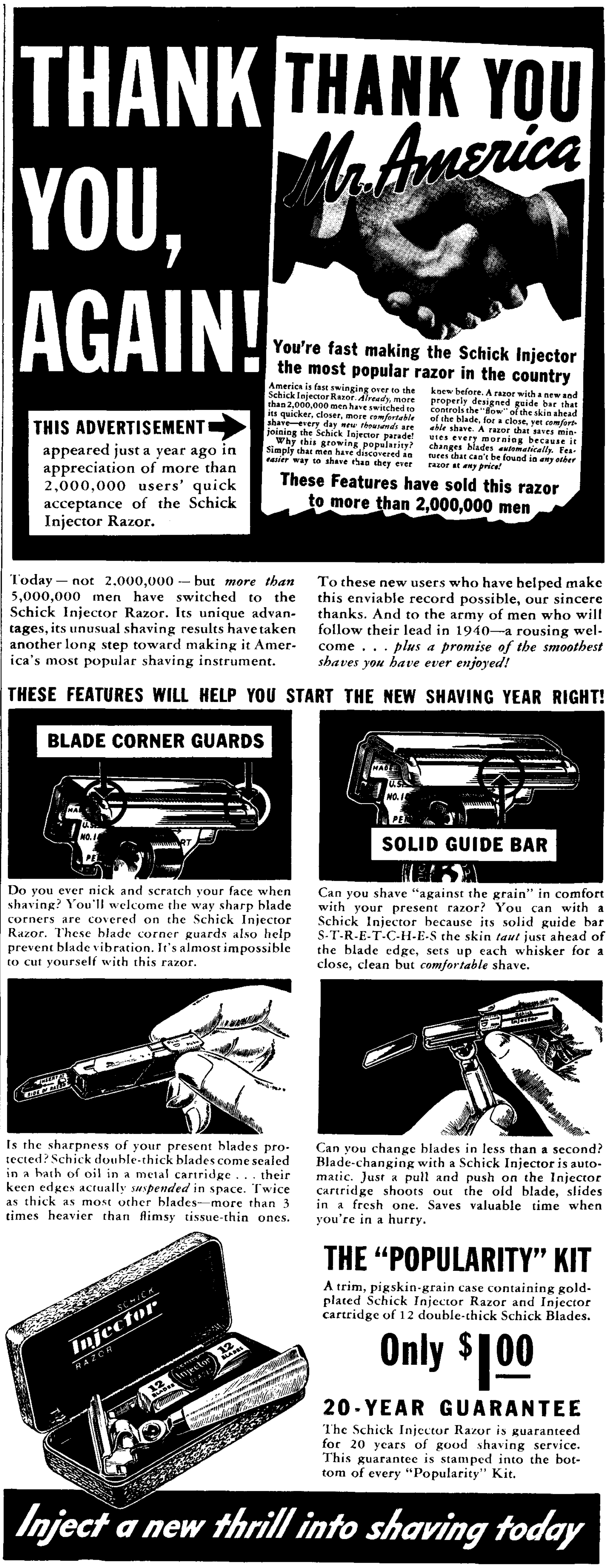
But with Lynch out, Moe was now the kingpin of the business of supplying all racing information. He had been gathering up racing papers. And if there was any part of the business he did not have it was because he did not want it. He had but to reach out his hand and crush anybody who got in his way.

There have been several. Chief among



"From the looks of things I'd say you might be losing some of your heat through this basement window!"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT



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THANK YOU Mr. America

You're fast making the Schick Injector the most popular razor in the country

America is fast swinging over to the Schick Injector Razor. *Already,* more than 2,000,000 men have switched to its quicker, closer, more *comfortable* shave—every day *new thousands* are joining the Schick Injector parade!

Why this growing popularity? Simply that men have discovered an *easier* way to shave than they ever knew before. A razor with a new and properly designed guide bar that controls the "flow" of the skin ahead of the blade, for a close, yet *comfortable* shave. A razor that saves minutes every morning because it changes blades *automatically.* Features that can't be found in *any other* razor at *any price!*

These Features have sold this razor to more than 2,000,000 men

THIS ADVERTISEMENT appeared just a year ago in appreciation of more than 2,000,000 users' quick acceptance of the Schick Injector Razor.

Today — not 2,000,000 — but *more than* 5,000,000 men have switched to the Schick Injector Razor. Its unique advantages, its unusual shaving results have taken another long step toward making it America's most popular shaving instrument.

To these new users who have helped make this enviable record possible, our sincere thanks. And to the army of men who will follow their lead in 1940—a rousing welcome . . . *plus a promise of the smoothest shaves you have ever enjoyed!*

THESE FEATURES WILL HELP YOU START THE NEW SHAVING YEAR RIGHT!

BLADE CORNER GUARDS

Do you ever nick and scratch your face when shaving? You'll welcome the way sharp blade corners are covered on the Schick Injector Razor. These blade corner guards also help prevent blade vibration. It's almost impossible to cut yourself with this razor.

SOLID GUIDE BAR

Can you shave "against the grain" in comfort with your present razor? You can with a Schick Injector because its solid guide bar S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S the skin *taut* just ahead of the blade edge, sets up each whisker for a close, clean but *comfortable* shave.

Is the sharpness of your present blades protected? Schick double-thick blades come sealed in a bath of oil in a metal cartridge . . . their keen edges actually *suspended* in space. Twice as thick as most other blades—more than 3 times heavier than flimsy tissue-thin ones.

Can you change blades in less than a second? Blade-changing with a Schick Injector is automatic. Just a pull and push on the Injector cartridge shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one. Saves valuable time when you're in a hurry.

THE "POPULARITY" KIT

A trim, pigskin-grain case containing gold-plated Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades.

Only $1.00

20-YEAR GUARANTEE

The Schick Injector Razor is guaranteed for 20 years of good shaving service. This guarantee is stamped into the bottom of every "Popularity" Kit.

Inject a new thrill into shaving today

—what have you got against paying less for fine whiskey?
COLLECTING REAL ANTIQUES CERTAINLY COSTS MONEY, MR. MATTINGLY.
YES, SUH, MR. MOORE... THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE ARE ALWAYS MIGHTY FANCY IN PRICE.
NOT ALWAYS, MR. MATTINGLY... TAKE OUR OWN M & M, SUH. IT'S ONE OF THE FINEST WHISKIES IN THE LAND—YET ITS PRICE IS SURPRISINGLY LOW!
THAT'S WHY MEN WHO JUDGE THEIR WHISKEY BY TASTE INSTEAD OF BY PRICE, FLOCK TO M & M.
Mattingly & Moore
MATTINGLY & MOORE
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof (also 86 proof). Every drop is whiskey!
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

them were William Armstrong in New York, Roi Tolleson, also in New York, the Flanagan brothers in Chicago.

The Flanagan brothers' battle with Moe has been the most dramatic. They print and distribute a small daily publication known as the Chicago Turf Bulletin and more popularly as the Red Sheet. It is a scratch sheet. The scratch sheet is issued as nearly as possible just before the races start. It gives the latest odds, the jockeys, the horses scratched, post positions and the weather conditions. It is a single sheet, as a rule, about the size of a tabloid news page folded into four small pages. It is not imposing to look at. But there is one gentleman in Chicago now who is probably making a thousand dollars a day with this modest-looking piece of literature.

The Flanagans say this gentleman is Moe Annenberg. But Moe denies it. They say that he went coldly about the business of putting them out of business and that he has practically succeeded. Somebody has certainly pretty nearly succeeded in putting them out of business. There is no doubt about who it is. It is the owner of a rival sheet. This rival sheet—the National Scratch Sheet—was started for the purpose of grabbing this luscious area of money-getting in the racing racket in Chicago. The Flanagans say that was Moe. But Senator Dan Serritella of Chicago says he is the man who owns the National Scratch Sheet.

Exit the Flanagans

Senator Dan Serritella is the senator from the first ward, Al Capone's ward, and was and is a close friend and colleague of the great Scarface.

This scratch-sheet racket is a juicy one and the Capone syndicate or at least some of its members have been looking at it with hungry eyes for some time. Murray Humphreys and Frank Rio, two Capone leaders, tried to buy wire service from the Nationwide for a scratch sheet. James M. Ragen told them they could have it for one track only. They started a scratch sheet and their plant, after a brief career, was put through the wringer with a bomb. Then the National Scratch Sheet came out in March, 1937. Dan Serritella, Capone's friend and adviser, appeared as president and treasurer of the company that issued it. Serritella has admitted that he had no money to start it—just a thousand dollars—and that he got the money to do so on a loan from the Regal Press, owned by Moe.

This sheet made its appearance and swiftly the Flanagan sheet began to make its disappearance. In March, when Serritella's sheet was published, the circulation of the Flanagan sheet was 539,000. In April it was 480,000. In May it was 297,000; in June 85,000; by December, 1938, 37,000. It is now less than 1,000. There is no difference between the Flanagan Red Sheet and the Serritella White Sheet. Both of them find their sales in the bookie joints. The Flanagans say that Annenberg used his power to drive their paper out of the bookie joints—that word went out to every bookie that if the Flanagan sheet was found around the wire service would be discontinued or perhaps the price jacked up. Certainly some force blasted the Flanagan paper. Moe raised the price of the wire service at the same time to Flanagan from $300 to $500 a week.

The Flanagans have filed suit against Moe and the Nationwide News Service. And in a hearing before a referee the whole story of Chicago's race-news wars has been raked over. But to this suit again Moe interposed his favorite defense—that the Flanagans did not come into court with clean hands; that their business—distributing racing news which they bought from Annenberg—was illegal, fraudulent and against public policy; that it is a gamblers' accessory and implement for the undisputed purpose of stimulating gambling.

Moe's lawyer told the referee that the whole thing—the business of furnishing bookie joints with news—*is beneath the dignity of a court of equity*. The referee has agreed with Moe's lawyer. He has held that the Flanagans' business "is an illegal business, a disreputable business and an unconscionable business carried on against the law."

The telegraph companies said they would stop selling wires to Moe if the business was illegal. But for this purpose Moe insisted it was not illegal. The courts said they couldn't stop Moe from driving his competitors out of business and becoming a monopoly because it was an illegal business and Moe insisted this was right. And a grand jury in Chicago said it couldn't indict Moe for building a monopoly under the antitrust laws because those laws were not framed to protect little gamblers from big gamblers and little unlawful enterprises from big ones. But local authorities refused to prosecute Moe or the bookies or anyone connected with the business for some reason or other while Moe himself insisted that his business was not illegal, that he had never done anything wrong in his life and that it was no more illegal to sell racing news to bookie joints than to sell cards to gambling houses. If anybody can follow this tortuous back alley of reasoning, he is a Grade A puzzle champion. This Flanagan case itself still drags its way through the courts.

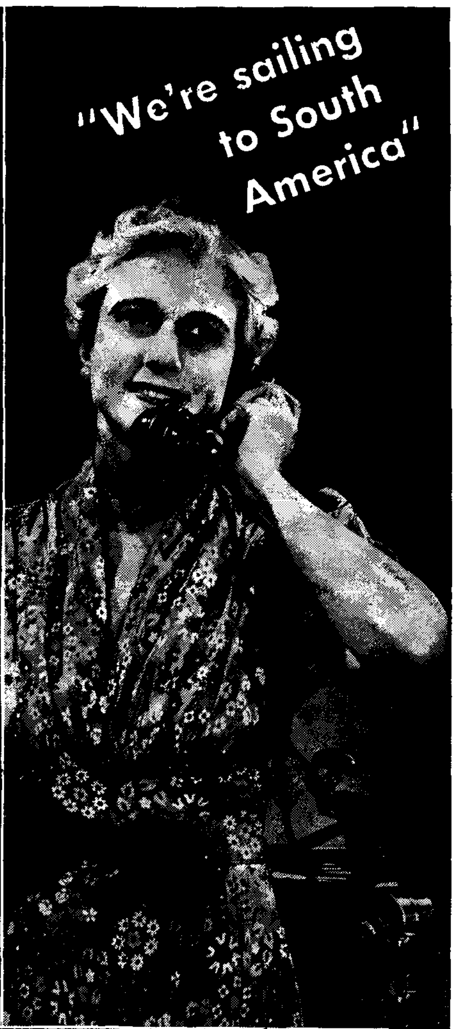
In Florida, in Texas, in New York, on the Coast, everywhere, Moe was extending his empire. The wire service—his richest plum—he had in the hollow of his hand. He was multiplying his racing papers. He had apparently left the tip sheets and scratch sheets alone for a long time, but seemingly hungered to have them, at least in places. He had a company in Chicago—the Supply Company—which published tip sheets. After hectic battles, violent charges back and forth, libel suits and other litigations, he bought out Roi Tolleson in New York, taking over his Running Horse, which he discontinued. He began publishing in the South a tip sheet and scratch sheet called Harvey A. Jr., which sold in Texas and Florida and probably in many other sections.

The Harvey A. Jr. led to an unpleasant episode in Texas. The Flanagans published their Chicago Turf Bulletin and circulated it in Dallas and Houston. They had an agent in Dallas and one in Houston. Then Moe started the Harvey A. Jr. in competition. The rivalry was bitter. Moe's most powerful weapon was his wire service. He could compel a bookie to buy anything else under threat of losing the wire service. Flanagan agents insist this was done in Texas. Then Moe's agent in Texas hired

In Life's Big Moments, *you rely on your telephone*

"I've passed my finals"

"That contract is in the bag"


"We're sailing to South America"

Skilled Western Electric workers made your telephone so well that you *can* rely on it

Good telephone service depends on capable, resourceful people and reliable equipment. Western Electric's part in it is the equipment.

This means not the telephone alone, but also thousands of items that you may never see, in the central office and along the way. Switchboards, relays, cable—virtually everything in the complex network—were made by Western Electric people with pride in their work.

It is this Company's responsibility as the Bell System's Service of Supply to furnish equipment of the highest quality at the lowest possible cost.

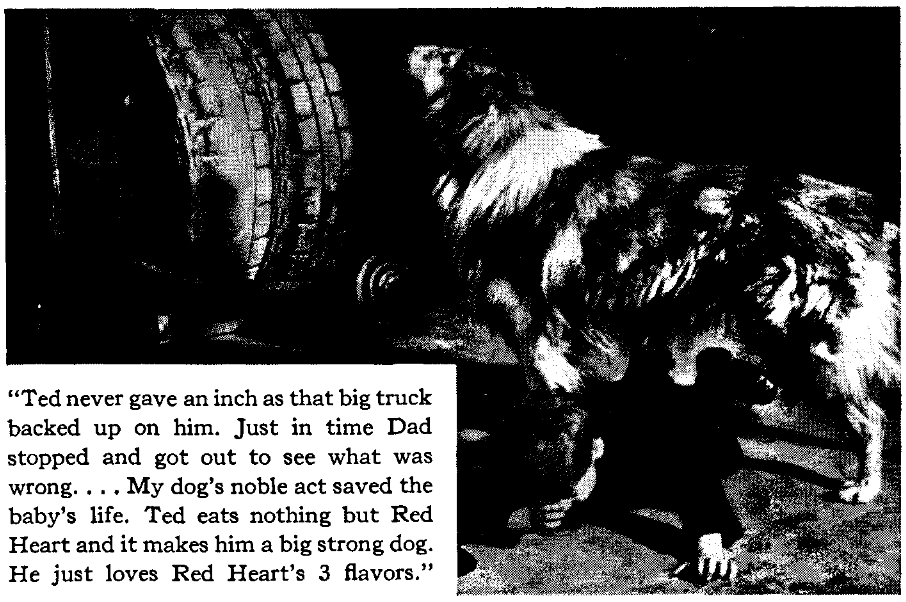
An unusual inspection, typical of Western Electric thoroughness. The operator has taken an X-ray picture of the telephone, to make sure its "innards" are all right.

Western Electric *... made your* **BELL TELEPHONE**

TED'S BARK SAVED BABY'S LIFE!

A RED HEART TRUE LIFE STORY

"Gee! I was scared when I looked out the window," writes eleven-year-old Patsy Walker of Mondovi, Wisconsin. "There was little David lying helpless in the driveway and Dad's big truck was backing up on him. Then like a flash my big collie Ted rushed up. He stood right over David and barked frantically."



"Ted never gave an inch as that big truck backed up on him. Just in time Dad stopped and got out to see what was wrong. . . . My dog's noble act saved the baby's life. Ted eats nothing but Red Heart and it makes him a big strong dog. He just loves Red Heart's 3 flavors."

No Wonder Red Heart Dog Food OUTSELLS Any Other*

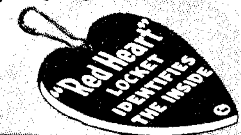
● Many thousands of letters like this prove that both big and little dogs thrive on Red Heart's quality and tempting taste variety. Made in federally inspected plants, of clean, wholesome meat and meat by-products, vegetable and bone meals, cereals, cod-liver oil, and Fleischmann's *High-Vitamin* Irradiated Yeast. Laboratory-tested and kennel-proved. Feed Red Heart's 3 tasty flavors—beef, fish, and cheese—in rotation.

Red Heart Dog Biscuits, heart-shaped or kibbled, provide solid nourishment and important gnawing exercise for your dog. 3 flavors in each package.

**According to independent nationwide surveys.*

Tune in Bob Becker, NBC Red Network, Sundays, 5:15 P.M., E.S.T.

FREE! "LOST AND FOUND" DOG LOCKET



Limited Offer! Inside this Red Heart dog locket is space for your name, address, phone, dog's name, etc. And with this locket get the Official Obedience Rules taught to dogs at famous Von Motzeck Training Kennels, Chicago. Just send 3 Red Heart labels—Diets A, B, and C—to John Morrell & Co., Dept. 31, Ottumwa, Ia.

DIET A—BEEF
DIET B—FISH
DIET C—CHEESE

RED HEART

THE 3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD

FEED IN ROTATION

the Flanagan representative in Dallas. A young chap named Edward Burg, the Flanagan agent in Houston, went to Dallas to take that territory. One night Joe Burns, employed by the Harvey A. Jr. and Racing Form, called young Burg on the telephone and asked him to come over to Annenberg's Racing Form office. This Joe Burns is the brother of Patrick J. Burns, whose gentle methods we have already met in Philadelphia. Burg went over to the Racing Form office. And here, much condensed, is the story he told a Chicago court about what happened:

"As I entered the Racing Form office I was knocked down. Three teeth were knocked out. I saw Joe Burns standing over me with a gun. They accused me of breaking some of their windows. I said I did not. We talked about it and then Joe Burns offered to take me back to my hotel in his car. I went with him and a fellow named Blanchard. They had me sit between them. When we passed the Sam Houston Hotel I said, 'Here's where I live.' But they kept going and Burns said, 'That is where you used to live.' They drove out the highway and I pleaded with them not to kill me. Blanchard hit me on the head with his gun. They went out the highway and finally told me to get out and start walking. I blessed myself and made an act of contrition. As I went up the highway they began shooting. They hit me with five bullets and left me, thinking I was dead. A milkman came by and got an ambulance."

Burg remained in the hospital for twenty days. Burns and Blanchard were indicted but fled. A year later they were arrested in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Burg went down from Chicago and identified them. But they were never tried. Burg explained that he was afraid to go to Texas.

A Napoleonic Touch

In the end, Moe could look about and see all his competitors vanquished. He was the monarch of his chosen field. He had bought the Philadelphia Inquirer—of which more later—one of the most respectable defenders of the blue-blooded Republican party of Pennsylvania. He has transferred his own headquarters to the twenty-six story building of the Inquirer in Broad Street, Philadelphia. There, as the publisher of a great metropolitan daily, he sits majestically in the center of the vast web of corporations he has created and rules his far-flung empire.

It is not to be wondered at if he felt the thrill of imperial power stirring in his veins. The income from his wire services alone in 1938 was two and a half million dollars and it was over two million a year in 1936 and 1937. There was a stream of other millions flowing in from his Racing Form, his scratch sheets, his run-down sheets (which must be around a million a year net), his numerous racing papers and services, his magazines, his newspapers, his immense investments in real estate, in insurance companies, banks, investment concerns of all sorts.

It would be strange if this boy of the street and the junk shop, thus sitting in grandeur amid his treasures and with all his enemies at his feet, did not imagine that there was a touch of Napoleon in him. We can therefore understand his reply when one of his numerous sons-in-law apparently urged him to penetrate deeper into the scratch-sheet territory. On May 11, 1936, Moe leaned back in his chair and dictated the following amazing letter to L. Stanley Kahn:

"After my several letters Saturday, I want to come back to the scratch-sheet discussion. After carefully thinking it over, I come back to the conclusion, as I have related to you many times, that I am reluctant to risk my present position for all the possibilities that were offered in the way of additional earnings.

"You complained that the scratch sheet has injured the sale of our racing papers and then in the next breath you say that we are ahead of last year in circulation in spite of a raise in price. So, the two statements do not reconcile.

"Besides, we simply cannot have everything, and like Mussolini when he started out to grab Ethiopia, he had to very carefully consider what he might be plunging into; but Mussolini had nothing to risk because Italy was on the bum and those who might have opposed his ambitions had, by far and away, much more to risk than Mussolini.

"Our position is similar to that of the English nation. We in the racing field own three quarters of the globe and manage the balance. In other words, the few little nations that are left have to pay us tribute to continue. Now, why isn't that the most beautiful and most satisfactory position to be in which ought to satisfy even me?

"Have you ever stopped to figure our earnings and how they might be upset by a little mistake (sic) such as we are discussing? For example, we have a number of enemies with unusual ability that are eager for a chance to get even with us and upset the monopoly, who would be willing to work for almost nothing just for revenge, and who would contribute their talent more enthusiastically than our own people just for a chance to upset our applecart.

"There is Mr. Tolleson, for example, Hy Schneider, John I. Day, Harry Budd, Davenport and many others, who have unusual ability in the racing field, and between a line-up like that which would include the Armstrong organization and bank roll, we might find ourselves with many regrets.

"Let me have your reaction on this. I want to remain, with best wishes,

Sincerely,
M. L. Annenberg."

Moe had had a long ascent. He had made few mistakes. He is apparently one of those men who have a kind of intuition for doing the right thing when confronted with business decisions. As long as he remained within the confines of that great underworld of racing and gambling, seeking his customers, his fortune and his fame from the bookies and the suckers who support them, he took his steps with amazing prescience. And his fortune rose and soared until he became one of the very richest men in the world and with the largest income of any American.

But the time came when he began to venture outside his old and familiar frontiers. He looked with a longing eye upon the upper world where, apparently, he wanted his son and daughters to move and to move himself. Then he got into untried and unfamiliar territory. He met new kinds of enemies, for whom, apparently, he was no match. He was like a big fish that had been swimming about under the sea, eating up all the little fish and looking around for more fish to devour, and who flapped his fins and put on such speed under the water that he came to the top and actually "took off," and soon found himself flying around in the air like a bird. But Moe is no bird. And presently he found himself trying to eat birds as he had eaten fish. But the birds were too much for him.

There remains, therefore, to see the big fish in his great aerial battle with the birds, and what came of it.

The last of this series of articles will appear in next week's Colliers.

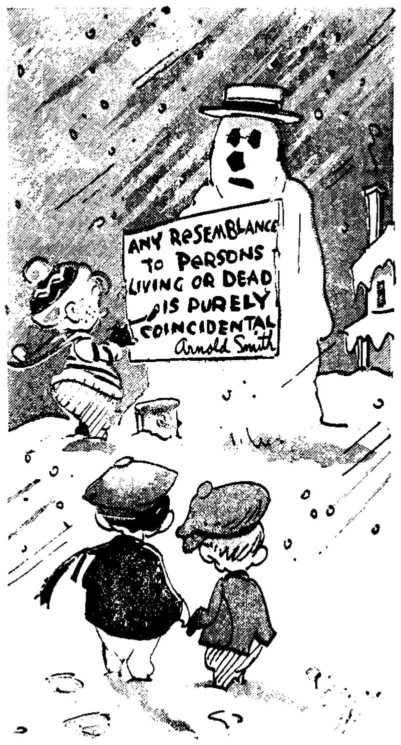
Bombs from a Low Sky

Continued from page 13

Finnish revolutionaries. These singular statements became the best joke in Helsinki. There's less than one per cent illiteracy in Finland and the people are well and constantly informed. They believe the Russian bombs but not the Russian propaganda.

As you neared the southern frontier and the war zone, the tide of refugees thickened on the roads. The refugees traveled by sledge in this white, deadly cold country, mostly old people huddled over their bags and bundles with a horse or two tied on and following behind.

The war was five days old and the first shock had worn off. There had been no panic at any time but only a stony determination to defend the country, and already it seemed as if people knew exactly where they had to go, and as if each person had some special work that was essential to all. An Italian from Naples had remarked in Helsinki that anyone who could survive the Finnish climate could survive anything and you decided with admiration that they were a tough and unrelenting race, seeing them take this war as if there was nothing very remarkable in three million people fighting against a nation of one hundred and eighty million.


ANY RESEMBLANCE TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL
Arnold Smith

"That lawyer's kid doesn't take any chances, does he?"

REAMER KELLER

The Enso Valley, near the southern front, is a fine target for enemy bombers. It is the most highly industrialized area in the country and here also is the power plant that supplies the local mills and the port cities. The great state-owned Enso Gutziet pulp factories are running at reduced speed. Thus it is impossible to keep steam up in the pressure caldrons during the day; one bomb hitting the building where the caldrons are would blow up the entire works. Thus Finland will try to maintain its export trade (of which eighty per cent is timber and wood products) though Finnish economists claim that even without an export trade Finland can manage. Unlike Spain and unlike Germany in the last war, Finland feeds itself. To wage war the Finns need principally to import munitions and planes and gasoline.

In the Enso Gutziet mill a river of wood pulp, looking like porridge, flowed slowly through a complicated system of rollers and dryers and came out in heavy white paper squares. This wood pulp is packed into bales and from it, formerly, artificial silk stockings were manufactured. Now it has been discovered that these bales are more effective protection than sandbags against bombs and shells. Girls were packing the pulp into bales. One of them, very pretty and evidently very strong, stopped work long enough to say, "We'll pull through. Now it's come and we'll pull through."

Driving in Finland is one of the worst features of the war. In towns and villages you are constantly muffled in darkness and the roads through the countryside are narrow and iced like a skating rink. It is also horribly cold. Late at night we stopped at a farmhouse to thaw out before continuing. The farm belonged to President Szinhuszue, first regus of Finland and third president, a greatly loved patriot whom all the Finns call Peter.

We were welcomed into the house by the president, a tall old man wearing a lumberjack shirt and high boots; and his wife, a bright-eyed, small, dark woman almost as old as he, joined us in the living room. Sixteen soldiers whom they treated as their children were quartered in the house. The old president had spent two and a half years of his life in Siberia because he refused to violate Finnish law at the dictate of Russia, and during those years his wife went three times to the prison camp to take care of him. Their loyalty to each other and to Finland is legendary and now this faithful old couple seemed almost symbolic of their people. Like all other Finns they hate war. Like other Finns they know what this war means.

They Won't Give Up Easily

But they have been a long time building their country, and though nothing is perfect they know that Finland is a place where men do not suffer from unemployment or hunger, where health and the disabilities of old age are state concerns, where schools are available to all, where co-operatives and the widespread state ownership of industry and transport and cheap land guarantee a fair division of wealth, where all men may believe what they like, talk as they see fit and read anything they desire. They are not going to give up easily and though this war is disaster they accept it calmly because they had no choice.

President Szinhuszue offered us small apples from his orchard and told us how beautiful Finland was in the summer and his wife said very sweetly to come back and see them when the war was won. "We will not have moved," she said. "This is our home."

The possible army of half a million, backed by a unified and unfrightened civil population of two and a half million, have decided to fight a defensive war rather than lose their country, their republic and their hard-working, unaggressive, decent way of life. A nation of brave people is a good thing to see.

A boy of nine stood outside his home in Helsinki and watched the Russian bombers. He was blond and plump and he stood with his hands on his hips and with his feet apart and looked at the sky with a stubborn, serious face. He held himself stiffly so as not to shrink from the noise. When the air was quiet again he said, "Little by little I am getting really angry."

OUTDOORS IN SUNLIGHT

...and it's hard to say which is better

INDOORS AT NIGHT

NIGHT SNAPSHOTS SIMPLE AS A-B-C with

KODAK SUPER-XX FILM

EVEN in the hands of a beginner, Kodak Super-XX Film, four times as fast as ordinary film, gets excellent indoor snapshots under Photoflood lamps. Pictures every bit as good as though taken outdoors under a summer sun. To give outdoor excellence to your indoor snapshots, use Kodak Super-XX Film always. (No expensive camera necessary; use any one that takes Super-XX, even a $1 Brownie.)

KODAK SUPER-XX PANCHROMATIC FILM
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KODAK SUPER-XX PANCHROMATIC HIGH SPEED FILM
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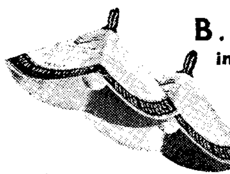
A . . . Load your present camera with Kodak Super-XX Film



B . . . Use a couple of inexpensive Mazda Photoflood lamps in Kodak Handy Reflectors

Snapshots AT NIGHT
Easier than ever!

C . . . Follow the few simple directions in the FREE Booklet

A few minutes with this helpful booklet and you're headed for splendid nighttime snapshots. Photos, diagrams, easy-to-understand directions. At your dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Buy it yourself—if you have to!

But make it a point to find out. . .

how good a glass of pineapple juice can taste!

It's Del Monte Pineapple Juice

Be firm, though, sir—be sure you get Del Monte! A *man's* drink! (Ladies *adore* it!) Because it's crisp, lively, dashing—just sweet enough, yet temptingly tart. Pure, natural, unsweetened. And finally, packed fast—Del Monte's *flavor-saving way!*

It pays to be particular!

A Mink Coat Each Morning

Continued from page 17

he had in Chicago for the contract."

"That's all right," Passy said, still talking to Foster. "I'll lend you the money. You can pay it back—"

"Aw, can it, Matt, can it," Mike said, breaking in. He felt guilty. He didn't like to have Sue hear Passy talk like that and he shoved the older man toward the foyer. "Come on," he said. "I want to show you this boy Yale. You look him over and then try and tell me Yonkers. Yonkers!"

But when they reached the door, he suddenly stopped and asked Passy to wait a moment. He went back to Sue but she wouldn't look up at him from the bags until he took her chin in his hand and lifted up her face to him.

"Ah, honey," he begged, grinning. "Come on, baby. Don't get sore at me."

"I'm not sore, Mike. Go ahead. You're keeping Passy waiting."

"I know," he said and he seemed altogether repentant. "I know how you feel. You put up with a lot from me, don't you?"

"Sure," she said. "Half the time I feel like Helen Morgan sitting on top of a piano, crying my heart out for love. Go on," she said, pushing him away. "Go see your prize fighter. I've got things to do."

THE gym off Sixth Avenue smelled heavily of liniment, old leather and sweat. Mike found his boy waiting for him, already in soft shoes, tights and a double layer of jerseys. Yale was a newcomer to New York and now he was leaning against the brick wall of the place, proudly flexing his stomach muscles in front of a group of youngsters.

"Sock," he invited them. "Don't be afraid. Hit hard as you like. It don't hurt. I never feel it at all."

"He's an intellectual," Mike told Passy. "No kidding, he's got a great respect for education. That's why he named himself Yale."

Passy didn't smile and he wouldn't answer but Mike pretended not to notice. He called the manager over and asked him to dig up a sparring mate for Yale. The two boys then went out to the floor to box with the big gloves and the kids all moved forward to watch.

"Look him over," Mike said to Passy. "He's got stuff."

"I don't want to know," the older man said, no humor in his voice. "Say, listen, where do I come in on this? Why did you send me that wire and what did you bring me down here for?"

The smile on Mike's face faded. "I wanted you to see what he's got. Then we'd talk."

"Talk now. Say it."

"All right," Mike said slowly. "Well, I need six hundred bucks. I got to get it right away too." He stopped. Under his hat Passy's round face didn't change. The gloomy, uninviting look stayed fixed. "See, it's not exactly like you and Sue think," Mike said. "I don't own Yale. When I bought his contract in Chicago, the Yager brothers wanted twelve hundred dollars. I paid in six and I owe six. I got two days more to make good. If I don't wire them that dough by tomorrow night, I lose the contract. I lose most of the six hundred I paid in." He paused. "Well? What do you say."

"Nuts," Passy said. "No. Not me."

"Listen, Matt. This guy's good. I'll have him in a fight in a week or two. I'll pay you back in a month, sooner."

"No," Passy said. "No. No."

Mike looked at him. His whole manner changed. "I don't get it at all," he said. "An hour ago you were willing enough to lend me money. You were pushing it on me at the hotel."

"For a dental practice, not for a fighter. Listen, Mike," Passy said, and he came close. "I got a fat, dumb-looking face on me but I'm not dumb. I know all about these sharpshooters who promote themselves into fortunes all the time and I know all about you and Sue. Nobody lives off the town and gets away with it for long. I been on the street twenty years and what have I got to show for it? A string of hat-check concessions. That's no fortune and I'm better off than the other guys you see around Massler's cigar store. Sure, they talk big. They live big. They all got get-rich-quick schemes—a fighter or a horse or a piece of a show or a night club or a bar—but every time you see them they're busted. You got in with the wrong crowd, Mike. The mistake you made was in opening your office too near Broadway."

"Thanks," Mike said, angry with disappointment. "Great-hearted Matt Passy. Knows all, tells all, free of charge. I'm asking you for six hundred dollars. Give or don't give, but don't go butting in."

"I'm not butting in. I'm just looking out for Sue. She used to work for me and I still like to keep an eye out for her."

"Yes," Mike said. "You certainly do take an interest in Sue. Sometimes it's damned funny what an interest in her you take."

Passy lifted his hat. He had a shining bald dome. "Take a good look," he said. "You still think I'm running off with your wife?" He put the hat back on his head. "*Doctor* Foster," he said. "*Doctor* Foster." He turned his back on Mike and went up the aisle to the door.

Bobby Yale came off the floor, his beetle brow running with perspiration. "Well, what did Passy say, Doc? He said no?"

"Don't worry about it," Mike said. "It's okay."

"I sure hope the deal goes through, Doc," Yale said earnestly. "It would be kind of an honor to be managed by a guy with a legitimate college degree. I admire brains. Brains is better than brute strength."

"All right," Mike said, tired of listening to him. "I'll manage you. The deal'll go through, don't worry." He took out his last ten-dollar bill and gave it to him. "Get yourself something to eat and find a place to sleep. I'll be seeing you." Then he went down to the telephone booth in the corner and called up Massler at the cigar store.

"This is Foster," he said.

"Hello, Foster," the sad voice said.

"Tell the boys to save a spot for me. I'll play tonight."

"I'll tell them, Foster," the weary voice said.

MIKE hung up. He had to get the six hundred dollars, and even if he was going to win it at poker tonight he'd need a stake on which to play. He winced at the prospect before him, but he had to have the money. He went back to the San Fernando but it was an hour or so before Sue came in. When she entered, he had been leafing through a magazine and was looking at an advertisement for a round-the-world cruise.

"Next year, maybe," he said even as she took off her hat and coat, "we'll take a trip and see the sights. Say, Sue, what do you think about a trip around the world? It would be fun, wouldn't it?"

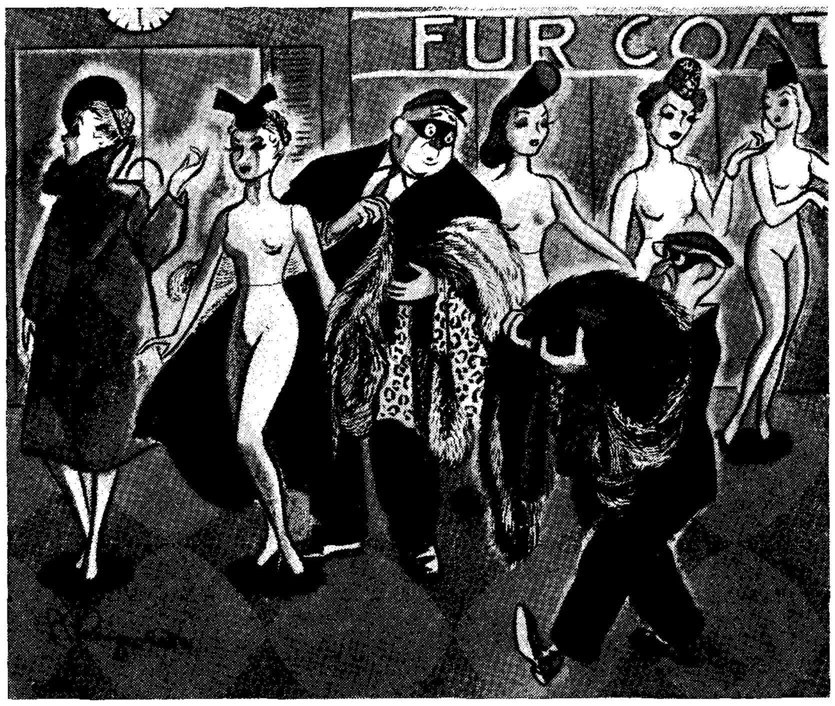
"Oh, Mike, Mike," she said and shook her head. She came up to him and sat down alongside on the couch. "I don't want a cruise. I took a trip this afternoon." She paused. "I went up to Yonkers and saw Dr. Wellsbach."

"Ah, Sue!" He sprang to his feet.

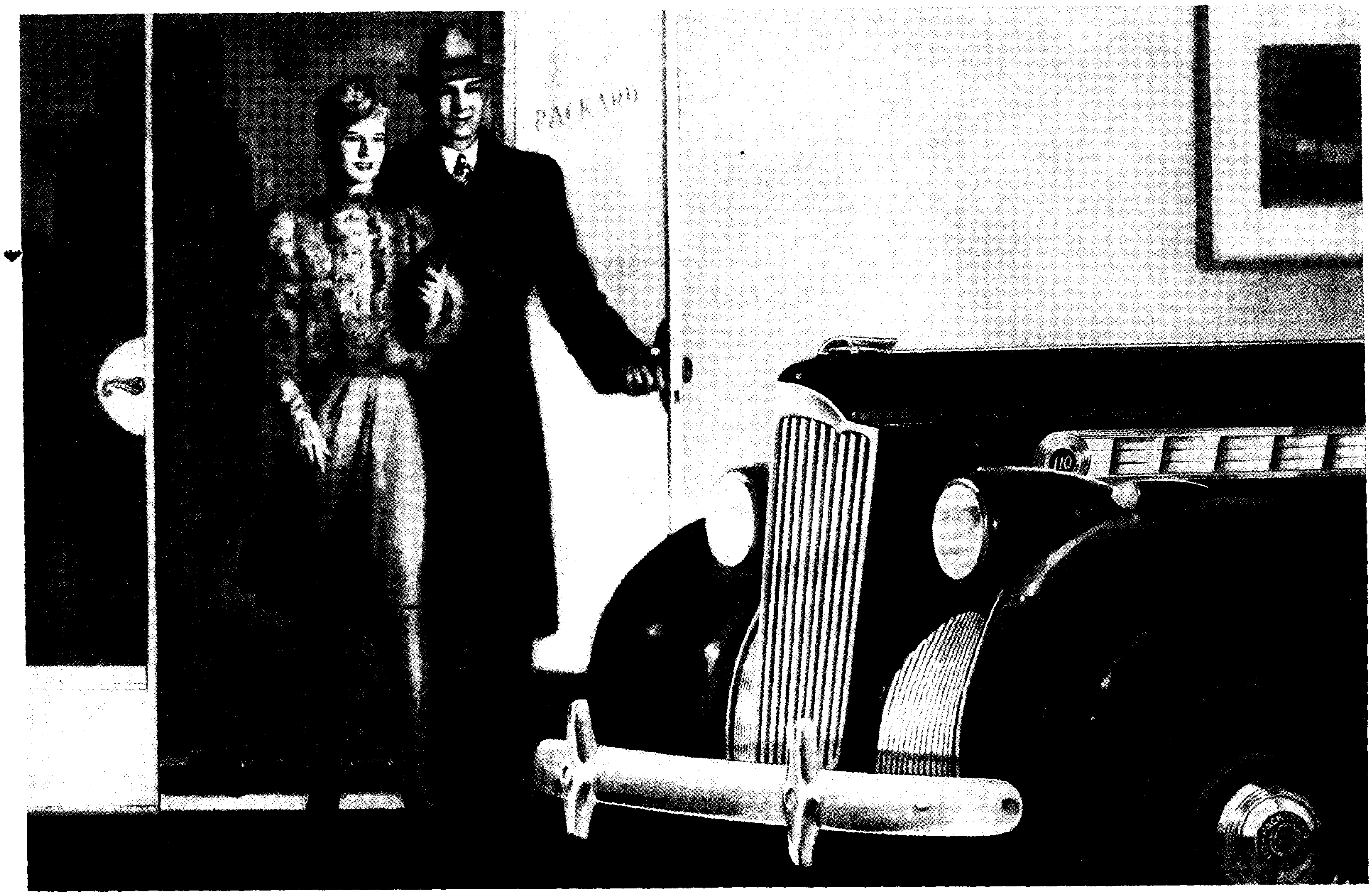
"He'll let you pay him on time. All he wants in cash is seven hundred and fifty dollars and Passy'll lend you that." Mike wouldn't listen but she persisted. "It's a wonderful practice. His patients all like him. He's doing fifty, sixty dollars a week and there's a good future to it."

"Fifty dollars," Mike said miserably. "Fifty dollars."

"They're not pieces of paper. It's money and it's a whole lot better than millions when you never see them, Mike." Her voice broke as she pleaded with him. "I'm tired of rattling around in hotels, living in a pair of suitcases and



"I feel like a cad!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS



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a hatbox. I'm tired of following the races, of the cards and gambling, of the propositions you get so excited about all the time. That's no way. I hate it.

"I've never really complained before because I waited, because I always thought it would pass and you'd realize by yourself that it was better to go back to work. But what am I supposed to do? Sit around reading books from the lending library until you wake up? Go to the races with you and keep on saying every time you lose, 'It's all right, Mike, don't mind it.' All the times you won, all the times you broke even and we just had fun? It wasn't fun, Mike. This time I mean it. I'm tired. I don't want fancy life and high style. I want a quiet, decent time together, without excitement, without worry . . ." She broke off. She was crying.

Mike looked at her, unable to speak. He wanted to kiss her wet cheeks and tell her everything would be all right, and he sat down beside her. But when he put his arms around her she pushed him away.

"Yes, sure," she wept. "Then you come and hug me and kiss me and say, 'Don't cry, baby. Don't feel bad. Ah, baby, don't get sore.' Then I'm supposed to stop crying and everything's fine again." She rose and blew her nose. "All right, I won't cry any more. I'll stop but it doesn't help. It's no good." She wasn't sobbing now and she began to grow composed again.

Mike was staring down at the rug. "You're right," he said. "I'm no good. I'm a bluff, a fake, everything you want to say. I don't know how you ever got mixed up with a phony like me in the first place."

"Oh, Mike," she cried impulsively. "You're really not a fake. You just got off the track for a while. It was all those actors and promoters and Broadway people who came up to your old office. You envied them. That kind of life appealed to you. It seemed swell, free, even glamorous, but when you get to know what it's really like you see it's just dirty and mean and rotten. There's no glamor in chasing around for the rent, in being in hock. Mike, you know that now. Get straightened out. Go back where you belong."

"I know it," he said dully. "I know you're right, Sue, but . . . but . . ." And then he stopped. He squirmed on the couch, his face twisted with unhappiness. He didn't know how to explain it or put it to her. He could feel her growing cold and wretched again.

"Sue," he faltered. "Sue, listen . . ."

"What?" she asked tearfully.

HE LOOKED at the diamond engagement ring on her finger and then let his head drop. "I feel like a heel," he said, ashamed of himself. "It's lousy to have to ask you but I need a little money. I've just got to have it."

She stood silent for a moment. "Oh, it's hopeless!" she broke out. "It's all impossible. You'll never change . . ." Her voice fell away and it wasn't until he heard the door slam shut that he realized she had gone out of the living room.

As his gaze turned away from the door, he saw the ring lying on the table near the couch. He picked it up and turned it over in his fingers. She'd get over it, he thought, it would pass. Once he got started with Bobby Yale, once the money came rolling in, it would be all right. There were all kinds of ways of making a living and each one was good if it worked. She'd get over it, he told himself, and he picked up his hat and went out.

There was a loan service office he knew in a Broadway skyscraper and he soon exchanged the diamond ring for a hundred and ten dollars. The money was in his pocket but that buoyant, confident feeling he always had was gone and somehow he couldn't get it back no matter how hard he tried.

He hurried through a coffee-and-sandwich supper at a corner drugstore and then went down to Massler's place on 44th Street.

"The back room," the cigar man said, fretting as usual. "They're waiting. Please don't raise a holler tonight. Some day I'll get in trouble and I don't want trouble, Foster."

Mike didn't answer. Inside the cubbyhole behind the store, he found Matt Passy, Sam Felix and two others of the boys. The chips and cards were out on the table. Passy barely lifted his head when Mike walked in, but Felix broke out at once.

"Robber," he said. "It was a downright piece of crooked work. I had my eye on that bum Yale three weeks and just when I get ready to pick him up you step in and steal him off me. You ought to be in jail for it."

"Oh, call a cop," Mike said. He sat down and bought himself in. "Deal," he said. "Let's get started."

ONE of the men shuffled the cards and began tossing them out over the table. The game began but Mike had trouble keeping his mind on it. He lost from the start. After the first hour, when he was forty dollars or so to the bad, he drew three sixes and tried to rouse himself. He chipped five dollars and watched the pot roll up as the others went in. Then Felix raised it to ten.

"I'm crazy," he wept. "I'm out of my mind. I don't know what I'm doing to raise, believe me."

They all dropped out prudently except for Mike. There were fifty dollars in the pot and he told himself his luck would turn. He'd win the six hundred dollars he needed. Then Felix called out that he stood pat and Mike's heart sank inside him. He drew a picture and a three, failing to improve his hand.

"They won't stand up," Felix mourned as he threw in ten dollars in chips. He hugged his cards close to his chest. "Not with me. They won't hold. I know from tragic experience."

Mike threw his cards away. "All right," he said dismally. "You win. A straight beats me."

"A miracle!" Felix cried. "First time it ever happened to me. I can't resist temptation." He showed his hand. All he had held was a pair of jacks. He swept the chips toward him. Mike felt like crying.

The game went on. The men grunted, cursed and crowed. Mike saw Passy sitting on his fat haunches, placidly biting away on the cigar in his mouth, and he suddenly hated him. The older man hadn't talked directly to him all evening. He was a fine one to lecture, Mike thought bitterly. He was a fine one to spout in front of Sue about a dentist's office in Yonkers and the normal, decent life. Passy was as bad as any of them on the street.

"I'm just unlucky," Sam Felix was moaning. "I'm a bum with a cast-iron hoodoo on me."

But the more he groaned, the more he won. It was hardly past ten o'clock when Mike discovered that he was cleaned out. He rose. As he walked out the door he could feel Passy's eyes on him and it seemed as though he was gloating, enjoying himself.

He bought a racing sheet from Massler but he didn't stop to read it or hang around. He suddenly found himself eager to see Sue again, to talk to her and joke around just as they used to, no matter how bad the luck might have been. He hurried back to the San Fernando but when he opened the door, the cheerful, easygoing smile he had assumed quickly fell away. She was in her hat and coat and her bag was packed.

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"Hey, what's this?" he asked, trying to laugh.

"I'm going," she said. There were no tears now, only calm, cool resolution. "I've just been waiting to tell you goodby. I guess I've finally got some sense. I'm leaving, Mike."

"But you can't." The words were thick in his mouth. "Where can you go? What are you going to do?"

"My mind's made up. I've taken a room in a cheaper hotel downtown, in a place where I belong and you too, Mike. And Passy'll give me a job again when I see him in the morning. It's the only way."

"Sue, listen," he fumbled. "If you're doing this as a threat, if it's just to scare me . . ."

"I mean it. I'm not putting on any little act for you." She picked up her bag and went to the door. Mike watched her dumbly, feeling wooden and helpless, as she opened the door quietly and left.

He slumped into a chair. All those cigarettes he had smoked that night left him with a dry, acid feeling in his stomach and he suddenly felt sick. It came to him now with a rush of guilt how tired and unhappy Sue must have been all that time and how unmindful he had really been. He had slipped into the easy habit of forgetting about her, he saw now. He had never really let himself understand what exactly this insane life had meant to her. It was cheap and ugly. She was young, a kid, soft and sweet, and for the first time it was clear to him this had been no life for her. And now he would miss her.

HE SPENT a rotten night and when Matt Passy walked in on him the next morning he was still sitting in the chair, miserable and listless.

"Well, you got it," the older man said. "I saw Sue. You had it coming to you and you got nobody to blame but yourself."

"Matt," Mike said—he spoke with no anger toward Passy now—"I'm disgusted with myself. I had all night to think about it. I'm the cheapest, lousiest phony that ever hit Broadway."

Passy's moon face was expressionless. "Yes?" he said slowly. "Well, what do you plan to do now?"

"I don't care what I do," Mike said hopelessly. "One thing, anyhow. I'm getting off the street." He slapped his thighs, rose and started toward the bedroom.

"Just a minute," Passy said, going up to him. "Do you mean that? Is that strictly on the level?"

Mike looked up at him and there was a crooked smile on his lips. "What does it take for a man to get wise to himself?" he asked quietly.

"All right, listen!" Passy quickly dug into his pocket and brought out a thick bankroll. He slipped off the rubber band and began counting. "Here's the money," he said. "Go up and see this guy Wellsbach. Buy him out and don't worry about the rest. I'm seeing Sue for lunch at one o'clock and I'll take care of that."

CENSORED
Paris
Saturday
Dearest Mary,
to
and
come
so
on
no
Love,
John
ATK

Mike stared at him. He had to swallow before he could speak. "Matt," he said huskily, "you're swell. You're okay."

"Never mind that," Passy called from the foyer. "Get going. You've got a train to catch for Yonkers." He slammed the door and was gone.

As soon as he left, Mike slipped into his coat and tie. He rushed downstairs but he didn't go on to Grand Central for the Yonkers train. At the telegraph desk in the lobby, he peeled off six hundred dollars.

"I want to wire this money," he said coolly, "to some people called Yager in Chicago."

HE WAS back at the San Fernando a little after two and he didn't have long to wait before Sue appeared. Her face was beaming with joy.

"Oh, Mike!" she cried. "I'm so glad. It's wonderful. Passy told me everything. I was so worried about you. I didn't know what you'd ever do if I wasn't around to take care of you." She was crying and laughing at the same time. She put her arms around him, but before she could kiss him the door opened violently and Passy came roaring in.

"You dirty, low-down heel!" he shouted. He seemed altogether overwhelmed with fury and with shock. "You cheap double-crosser! I can't believe anybody could be so low!" He actually threw his hat on the floor with helpless rage.

"Matt!" Sue said, fear and dismay going over her. "What is it?"

"I just found out. I ran into that fighter of his. Sue, Mike owed those Yager guys six hundred dollars more on Yale's contract. He took the money I gave him for the dentist's office in Yonkers and he wired it out to Chicago!"

She turned slowly to Mike. "Is it true?" she asked, breathlessly. "Is that really true?"

"Yes, it's true, honey, but—"

"But! But!" she cried. "Oh, Mike, you're so weak! You're no good. To lie, to cheat, to do a thing like that. . . ." She went weeping to the door. Mike ran after her, seized her by the shoulders and made her listen.

"It's true, but I did go up to Yonkers and I did buy the practice from Dr. Wellsbach. Just listen. I wired the money, yes. I had to protect my six hundred dollars and, besides, I knew what I was doing. Because after I got the contract, I went down to Sam Felix and sold it to him. Felix paid me twenty-five hundred dollars, Sue."

The smile came back as the meaning became clear. "Twenty-five hundred dollars," she said, "and we're going up to Yonkers. Why, Mike, we can pay the money back to Matt. We can open up an apartment, buy furniture, have everything we want right off—"

He touched her arm and made her stop. "No, we can't," he said. He was smiling his old boyish smile. "I haven't got the money. Wait." He left her and went into the bedroom for a moment, and when he came back he was holding a mink coat in his arms.

"For you," he said sheepishly. "What do you think of that? I always did want to buy you one."

She stared at him. "Sport," she said. "You show-off. You—you Mike!" She was crying and sobbing again as she hugged him, mink coat in his arms and all.

Passy was walking out to the door.

"Hey, Matt," Mike yelled over Sue's shoulder. "Where you going? We've got to celebrate. You're going to dinner with us tonight."

"Sorry," Passy said. "I can't make it. To me there is nothing attractive about insanity."

He went out and left them alone.

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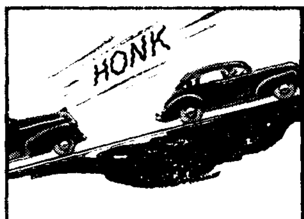

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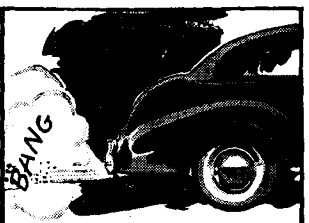

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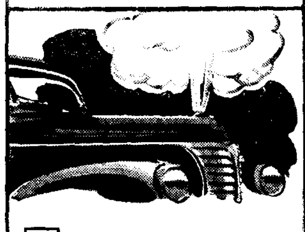

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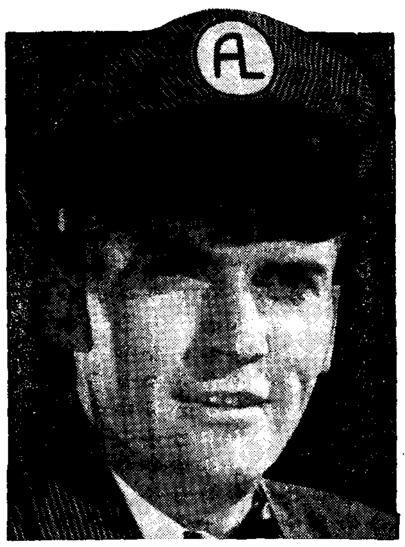

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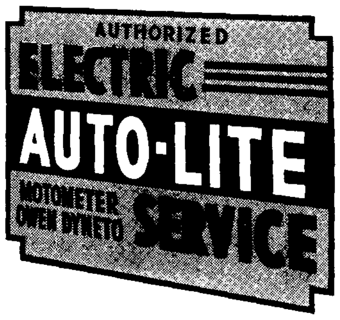

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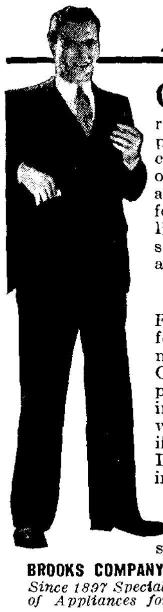

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Saddle and Ride

Continued from page 18

Morgan is a little shy on comin' in."

She said: "No, Lige. In the beginning it was over a woman, Lila. And now it is over another woman, Catherine."

He looked down at her, closely thinking it over. "Lila—maybe, yes. But Catherine. I'd doubt it. He's closer to the McGarrah girl."

"There's one thing you don't know, Lige. Catherine was his first girl. Even before Lila. She still is. I don't know if he realizes that. I don't know if he understands why he is so bitter against Herendeen, or why Herendeen hates him so. It is Catherine, Lige."

He said: "You're damned pretty, sitting there."

She gathered up the darning and rose to a corner of the room. "I ought to go down and see what Chin's cooking for dinner."

He came over the room. Hearing his quick steps she swung around, her face dark-set and stiff. Lige White showed her his quick smile, he showed her the gay, excited and unruly expression she knew so well. There was that insistence in him, that quick need. He put his hand on her shoulder, compelling her to come toward him. He said, voice giving him away, "Don't freeze me out, Grace."

She whirled back from him, retreating until she had reached a wall. She put her shoulders to the wall and it was this picture that hurt Lige White, the sight of his wife shrinking away, actually in fear, with that darkness on her face and that adamant pride in her eyes, as though she hated the things in his mind then. It took all the drive out of him, it swung him around. At the door he turned, once more covering up his feelings, speaking as though none of this had happened:

"I'm going over to see Herendeen, and maybe Gurd. Probably be gone overnight."

She said: "Are you going to town?"

"Yes," he said. "I probably will."

They watched each other, their eyes steadily matched, silently exchanging something at this moment. She knew why he was going to town, and he knew she knew it.

She remained by the wall until he had left the room, then listened to the crush of his feet on the stairs. Afterward, posted at a corner of the window so that he wouldn't see her, she watched him ride out of the yard and settle the horse into a single-footed dancing across the Fanolango Desert. As long as he was in sight she stood by the window.

REACHING Government Valley, Morgan *located the trail of the rustled cattle* a quarter mile from the old agency buildings. The beef had been milled together and driven southward toward the Potholes.

Morgan was considerably puzzled by the openhandedness of it. "It is all branded stock," he said. "They can't keep it anywhere in this country without my finding it. So that doesn't make sense. There's but one way, which is to *slaughter the stuff and bury the hides.* But if they slaughtered, where'd they sell that much meat? Only other thing is to drive it completely out of the country."

"Well," said Harry Jump, "they could take it into the Potholes, kill it and walk away from it."

"I can't see a rustler driving off stock and killing it simply for fun."

"Skip the idea of rustlin' for a minute," suggested Jump. "Figure that somebody did it to hamstring you. Make a poor man out of you in a hurry."

"You're talking about Herendeen now," said Morgan.

"As such."

"Well, we'll find out," said Morgan, and led the group forward on the trail. A few hundred yards onward it occurred to him that Fox Willing was still with them. Harry Jump had thought about that also and now gave Willing a considering glance. "This ain't the way home for you," he suggested.

"I'll string along," said Fox Willing, "unless I ain't wanted."

"No use getting tangled in my troubles," Morgan told him. "Things are tough enough for you and your family as it is."

"That's all right," returned Fox Willing with a trace of stubbornness. "You did me a favor. And maybe I'm lookin' at my hole card, too. If you lose out, what happens to me? Herendeen would drive me off tomorrow if he could."

Harry Jump pointed to Willing's gun. "That thing in workin' condition?"

Willing said, "It's been used before." He showed a flare of resentment in his gray-green eyes; he held Harry Jump's glance with a kind of surly pride. Jump, a rough-and-tumble man himself, seemed satisfied with what he saw and turned about in the saddle.

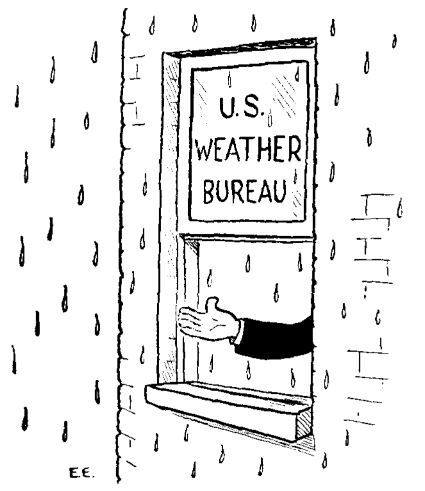
THEY rode along the flat country, with the Haycreek Hills to the right and the Potholes a matter of four or five miles in the south. The trail of the beef made a wiggling line in front of them, pointed for the Potholes.

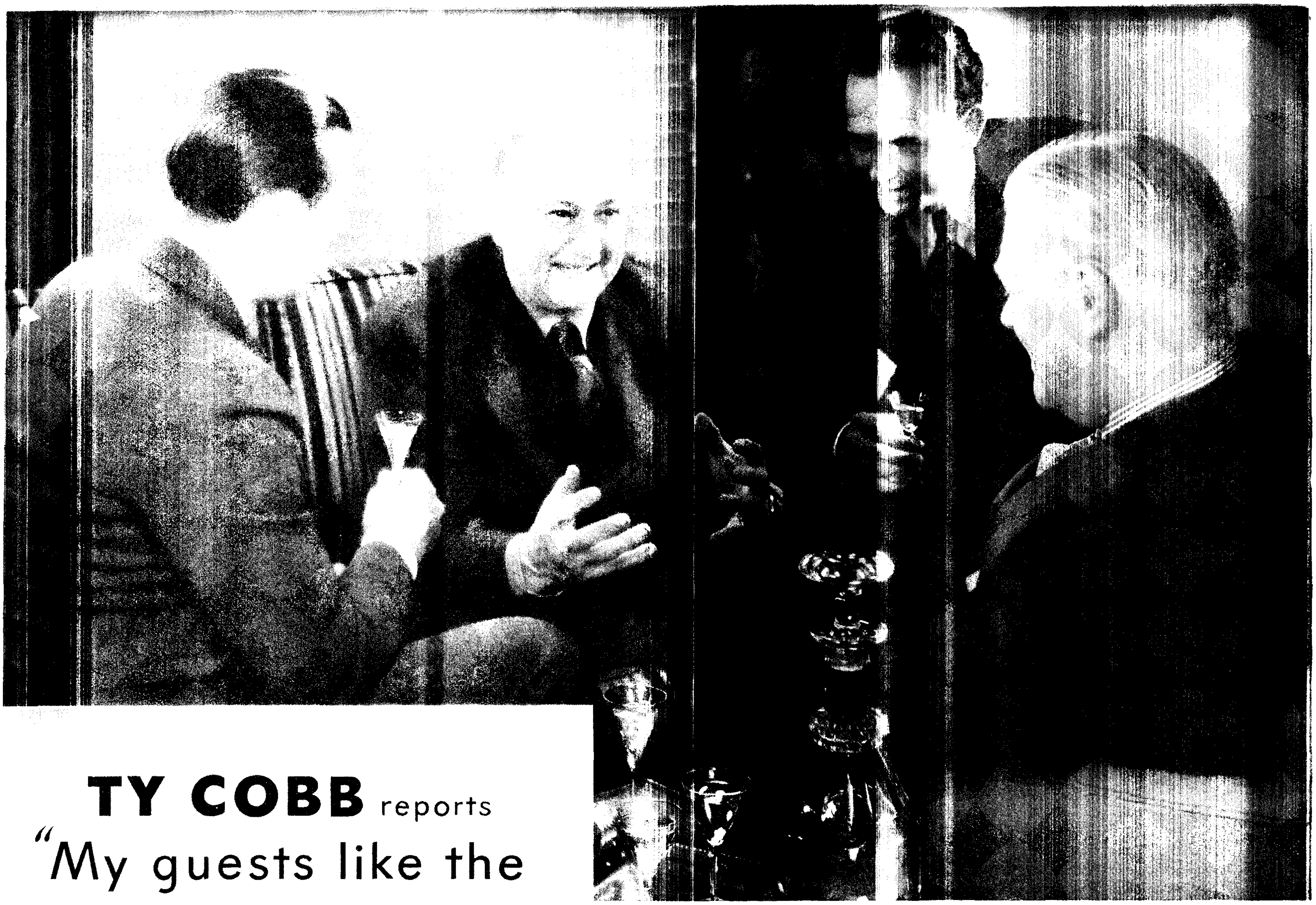
Morgan said: "If they're driving the beef into that section it won't be far away."

But, half a mile farther on, Morgan saw that the beef wasn't intended for the Potholes. The trail cut to the right, going into the flank of the Haycreek Hills and aiming toward a low pass. More and more puzzled, Morgan followed. They had been in entirely open country; now as they rose with the slope of the hills they came to a gradually thickening stand of pines. Harry Jump pushed forward to ride with Morgan, dissatisfied and alert.

"Keep your eyes peeled, Clay."

They were on the main traveled stage road which, coming out of Herendeen's valley, cut through Haycreek Hills by the pass above them and continued on across the Fanolango Desert. The lack of caution in driving rustled beef on such a road increasingly puzzled Morgan, and the subsequent indirection also puzzled him. Halfway toward the pass the rustler—there was only one set of horse tracks—had pushed the beef off *the road onto a trail skirted by pines and* high mounds of grass-covered slab rock. Morgan was in the lead, now and then hearing Harry Jump's repeated grum-





TY COBB reports "My guests like the chance to say 'make mine Wine'"

Famed through two decades as America's greatest baseball player, Tyrus Raymond Cobb nowadays likes to golf, hunt, fish, and to enjoy life at his comfortable home in lovely Atherton, California. Among Ty Cobb's intimate friends, frequently guests at his home, are many of America's best-known, busiest people. Mr. Cobb is noted as a genial and considerate host, a connoisseur of good food

. . . folks are learning that you can relax and enjoy yourself and still keep on the moderate side"

"When drinks are served today I notice more and more people choose wine," writes famous Tyrus R. Cobb. "I believe that's not only because wine adds to the goodness of food, but actually because people are learning it pays to be moderate."

It's the same with thousands of hosts and hostesses all over the country. More of their guests prefer wine today than ever before. Prefer it for the genial, *leisurely* qualities that make you enjoy wine most when you sip it slowly.

Women entertaining at afternoon bridge report many wives now favor just a glass of golden amber Muscatel. With crisp salad, with sandwiches or cakes, they've learned that its distinctive sweet muscat grape flavor blends perfectly. Muscatel is served *with* your refreshments, in small glasses.

When the appetizer hour comes around, Sherry gets the call from an increasing number of men. Glowing amber and mellow, nut-like in flavor, Sherry is a promise of tempting food to come. Serve Sherry in cocktail-size glasses . . . it's especially good with simple, easy-to-prepare appetizers.

Or with your main course bring on red, zesty Claret . . . and watch your guests enjoy the savor of a juicy roast when Claret is its companion.

It's a considerate way to be hospitable—why don't you try it next time you have guests at your house?

You'll find, as Ty Cobb says, that more and more people today prefer a moderate beverage like wine.

All you need to know to serve Wine: There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with dessert or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

Besides Muscatel and Sherry, another good "sweet" wine is red, full-bodied Port. The rich flavor of Port goes with cheese, with nuts and raisins, or with cakes. Serve the "sweet" wines in cocktail-size glasses.

Table wines include Claret, ruby Burgundy, golden Hock and Sauterne. Each is made to accent the goodness of the main dinner course. Usual serving is half water goblet size.

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Be Considerate — Serve Wine

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco, California

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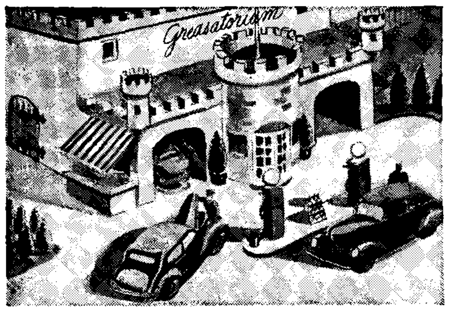
Sure Helped YOUR Pocketbook

Yes sir . . . these old timers did a favor for every man who owns a car, because they gave Pennsylvania Oil to the world. When these refiners toiled in Titusville, Pennsylvania, around 1865, they were creating Pennsylvania Oil, replacing whale-oil, to light the Nation's lamps. They little thought that Pennsylvania Oil, modernized as lubrication knowledge grew, would one day become a motor oil so nearly perfect on every point, that millions of American motorists would accept no oil but Pennsylvania as the oil for their automobiles. Photo from Mather Collection, Drake Memorial Museum, loaned by Oil City Derrick, shows employees of old Acme Refinery, five years after Drake drilled world's first oil well.



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blings of caution. "Looks to me like this fellow changed his mind a couple times."

At this point the Haycreek Hills touched one edge of the Potholes and the land here began to show the effects of the geologic upheaval. The trail was narrow and circuitous and worked upward to the summit of the Haycreek Hills by labored turns. Through this extremely rough and lonely terrain the unknown rustler had put the beef, single file. Harry Jump said: "Hell, we must be right on top of it now. He couldn't make much of a drive through here in a night's time. Clay, let me get ahead and scout the land."

"Almost at the top," answered Morgan.

They were. The trail switched back and forth for the last mile or so, coming to a summit meadow densely surrounded by timber. They crossed the meadow, entered the timber.

BREAKING out of the timber, Morgan saw a meadow lying steeply on the descending hillside, in which Herendeen's cattle grazed, and his own cattle. There was no doubt of it; at this short distance he was able to read his brand.

Harry Jump gave voice to his candid opinions: "Why, the brass-faced biscuit biter! He don't even give a damn if we find 'em. See, Clay. It was Herendeen, like I said."

"Well," said Cap Vermilye, breaking a morning's silence, "let's see about this."

All of them knew what he meant. They were smart enough in the ways of trouble to look upon the trees surrounding this meadow with clear suspicion; the cattle had been too easy to find. Without saying anything at all, they worked away from this common spot, Morgan and Willing to the left, Vermilye and Harry Jump taking the opposite half circle. Beating the edge of the timber quite carefully, Morgan and Willing reached the bottom of the meadow without noting anything out of ordinary. Presently Vermilye and Harry Jump joined them. Nothing had been discovered but they sat silently in their saddles, watching the grazing beef and not able to shake their grudging suspicions.

Morgan said finally, "Well, let's get at it," and rode out of the timber. He worked through the stock with Fox Willing while Jump and Vermilye took stations near the trees. After Morgan and Vermilye had collected all the Long Seven animals and had driven them back into the forest trail the other two riders came up, ready for the trip home. Morgan, meanwhile, had done some thinking.

"I'm going down to see Herendeen."

"Right with you," said Harry Jump at once.

"One's enough to lay this out pretty clear." Then he added dryly: "I think I can lay it out so he'll understand."

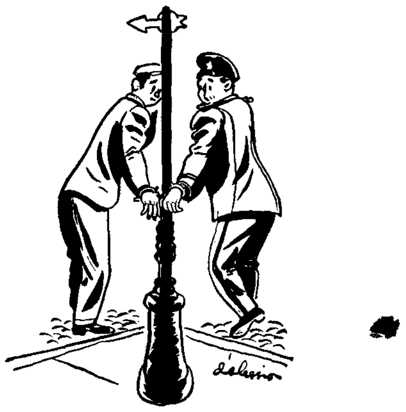
"You must feel pretty stout," commented Harry Jump.

"Both of us together might bring on a scrap. But he won't turn loose on one man."

"That's your opinion. It ain't mine."

"He wouldn't shame himself before his crew by settin' the dogs loose on me alone. Drive the beef back. I'll be along tonight."

This time he openly crossed the meadow and rode downslope through the thinning timber, to come at last to the rim of Herendeen's valley. This was about five miles from the meadow and still another three miles short of the Three Pines houses; dropping down the shoulder of the hills, Morgan reached the road running beside Cache River and set off southward at a brisk clip, soon raising the ranch. From the intermediate distance he saw a pair of men on the porch and somebody working in



the corrals. When he reached the yard both men on the porch had gone inside and another—Bones McGeen—had come out.

McGeen's face showed its shadowed surprise and its alert hostility. But he kept his mouth shut until Morgan spoke.

"If Ben's in there, tell him to come out."

"He's here all right," grunted McGeen, and raised his voice, "Ben—hey, Ben."

A man walked through the house, heavy and deliberate. There were voices in the rear yard, softly talking and afterward ceasing to talk. Morgan looked at the horses standing by the front yard and didn't recognize them; he was thinking about this when Herendeen came to the porch.

"Ben," Morgan said at once, "I followed a pretty broad trail out of Government Valley this afternoon. When I got to the end of it there was a jag of Long Seven cows feeding in one of your meadows. They didn't make the walk without help."

Herendeen's round, fresh-scarred face showed what seemed, to Morgan, something close to surprise; he threw McGeen a quick look but McGeen shook his head. Herendeen looked back to Morgan.

"I know nothing of it."

"Maybe you'd better get acquainted with your crew," suggested Morgan.

"I'll go up in a day or so and see about it. If you've got any beef there I'll send it back."

"I saved you the ride. The beef's on the way home now."

Herendeen said: "If there's any cutting to be done on my range I'll do it. Bones, take a crowd up there and stop that. We'll see what's going on."

BONES started around the corner of the house at once, to be halted by Morgan's down-slapping answer: "Hold on. I'm going to recite chapter and verse to you boys. The beef goes home and if you figure to stop it, you better figure to stop the boys with it."

"If necessary we'll do that, too," said Herendeen. "Bones, just bring the crowd around here a minute." He came on to the edge of the porch, his thick legs spreading and taking root. Bones moved only as far as the house's corner; he raised his arm and moved back toward the porch. Watching the corner, Morgan saw Chill Purdy and Jim Burden and Slim John show up. These were old Three Pines men. But there were four other men behind these three, unfamiliar to him. They stopped by the corner. McGeen, throwing a look at them, said in a voice that grated the words together, "Don't be bashful in front of the great Clay Morgan." It seemed to be a signal. Two of the strangers, both dark men with the same sharp, long-slanted noses, stepped on from the corner and moved on until Morgan, now watching Herendeen, lost them out of the corner of his eyes. They were somewhere at his left rear; throwing a glance that way he saw them halt fifty feet behind him.

Herendeen said: "Take a good look

before you finish your speech, Clay."

"I see nothing new," answered Morgan. "You always like a big crowd to stand behind."

McGeen said at once: "If it was me, Ben, I'd stop that talk sudden."

Herendeen, so vast and heavy and big-boned, showed a thicker flush on his light-skinned face. He was a man without much quickness of tongue or mind. He lived on his feelings and on his strength; and with one exception his strength had always been enough. The exception was Morgan. He was affected by Morgan's cool answer but he brushed it aside with a quick down-jerk of his fist and went doggedly on:

"You hang around with crooks and you stick up for them. It will be a damned cold day when you move anything off my range, no matter what the brand reads. Take a look at these men. I have cleared out Freeport and I have shaken some of the nesters loose. That's just a beginning. I'm going to drive everything out of this country that don't agree with me. That includes you. I didn't take your beef, but if it is on my land it will stay there until I get ready to move it off. The truth is, Clay, I propose to gut you down to your last calf. If you're on Mogul when spring comes I'll be mighty surprised."

Morgan said: "You always talked too much, Ben."

"That so?" cried Herendeen, his temper letting go. "McGeen, get on your horse and do what I said."

McGeen walked toward the line of horses. Reaching them, he turned back and his eyes swept the yard—to Morgan, to the two dark men behind Morgan and to Herendeen. There was a heavy suggestion on his face for Herendeen to see, and Herendeen saw it—and stood bright-eyed and hulking, thinking about it. Morgan had this as a clear picture. Bones McGeen had put the thing in Herendeen's head by that single glance.

Morgan's answer was to swing his horse partly around to get some sight of the two behind him. He didn't know them, but he knew their kind—he read the signals of character in the trustless shadowing of their eyes; in the whipped thin length of their faces. They were men out of the brush, nerved up and edgy, without scruples and thoroughly dangerous if given any kind of a chance. Herendeen remained still and these men waited and the pile-up of time got pretty bad; it was a weight on Morgan, an actual heaviness on him. He had his bad moment, his gray foresight of the trap he was in, he had his intuitive knowledge of how this might end; it hit him in the stomach and turned him cold and fear ran all through him, destructive and freezing; and afterward, silently admitting that he had nothing left him but the gamble of facing it out, he put his hope aside, and as he did that, fear also left him. This, he thought in one small side-thought, was a queer thing. Fear and hope were things that seemed to go together; and seemed to die together.

"All right," he said, "what'll it be?"

Herendeen repeated, "Do what I tell you, Bones. Get on up there with the boys and head for the hills. Stop Morgan's crew."

Bones shook his head and one of the dark men at Morgan's rear spoke for the first time: "What the hell, Herendeen? You got what you want right here. Whut you worryin' about?"

"That's all right," said Herendeen. "Do what I told you."

"Take care of this first," said Bones McGeen, still reluctant.

Herendeen blew up: "Damn it, mind me!" He came off the porch in long strides, crossing toward McGeen. McGeen stood near his horse, his arms hanging down. A startled look showed on him and he backed up until his shoulders touched the horse. He said, "Listen, Ben, I don't take no talk like—"

HERENDEEN, a faster man than his bulk indicated, moved against McGeen. He hit him once, knuckles slashing McGeen's cheek terribly. McGeen, blinded and knocked thoughtless, hit the ground and made an automatic gesture toward his gun, whereupon Herendeen jammed a foot down on McGeen's arm, hard enough to make McGeen yell. Herendeen ripped the gun from McGeen's holster and stepped back; the whole thing had turned him white and half crazy. He said, between long-pulled breaths, "Get up on that horse before I break your damned neck. You been talkin' back too much lately."

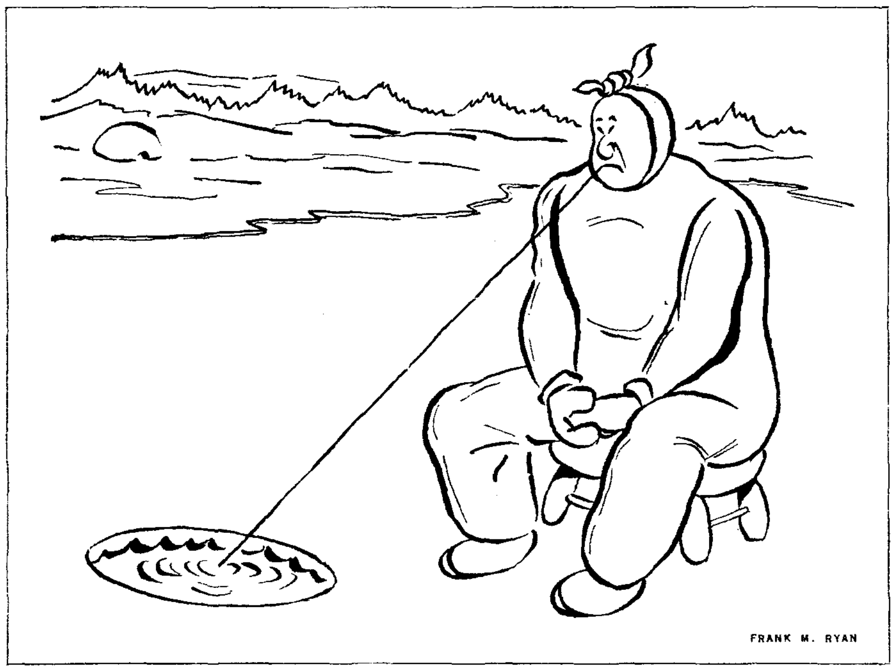
McGeen squirmed around the dirt and got to his feet. He rubbed a hand across the bruised side of his face; he started to open his mouth and cringed a little from the pain it caused. His nose began to drip blood; it struck his lips and rolled on down across his chin in bright, ragged streaks, dropping from chin to shirt front. The dullness in his eyes showed how vitally that one blow had hurt him.

"Get on the horse," said Herendeen, "and do what I say."

McGeen turned and reached for the reins. He missed them and swept his hand out a second time, blindly. When he had them in his fingers he put his head against the side of the horse, stupidly still.

Herendeen said: "Go on or I'll bat you again."

McGeen made no attempt to throw the reins over the horse's head. He seized the horn, pulling himself into the



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seat. He stiffened his arms against the horn, bracing himself in this manner and closing his eyes. He said, "Damned world is going around," and fell out of the saddle suddenly; he hit on his face and belly, one arm doubled beneath him, and did not move.

The two long-faced strangers came away from their spot behind Morgan and paused to stare at McGeen. Herendeen bent over and rolled McGeen on his back. McGeen's eyes were open but his muscles had no life in them. Herendeen nudged McGeen's body with his toe, saying, "Come out of it, Bones."

One of the strangers said in a disgusted voice: "That's no way to treat a man."

Herendeen motioned toward a pair of his own crew. They came up and seized McGeen, shoulders and feet, and lugged him over the porch into the house. The two strangers went on toward the corner of the house. They turned, no longer interested; something, Morgan saw, had happened here pretty definitely. Herendeen saw it too, and his talk jumped at them: "I'll do the talking around here. We're riding up the hill. I'll see about this beef business." He turned his attention to Morgan: "Come on, get down from there."

"No," said Morgan, "I guess not."

Herendeen had his mind fixed; he drove his roused talk at Morgan: "Times change. I'm through foolin' with you."

Morgan said: "Let 'er flicker then, Ben."

BEHIND Morgan, suddenly, was the sound of an advancing rider. Everybody looked down the valley toward the newcomer except Herendeen who was caught in the grip of his own slow, flat-footed will. He pointed a finger at Morgan and said: "You get down."

The rider came in behind Morgan, calling at once: "What's up here?"

It was Lige White's voice. Herendeen turned his head, reluctantly recognizing White. White came on until he was beside Morgan, reining in there with a certain deliberateness. His glance swept the yard and saw everything at once; and seeing it, he came to a rapid decision. This charming, easy-mannered man was deceptive. He could, when he chose, move fast.

"I'm on my way to War Pass. Better come along, Clay, if you're through here."

"I'm through," drawled Morgan, "if Ben is."

Lige White said briskly: "No objections, Ben?"

Herendeen showed a black and sullen and on-driving temper. "Lige," he called out, "you're interfering. What side you on?"

"On the side of my friends," said White. "You're my friend, and so is Morgan."

"Then you're no friend of mine."

White said coolly: "That's your business, naturally. I think I understand what's in the wind here and of course I could not stand by and see a shooting. The odds are a little strong. I'm surprised at you, Ben." He stared at the new men in the yard. He ducked his head at them. "News to me that you were shorthanded on this ranch. When did you find it necessary to bring in the Ryder boys? I don't like that kind of business and I will not be a party to a general ruckus. If we've got to hire outside men, the situation is getting completely out of hand."

Herendeen listened to this frank talk with a flat-jawed unreason. He said: "If you're not with me, then you're against me, Lige. Don't come around here for help—and keep out of my business."

"Both very easy to do," retorted White. "I will give you the same advice. Ready, Clay?"

It was still close and risky, as they both knew. Morgan swapped a short glance with the smiling White, seeing a thorough understanding in the latter's eyes. Morgan made the decision for both of them at this moment, turning his horse squarely on Herendeen. The movement pulled White around and thus the two of them, holding their horses to a walk, passed down the yard in silence.

PETE BORDERS, who had driven the Long Seven beef across the Haycreek Hills to Herendeen's range, lay on a peak of the ridge throughout the middle of the day. He saw Morgan arrive at the meadow—and grinned to himself at what was no doubt in Morgan's mind. It looked like an open steal on Herendeen's part, which was the way Borders wanted it to look. There was this sly and malicious forethought in Borders' head, this intent to bring on a fight that had been long brewing. Deep in his mind, behind this trickery, were purposes of his own—to help ruin Herendeen who, sooner or later, would betray him.

Later, when he saw Morgan headed for Herendeen's alone, Pete Borders grew serious and a little restless. It was, he concluded, bad tactics on Morgan's part; and so, taking to his horse, he went along the Haycreek Hills until he was able to sight the Three Pines ranch from the heights. He made out the crowd in the yard and watched the parley; later he saw a new rider come along—which was Lige White—and saw two of them ride away. Morgan had got out of it with a whole skin, which relieved Borders immeasurably. From this same vantage point Borders later watched the Three Pines crew come into the hills. He was pretty certain then how it would be. Getting to his horse, he rode back into the timber, once more laughing to himself.

AS SOON as Morgan left Lige White, he turned his horse to the slope of the Haycreek Hills and presently, from a high point, he saw Herendeen leave the valley with his crew. Morgan calculated his margin of advantage to be about twenty minutes and entered the timber at a fast clip. He crossed the meadow wherein they had found the Long Seven beef and took to the dark trail beyond. The smell of dust still clung to the air from the passage of the cattle; it was in the middle of the afternoon, the sun half down in the western sky, and when he came to the swampy clearing the shadows had begun to reach out over the water.

He caught up with his outfit a mile or two beyond the swamp. The cattle were single file, going very slowly on the crooked trail and stretched out for three or four hundred yards. Cap Vermilye was in front of them, beyond sight. Fox Willing held the rear, with Harry Jump still farther back to cover whatever might come up. Harry Jump was a little edgy with the strain of this thing; he showed relief at Morgan's presence.

"I been on the verge of ridin' back after you."

"They're half an hour behind me. We're apt to have a scrap."

"Hell with 'em," said Harry Jump at once. "Let's stop and have it out."

"Keep right on going. Fox, cut ahead and ride with Cap."

Fox, unable to crowd by the beef on so narrow a way, cut through the timber and rough slab rock with considerable difficulty. Harry Jump began to grumble at the lagging cattle, crowding them with his pony. Morgan dropped back a distance to watch the trail; there was no great danger of Herendeen boxing them on the flanks, the country being far too rough for that. Either Herendeen would follow directly, or sweep wide through the Potholes and meet them out on the flats.

They came at last to the stage road and turned into it. From the swamp meadow to this point had been more than an hour's drive and Herendeen was long overdue, leading Morgan to believe that Herendeen had circled them. The trouble, then, would come when they reached the open country. He joined Harry Jump, both of them hazing the stragglers forward until the beef was in a compact bunch. Vermilye and Willing were fifty yards forward; now and then a cow wandered toward the jack-pine forest surrounding them and had to be cut back. At five o'clock they reached the bottom of the stage road, left the pines and swung north toward Government Valley, three miles distant.

Herendeen was nowhere to be seen, whereupon Harry Jump came to his suspecting conclusions: "He didn't want to try it in timber. He's waitin' for us to get in the middle of the flats. My idea is that he's watchin' us from the Potholes right now."

A similar thought had occurred to Vermilye. He trotted back to Morgan. "Now in case he comes a-bustin' out of the brush, Clay, we better just let the beef go and hit for them agency buildings."

"No," said Jump at once. "It's our beef."

"That's right," said Morgan.

VERMILYE joined Harry Jump, both of them urging the cattle along at a quicker gait. Morgan closely watched the back trail, not quite able to understand Herendeen's continued delay. The suspense worked on his nerves. Once, thinking he saw movement at the edge of the Potholes, he turned and made a stand, searching the black margin of that country quite carefully. He had been mistaken, however, and presently turned to catch up with the beef. Near six o'clock, with the sun down beyond the Cache Mountains, they threw the beef on their own grass near the shattered dobe buildings of the old agency.

Morgan said: "Hold this jag in a bunch. We're not through yet. I want Herendeen to see what we took. Fox, if I were you I think I'd pull freight. Thanks for comin' along."

Willing said idly: "Might as well stick around."

Cap Vermilye, always a forehanded man, got a few sage stems and a piece of old board from the nearest building to make up a fire. He had a frying pan and coffeepot in his saddle roll; and some bacon and a can of beans. He boiled up the coffee, fried the bacon and heated the beans in the frying pan's grease. Having no other utensils, they took turns at the frying pan, using their pocket knives, and drank the coffee straight from the pot. At seven o'clock, with shadows sweeping across Mogul plateau, a single horseman appeared on the high edge of Mogul Mountain and quartered down. This was in the west, from which Morgan expected no trouble. Harry Jump walked deliberately to his horse and pulled out his Winchester. Morgan said, "Hold on, Harry." Rider and horse plodded unhurriedly through the blue swirl of dusk—a long, stooped shape on a rawboned animal; at a distance he waved his arm overhead and a little later Morgan recognized the nester, Gale.

Gale came up but did not dismount until Morgan gave him the proper invitation. When the invitation came he dropped to the ground with an old man's stiffness; he poised both his hands over the muzzle of his ancient gun and looked out from beneath his twisted, awning-shaped eyebrows.

"There's some coffee left in the pot," said Morgan.

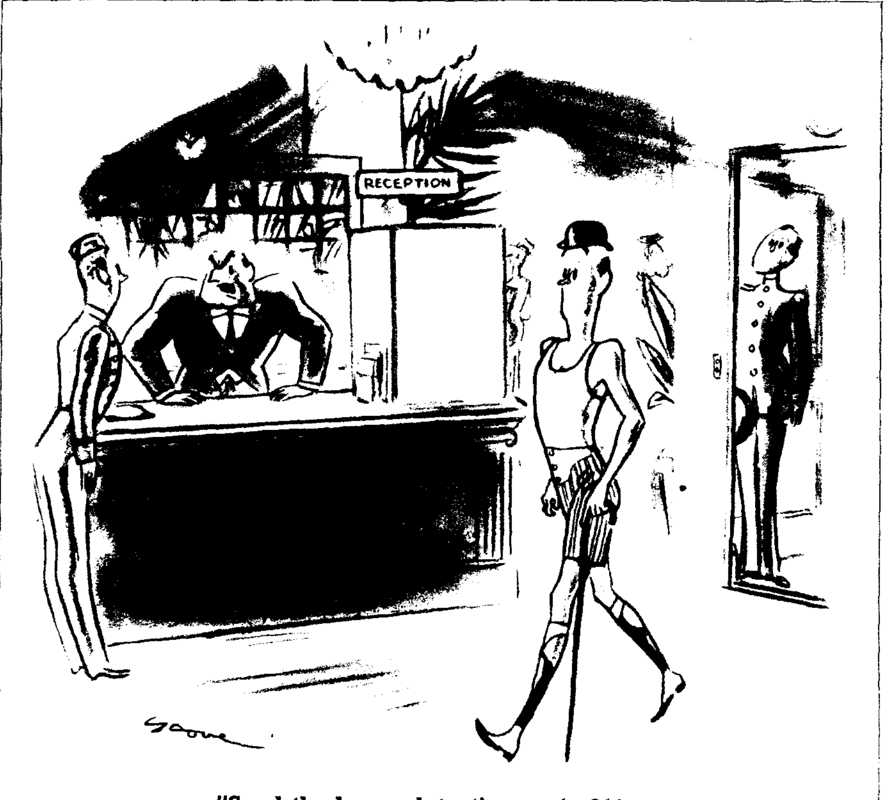
"Just whut I need," Gale answered. He slouched over the fire and tipped the pot against his mouth, drinking with an acute thirst.

Morgan said: "Don't mean to be unfriendly, but maybe you ought to move on."

Gale didn't smile. He was past the point of finding amusement in the world, but in his eyes was a light like the last glow of coals of a dying fire. "Don't you worry about me, Mr. Morgan. If I didn't know whut I wanted to do, I wouldn't be here."

Morgan shrugged his shoulders. "Your funeral."

"It may be," agreed Gale composedly. "But if so, it will be a double one. At my age I'm too old to worry about dyin', for it is pretty close to me at any event, and I guess I'm poor enough not to fret about losin' anything. Most of my life I have spent tryin' to be agreeable to people, in order to make a livin'. A common



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man has to swallow a lot of dust and a lot of pride. It goes kinda hard at times. By and by he gets to thinkin' that maybe some day, before he shuffles off, his chance will come to take one shot at those high and mighty ones before which he has bowed and eaten his humble bread. You're a young man, Mr. Morgan, and you're free and you ain't ever had that happen to you. You ain't ever watched your wife or your kids cringe when a shot comes whinin' around the house. You ain't seen your wife look into an empty breadbox. That's a look it ain't good for any man to see. So you don't know whut it is like, or just how I might be feelin' about it now. I ain't in no hurry. I got a lot of time. That's all I ever had—just time."

He rummaged his pockets, producing pipe and tobacco. Morgan watched him fill the pipe and light it and settle on his heels, comfort coming to him as his lips chuffed on the pipestem. Faded and weather-beaten and now silent, he was a picture of gristle-worn endurance, of infinite patience. His eyes still held that alive glow; they showed the one vital thing in him.

This was late September and suddenly, slightly beyond seven o'clock, the blue-running shadows turned to gunmetal gray and afterward to full night. The haze of autumn lay over the land. Through this filtered a strong moonlight creating the effect of woolly clouds banked against the earth. Morgan led his horse to the remnant wall of the nearest dobe building and walked on until he stood alone, facing the open south. Fox Willing was in the saddle, circling the held bunch of beeves. The job was done and, in so far as the cattle were concerned, there wasn't any need of staying here. Yet Morgan knew that this waiting was necessary. Herendeen was somewhere in the yonder night. The big man had avoided a meeting in the timber, he had delayed his pursuit; but he was out there and he would come.

Nothing changed much, Morgan realized. Herendeen had faced him for ten years, never giving ground, never able to forget. It was something that would not dim or die, it was a force that drove Herendeen. Thinking about that, Morgan admitted the same force drove him. Whatever the outward reasons, whatever the open quarrels and excuses, there was a deeper reason still—the native, chemical animosities of two men born to be opposite in all things, born to collide and to destroy. It was past explanation.

Stationed like this, apart from the group and facing southward, he heard Herendeen at last approach, hidden by the pulsing fog. Off there a steady rhythm rose, of horses moving at a slow run and presently slowing to a walk. Shadows appeared in the fog, and shapeless outlines. Fox Willing came in from the herd, dismounting and putting his horse near the dobe wall. He walked over to Morgan. Vermilye and Jump had risen and had taken positions not far from the wall. Gale was out of sight.

HERENDEEN'S party showed as a wide scatter of shadows on the desert. They were halted, two hundred feet away. Herendeen said:

"Morgan, I'm coming in to cut that bunch of stock and look it over for my brand."

Morgan said: "None of your cows in it, Ben."

"I'll see for myself."

Those shadows were too vague to be counted but Morgan knew Herendeen had at least eight men around him; and he also knew Herendeen's intention—which was to build up a fight on any grounds. He said: "Charley Hillhouse there?"

"No. I'm coming in," Herendeen said.

Morgan said: "Nothing here for you, Ben. Stay back."

Herendeen's voice boomed out: "You know the rules of the country. It's my privilege to cut any man's range for my stock. I claim there's Three Pines cows in that bunch."

"If there are," said Morgan coolly, "I'll send them back tomorrow."

"I want 'em now."

"You're in a hurry all of a sudden," pointed out Morgan ironically. "I sent word to you some time ago to clean your stuff out of this valley and you didn't seem to figure it worth your time. So you can wait another day. You won't cut this bunch tonight, or any time. Get off my grass."

"You goin' against the rules?"

"You been making the rules a long time, Ben. Now I'll make 'em."

Herendeen said: "I've listened to you long enough. We'll settle this now."

Morgan's reply was soft and flat in the night: "Let 'er flicker, Ben. When you move in we start shootin'."

He heard Herendeen say: "Come on, boys."

LIGE WHITE, considerably disturbed by his interview with Morgan and pretty much at sea in his own mind, traveled over the lower spur of the Haycreek Hills and came down on the Grant house at a fast clip, the sound of his arrival bringing Catherine to the door. He said: "There's hell to pay around here. Where's Gurd?"

"Upstairs. What's the trouble, Lige?"

White called: "Hey, Gurd, come down right now." He rolled himself a cigarette while he waited and made a sketchy explanation to Catherine, nervousness catching at his words: "I ran into Clay at Herendeen's. They were jawing over something and Herendeen had a bunch of tough hands around the place. Clay was there alone. It looked like trouble for a minute but I dragged Clay away." Gurd appeared in the doorway of the house, strained and attentive. "Clay," went on Lige White, "said he thought there'd be a fight. He went back to the hills."

Catherine said: "Whereabouts in the hills?"

"I don't know." Lige White considered these two people gravely. "I always led Ben to believe I'd string with him in any showdown over rustlers. And I guess I have given him reason to believe I approved his way of getting nesters out of the country. But I can't see him tie into Clay. Gurd, don't you give him any help. Stay out of it. That's what Clay told me to say. I'd say it anyhow."

Catherine said at once: "If there's any help needed from Crowfoot, Clay will get it, not Ben Herendeen."

Gurd Grant looked sick and desperate. He put his shoulder against the doorway. He said: "Lige, how did we get into this mess? I'd give a thousand dollars—"

Catherine turned on her brother: "What's bothering you, Gurd?"

Gurd dropped his eyes. His face, normally so light and cheerful, held a sallow unhealth. It was hard for him to talk and he pulled himself together with an effort. His hands shook; he noticed that and shoved them into his pockets. "I was over with Charley Hillhouse, on Breathitt's trail. We trailed Breathitt all morning and found him asleep in the Potholes. Of course I thought Charley meant to take him into town, to jail. What else would a man think? How was it possible for me to figure that Hillhouse, who had been Hack's friend for fifteen years, would—"

Catherine breathed out: "Gurd!"

"Sure," said Gurd Grant, sullen and full of self-hatred. "Hillhouse simply lifted his gun and killed Breathitt. I tried to stop it. It didn't do any good. Ben would have killed me if I'd gone any farther. What kind of a heart is in a man like Hillhouse? My God, how could he think of it?"

Lige White threw away his cigarette, finding the flavor gone out of it. He looked away from Gurd, suddenly unable to meet the expression in the other's eyes.

Thus silent and indrawn, repulsed by the information and hardened indescribably by it, his liking for Gurd Grant slowly shriveled. Gurd Grant saw this withdrawal; he saw the change on Lige White's face very clearly, and he said in a quietly weary, terribly discouraged voice:

"What could I do, Lige?"

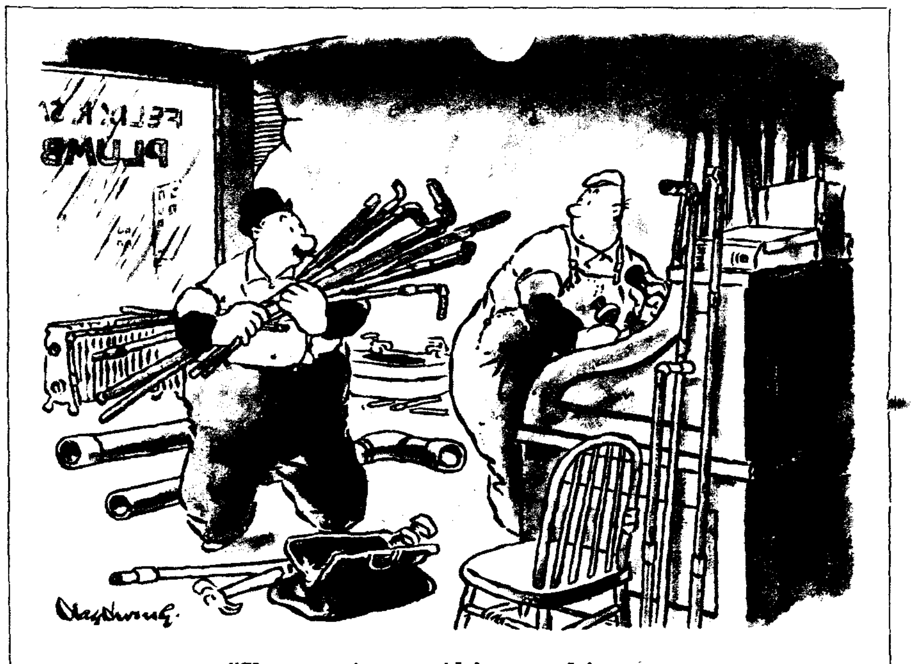
"Why, nothing, I guess," said Lige briefly.

"No," answered Gurd, shaking his head, "you think I ought to have done something. That's what everybody will think. I guess that's what I think, too. God knows I won't ever forget it. But I don't know what I could have done." His voice trailed pointlessly away. "I don't know—"

Catherine said: "You never should have gone with Charley Hillhouse. There was your mistake."

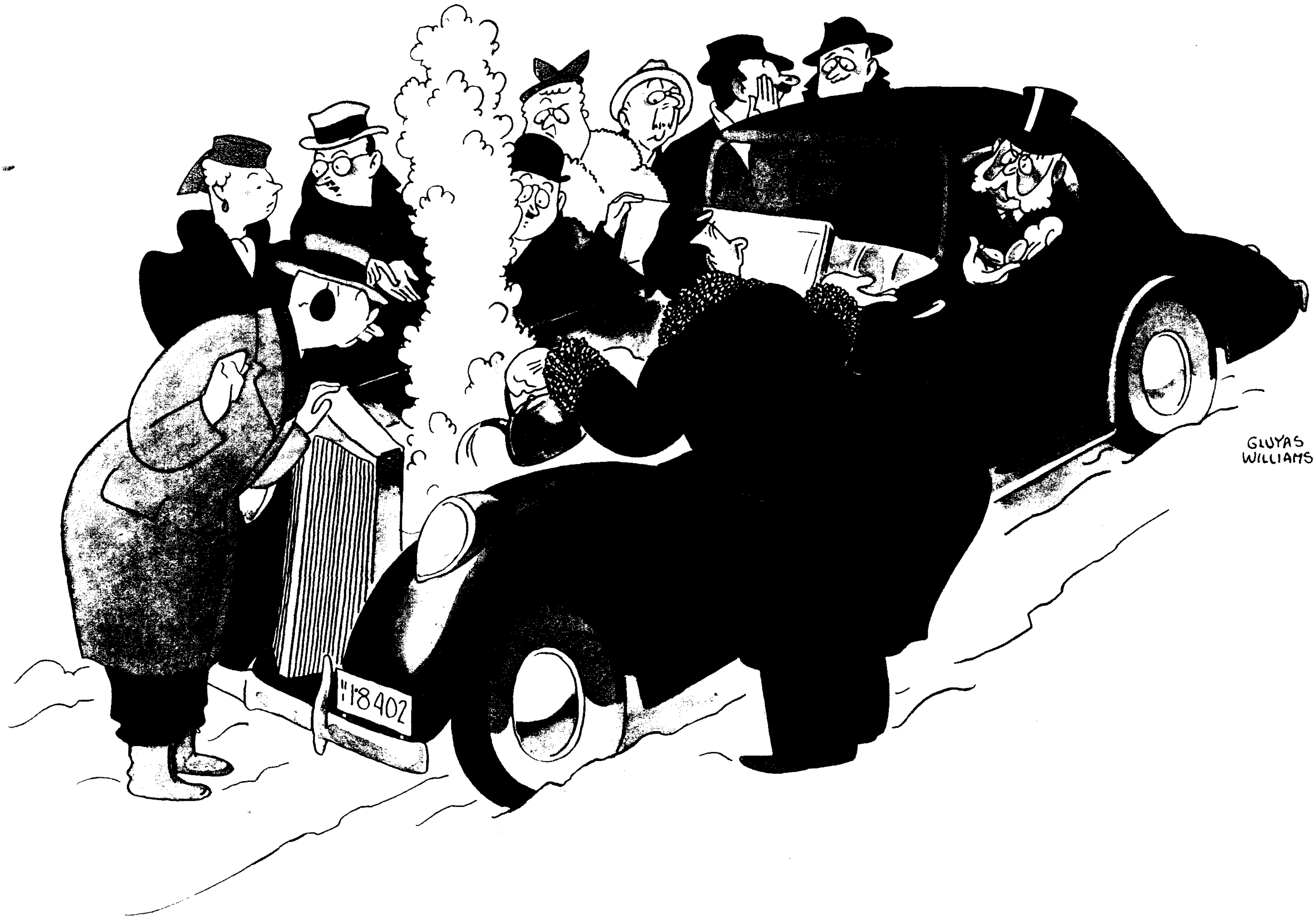
Lige White said: "What did you go for? I don't understand that. You had nothing against Hack. He was Morgan's best friend. You knew that. Why?"

Gurd shook his head, not answering.



"She says it goes 'drip . . . drip . . . drip'—sounds like a leak, huh, boss?"

JAY IRVING



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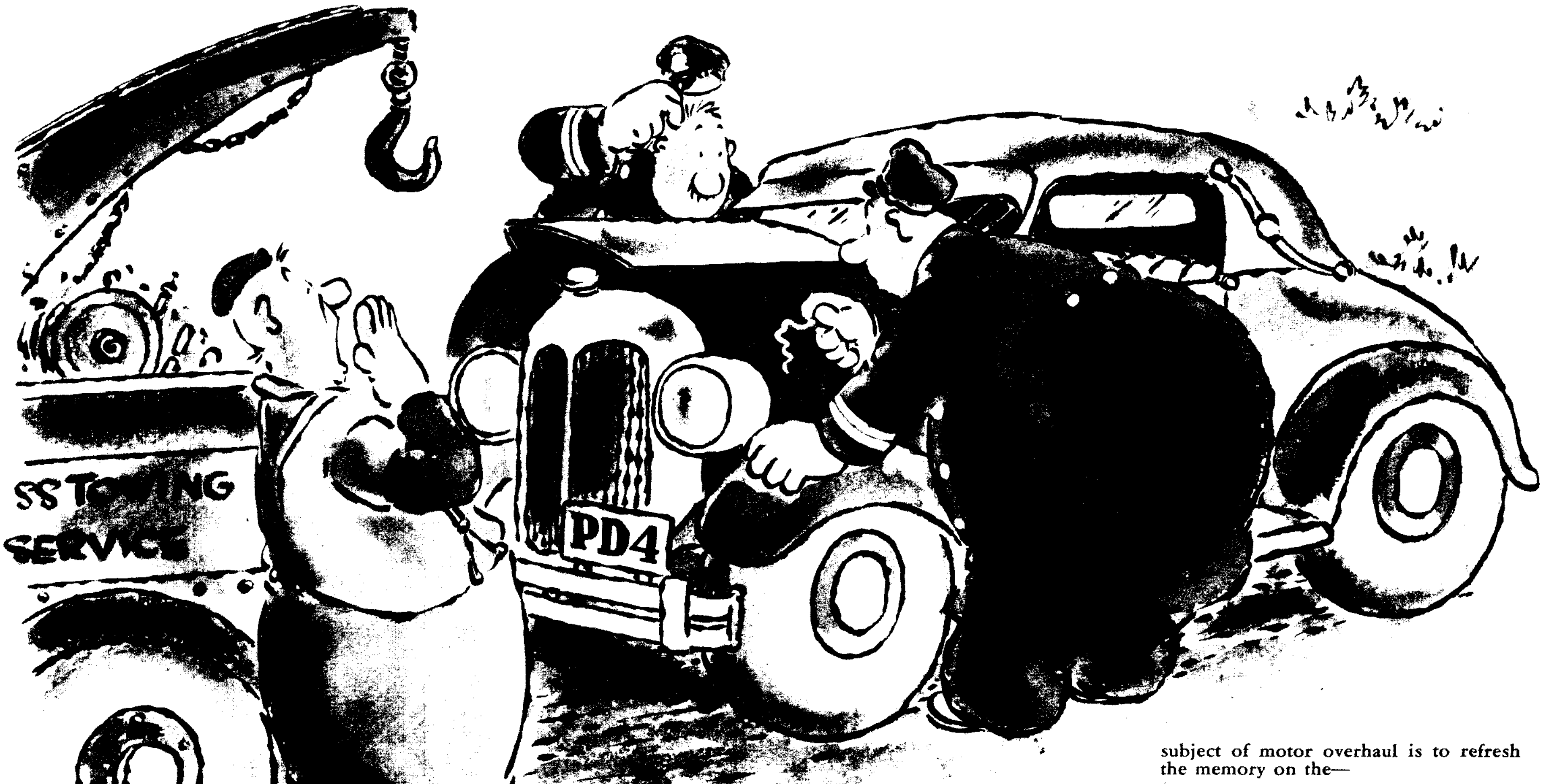
When it comes

P.S.

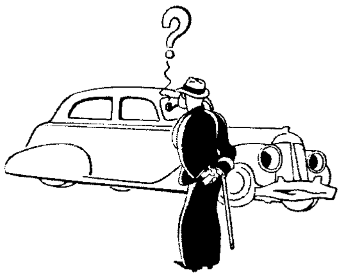
THE STORY THUS FAR:

Preventive Service has featured, in two previous instalments, suggestions to help you secure trouble-free, enjoyable motoring. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure and—it costs less! Preventive Service makes a tremendous contribution to the economy, comfort and safety of motoring. So, in keeping with its geared-to-the-times policy of action, COLLIER'S sponsors this department for the benefit of its millions of car-owners.



NOTHING quite equals the delightful satisfaction you get from a sweet, smooth-running motor. But only Mr. Tennyson's brook runs on forever. Motor wear does take place; accurately adjusted parts do get out of joint, and ultimately, you notice your car seems to lack something.

Pick-up begins to drag . . . the original dash and speed have become a little tarnished, so to speak . . . gas mileage isn't what it used to be . . . and you decide you're buying too much oil. And so, the almost unnoticed inefficiencies pile up until their combined effect reminds you that even an automobile must eventually show signs of wear.



A Tune-up May Be All That's Needed

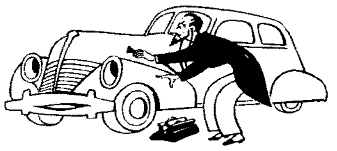
You may feel as though your motor is just about ready to fall apart, whereas only a simple tune-up, or minor repairs, are needed to put the ailing motor in first-class shape. A tune-up is inexpensive, but it may well head off what otherwise would be a large repair bill.

But whether it is "tune-up" or "overhaul," a good axiom to follow is: *don't put off today what is likely to cause more trouble tomorrow.*

What if "the Doctor" Says Overhaul?

Sometimes, trade terms have a frightening effect. "Motor overhauling," "motor reconditioning" and even "ring job" have the sound of a major abdominal operation. However, reducing them to their simplest form, they mean that the wear that must be repaired happens to be inside the motor instead of outside.

So after taking the terror out of the terms, the next step in approaching the subject of motor overhaul is to refresh the memory on the—



. . . Simple Principle of the Gasoline Engine

So accustomed have we all become to the familiar automobile that it takes an occasion like this to refresh our memories regarding the fundamental cleverness of the crankshaft, the pistons, the cylinders, the valves.

The original foot-power sewing machine has in it the mechanical principles of the modern gasoline engine. The rod connecting the treadle to that funny, little "U"-shaped arm is, in fact, the connecting rod. The little "U"-shaped affair is just like one section of a crankshaft. The treadle goes up and down, just a short distance . . . the connecting rod turns the crankshaft . . . and the sewing machine wheel goes round and round. Vertical motion is converted into circular motion.

Two Simple Points to Watch

Now that the basic operation of the engine is clear in mind again, it is easier to picture just what parts might be worn.

If there is anything to the old premise that a problem isolated is partly solved, then calling to mind what goes on inside the engine might avoid the two pitfalls of motor reconditioning. They ought to be displayed in bold type.

time to OVERHAUL your motor

All too often, the job isn't undertaken soon enough. And all too often the job isn't carried far enough.

The First Wear Comes on the Piston Rings and Bearings

The engine was designed that way on purpose.

Engineers might smile at the idea of comparing piston rings with the fuse in the household electrical system—but there is a parallel there. In order to protect the entire system, the fuse is made "to go first," and in going first, it prevents damage to the rest of the system and avoids costly repair. Whatever the original reason for the piston rings, one result is that, like the fuse, they constitute the first line of defense. They make the moving contact between the piston and the cylinder walls—and because they are removable, they are renewable, and that saves a lot.

The top rings have to be leak-proof enough to permit the pistons to squeeze the "gas" to less than 1/6 of its original volume. No wonder they call the modern engine high compression!

The bottom rings have to be leak-proof enough to keep too much oil from getting up past them.

It is easy to see that worn piston rings start a trail of trouble that extends hither and yon. If the top piston rings have lost too much of their original fit, power is lost because the gas isn't sufficiently compressed. The "gas" that escapes down past the rings dilutes the oil. And that's bad.

If the bottom rings have lost too much of their original fit, excess oil escapes up to the firing chamber. Much of this excess oil is wastefully blown out through the exhaust. But, the cost of wasted oil is the least of the penalties. Some of the oil remains in the firing chamber long enough to be converted into destructive carbon. It hardens on the piston head and cylinder walls and around the spark plugs and valves. In fact, much valve trouble comes from carbon deposits.

Without many calculations, that all adds up to a lot of trouble when worn piston rings aren't replaced.

Bearings

From the car-owner's standpoint, the bearings belong to the same family as the piston rings, inasmuch as they are part of the first defense against serious damage from wear. So, it ought to be automatic while the engine is open, for all bearings to be checked. Of course, among others, there are bearings where the connecting rod attaches to the wrist pin or the wrist pin to the piston, bearings where the connecting rod attaches to the crankshaft and the main bearings of the crankshaft itself.

Worn or faulty bearings cause many troubles—and right at the head of the list is high oil consumption. Bearings have a lot to do with the lubrication system and when they are out of whack, oil trouble begins. Worn bearings also produce noise and knocks.

So, to have new piston rings put in without checking all the bearings at the same time is a little like repairing the soles of shoes and neglecting the heels.

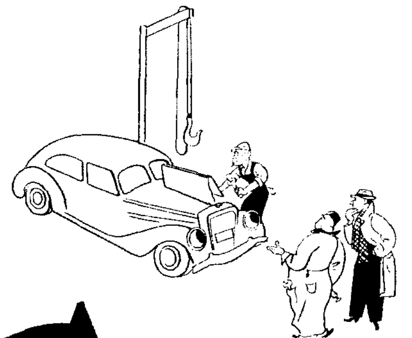
If the Rings Have Been Allowed to Wear a Great Deal, Then It's Easy to See That More Things Have to be Done

If the piston rings have gotten into pretty bad shape before the overhaul is undertaken, then some extra checking and extra fixing has to be done.

The fact that the pistons have become wobbly has allowed them to bump into the sides of the cylinders and thus get themselves out of shape. Then, one trouble breeds another, and in extreme cases, the cylinders have to be reshaped and new pistons, wrist pins and connecting rods put in.

So, while the engine is "open," it is a waste to stop short of checking everything on the inside. The operation can't be fully successful unless the whole piston assembly is lined up before the engine is "sewed up" again.

Again, the main point is to go "far enough" on the first operation and avoid the so-called "comebacks" that distress the repairman no less than the owner.



Valves

The other important moving parts that need to be brought up to par while the engine is open are the valves—and all the parts that make them work. One part not working right will put the whole valve assembly out of kilter.

When considering that the valves in the engine in normal driving open and close approximately 800,000 times an hour, and that they have to make such a perfect "seal" when closed, it is evident that the engineers did a pretty good job in designing. They utilized the mechanical principle of having two surfaces so finely ground that when they come together, they make a gas-tight fit. But just like a glass stopper in an expensive glass bottle, if the stopper is forced in crooked or there is dirt inside the bottle neck, there will be leaks.

Now, it is pretty certain that by the time an overhaul is undertaken, you have rolled up enough mileage to have the valves closing imperfectly. This was anticipated in the original design of the engine—the valves and their "assistants" (seats, guides, springs and tappets that open the valves) are placed and arranged where they can be fixed or adjusted easily.

A Picture to Hold in Mind

When you think of valves, think of rings. When you think of rings, think of bearings. When you think of bearings, think of valves. They work hand in hand to give your car good performance. To fix one worn unit and not another is like getting on a see-saw—as one end goes up the other goes down.

How Do You Know What Needs Doing?

We have now hit the kernel of the nut and the answer is: *somebody has to look inside.*

The expert mechanic has almost X-Ray eyes—but not quite. The sound of the motor, the mileage on the speedometer, the appearance of the exhaust fumes, and nowadays the use of ingenious testing or trouble-shooting devices—all add up in his expert mind, so that he can make a good diagnosis from the outside. But, just as the watch repair expert determines the full extent of the trouble by opening the case and looking inside, so the mechanic gets the inside story when the cylinder head is removed and the "works" are studied.

A Good Formula

The car-owner is wise to hold in mind that when it comes to overhaul work of any kind, doing the job piecemeal is hardest on the pocketbook and disposition.

A Typical Example

When everything is set to rights, the expert mechanic will start to adjust the ignition timing. He knows that results from all his good work will be spoiled unless the pistons are set in just the right relation to the ignition. It is quite possible that when he gets around to this point, he might find the timing gears or chain too worn for perfect adjustment. This is the time for a 'phone call asking for permission to make a replacement—and for the benefit of everyone concerned, the right answer is—"Yes, put it in."

Gaskets

Gaskets being to the engine what the sealing ring is to the preserving jar, there isn't much wisdom in trying to use the old gaskets when the engine is put together again. Grandma never takes a chance on the preserves by trying to get an extra season out of the preserving jar rings.

But just in case this lesson isn't sufficient, it might be well to add that oil dropping every thirty or forty feet from a loose gasket can total up to a loss of a gallon in 400 or 500 miles.

Where There's Fire, There Must Be Exhaust

No overhauling job should be considered complete without a thorough check of the exhaust system.

Fire, when it is confined, has to have a chimney or smoke stack—and your car is just as completely equipped as any home or factory. The exhaust system, in carrying off the disagreeable and dangerous fumes, performs a vital service. The system consists of the exhaust manifold, the muffler and the pipes making the connections.

Everybody is familiar with the muffler and its amazing work of silencing the roar of the motor with its ingenious series of baffles. But, as long as the muffler keeps everything quiet, it usually remains out of mind, as well as out of sight.

But a lot has been learned in recent years about the exhaust system. No one should wait until noise attracts attention before giving the exhaust system inspection. Bad connections or cracks anywhere along the line can create serious conditions for the car and its occupants. Indeed, the latter danger caught the eagle eye of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and a special bulletin was issued. Carbon monoxide, present in exhaust gases, is difficult to detect. If some of this gas escapes into the car through defects in the exhaust line, it is apt to cause drowsiness. The F. B. I. Bulletin covers this as a possible contributing factor to automobile accidents.

Final Check-up

Before the finished job is turned over to you, a good service man who takes pride in work well done, naturally will check the entire operation of the motor to insure complete satisfaction to you. This will include the carbureter, air and oil filter, the whole fuel line, the ignition and cooling systems and many other points too numerous to mention here.

For your part: to assure a satisfactory job of overhauling your motor, *have the work done soon enough*—and then *complete enough* to avoid going back to repair the repairs. When the repair mechanic takes a look inside, *insist that he tell you ALL.*

Protecting Your Car Investment

Under the severe conditions of use, and often abuse, it is amazing how an automobile retains its efficiency as long as it does. It is inevitable, however, as you drive your car, fair weather and foul, over smooth roads and rough, that wear and age take their toll. And so, service facilities have been built up to meet the car-owner's needs and render such service as described, at reasonable cost. See your service man for Preventive Service and continue to ride with pleasure and satisfaction from your automobile.

P.S.

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. . . where to find a nearby hairdresser, a cleaner, an upholsterer or who sells that advertised brand. Don't guess; don't hunt. Just look it up in the classified (*yellow*) pages.

He stood with his face tipped down, the grisly memory of all this on his features. Catherine suddenly stepped over to her brother and put her arm around him. "I know why, Gurd. Let's try to forget it."

"Why?" insisted Lige.

But Catherine's eyes told Lige to be still. She was a tall and resolute girl, firm-shaped and attractive to look upon, and very loyal to her brother. She stood with her chin up and her shoulders squared, as though to resist anything that might hurt Gurd. Lige White, who had an eye for beauty wherever he saw it, silently admired her. She had a steadfast quality lacking in Gurd; she had a sober willfulness and an imagination that caught the color and melody of life around her. These qualities richened Catherine Grant, they made her a full girl, placing a shadowing and a shining on her features, giving her a dreaming depth.

Lige said: "Stay out of what's coming. That's the best you can do for Clay now. We all got caught in Ben's net. I was a fool not to have known what he'd try to do. Now we wiggle out. I'm going to town."

Catherine watched him go. When he passed the far rim of the meadow she dropped her arm from Gurd and faced him. "This is hard enough on you, Gurd, without my making it worse. I'll never say anything more about it."

He said in a lackluster voice: "I don't admire myself right now, Catherine. It is hell for a man to find out he's a tinhorn sport. I always figured I could stand up when the showdown came. But I didn't."

Her tone was soft and cool: "You went after Hack because you wanted to hurt Clay. I know that. You thought Clay and I—"

He showed a reviving flash of anger: "The night Ben and Lige and I went up to Clay's place you were there. I walked to the end of the porch and saw your horse around the house. You were hiding inside. If you had nothing to be ashamed of, why hide?"

She said: "Because I had gone up there to tell Clay what you and Lige and Herendeen had said that night. You were leaving Clay out of it and I couldn't stand that. Ben had both of you convinced. But I didn't want Ben to know I was taking Clay the information."

Gurd said: "You can't blame me for thinking different. Ever since you have known Clay, there's been something between you. When you two are together I can see it in your eyes."

She murmured: "Am I that transparent?"

HE STARED at her as though all his suspicions had been confirmed. "Then," he said in dull reproach, "I'm right."

"I didn't mean that, Gurd. What I mean was that I didn't know I wore my feelings on my sleeve."

"You wouldn't show it," he pointed out, "if there wasn't something pretty strong between the two of you. I'm not the brightest man in the world but when Clay comes up I see you change. It's the way you look at him, it's the way your voice lifts. It is something the both of you know and don't have to talk about. Like—" he paused to think of it and added, "like a man and wife looking at each other."

That brought color to her cheeks. She faced Gurd, her shoulders pulled up and with her chin lifted. They were exceptionally close for brother and sister and yet at times this girl had a way of retreating from him; at times her silence was a wall hiding her completely. He was proud of her in a way that she couldn't realize, proud of her beauty and her fine laughter and of her freedom, and because of this he was inordinately jealous of her reputation. This explained Gurd Grant's anger now—this burning resentment toward a man who claimed more of her than any man had a right to claim. It was a bitter thing to stand here and know the kind of memories she had. Something in her expression made him drop his glance. Her voice was soft, it was long remembering: "Whatever it may be, it is part of my life and part of Clay's. It belongs to nobody else. There is no day or hour or moment of the past I regret or am ashamed of. Remember, Gurd, I have known Clay many years." Then she added, quite gently: "I knew him before Lila did."

"And after he threw you over," pointed out Gurd, "you still stood around, waiting."

She said in a swift, sighing voice, "Not waiting, Gurd. Women don't wait for things they can't have. They're more practical than that. They take the best they can get and go on with it."

He said: "Which doesn't make sense, for you could have had a dozen men—and you could have Ben now."

"If I could have found any man I really liked I would have married him—to hurt Clay as much as he hurt me. You don't know how bad it was for me. You never will know. But—" she shrugged her shoulders, "there never was a man. Not one to fill Clay's place."

"Hurt him?" said Gurd, finding all this strange and unfathomable.

She gave him a small, wise smile. "Of course. He knows how much he hurt me. That is one of the things you see in his eyes, Gurd, when he looks at me. He knows. And he knows how much I could hurt him, even now."

"If it is that way between you," said Gurd unbelievingly, "what keeps you apart?"

"More memories," said Catherine. Her lips came softly together and the old dreaming was in her eyes again, past his understanding. Gurd shook his head with impatience.

"You're contradictin' yourself, sis. You're still waiting."

He had never seen her cry. Now, meeting her eyes, he thought he saw tears in them. For the briefest of moments her pride dropped and he noticed something in her that was warm and wild and shocking. He had never known that her laughter and her cool pride had covered this intensity of emotion or this whole-bodied surrender to desire. She was saying: "Gurd, don't be stupid! Don't pry into me."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I guess I've done something else wrong. God knows what I can do now."

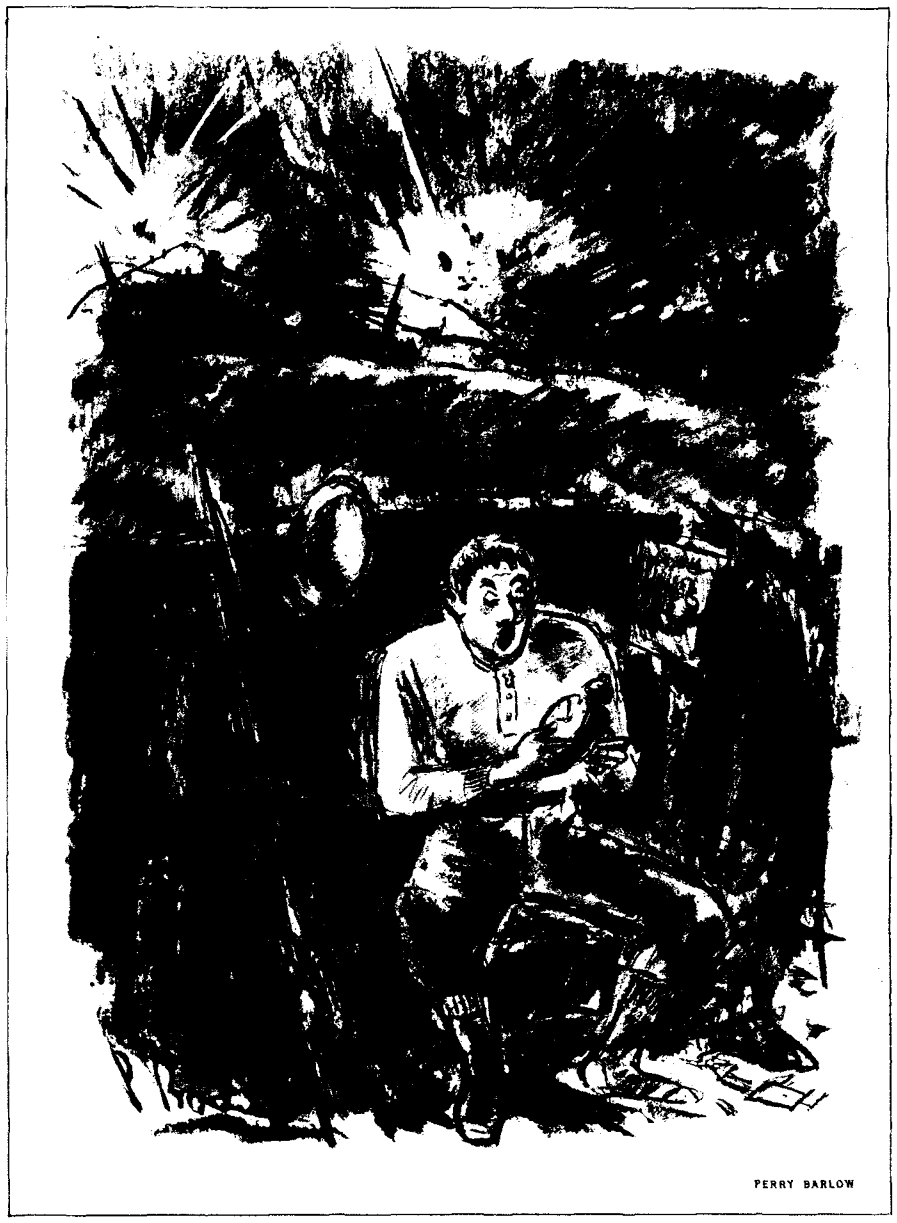
She said: "If I knew where Clay was—"

GURD, stung by his mistakes, still remembered he had given his word to Herendeen. It was the one thing to which he could cling. So he said: "We can't go against him. I'll do nothing, one way or the other."

She went on, as though not hearing him: "They have quarreled too often. They'll meet." She stared at her brother, cold as ice. "If Clay should die, I think I'd kill Ben. Is it so horrible to say? Perhaps it is. But I can't help it. All that I know of Clay, all that we have been—all the things said and the things unsaid— There is too much of him in me. If he should die, what would be left of me? Not very much, Gurd."

She walked from the porch to her horse standing by. Gurd said, "Wait a minute—where you going?" She didn't answer. Swinging up a hand, she left the yard, bound toward Mogul's rim.

(To be concluded next week)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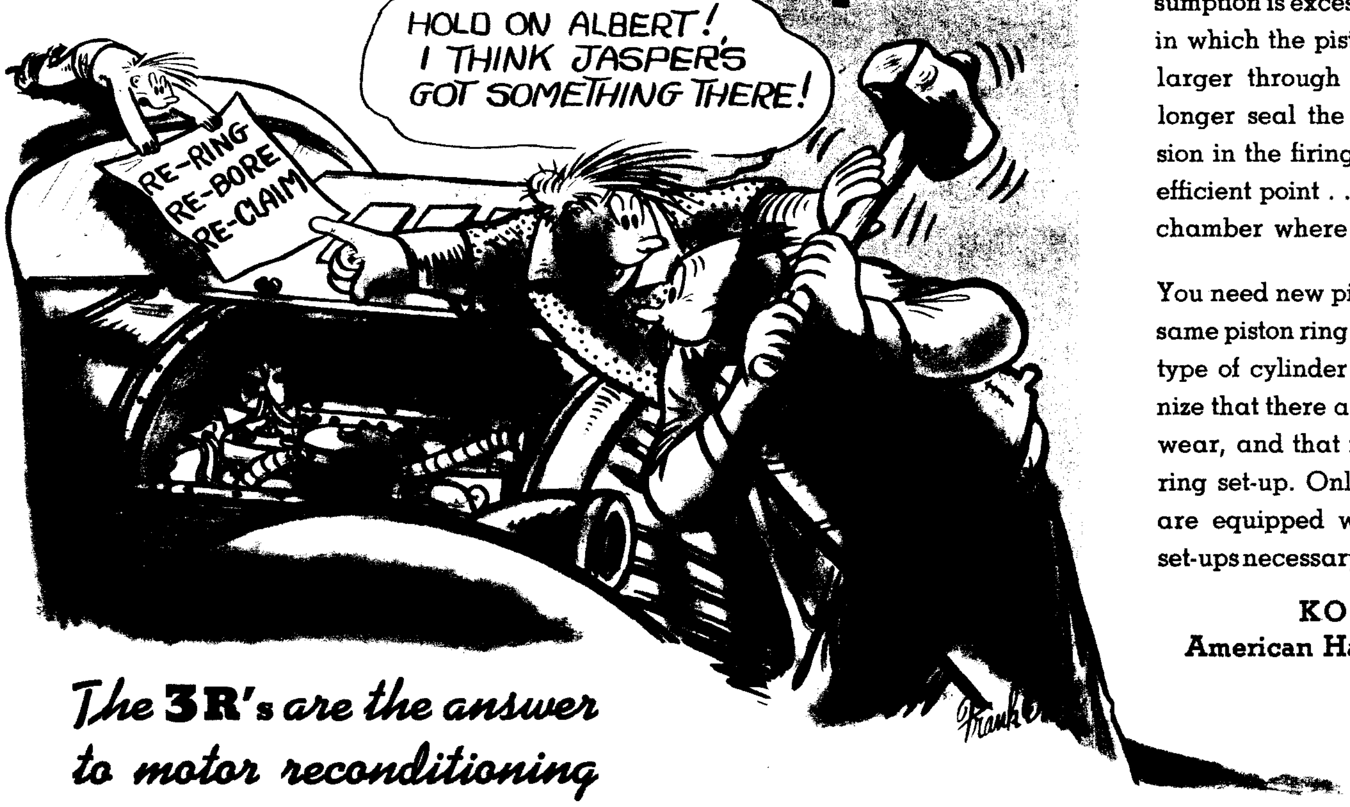
Excuse it, please—
with us it's

R.P.S. *Piston Ring Service*


HOLD ON ALBERT! I THINK JASPER'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!
RE-RING
RE-BORE
RE-CLAIM
Frank

When your car has no pick-up, when it is generally sluggish and lacks power on hills . . . when oil consumption is excessive, it's ten to one that the cylinders in which the pistons operate have become actually larger through wear. The worn piston rings no longer seal the cylinders. Consequently, compression in the firing chamber is not built up to its most efficient point . . . and oil escapes up into the firing chamber where it is uselessly burned into carbon.

You need new piston rings. But, it is obvious that the same piston ring set-up can't be satisfactory for every type of cylinder condition. Good mechanics recognize that there are three basic conditions of cylinder wear, and that for each you need a specific piston ring set-up. Only American Hammered repairmen are equipped with the three different piston ring set-ups necessary to overcome all cylinder conditions.

KOPPERS COMPANY
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Baltimore, Md.

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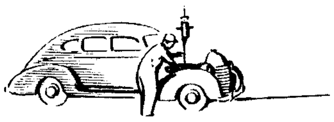
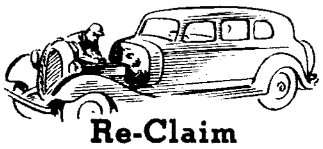
Re-Ring

If your car has never needed new piston rings before, and the cylinder taper is under .015". . . the most satisfactory ring installation will be the American Hammered Flexible OilCutter Set-up. These flexible rings immediately conform to the out-of-round or enlarged cylinder walls and restore compression and oil control to the point of new car efficiency. Whether or not this particular set-up is right for your engine will be determined by your American Hammered repairman on the strictly scientific basis of actually measuring the cylinder taper. His recommendation will be made on fact alone.



Re-Bore

If your car has had a previous installation of replacement piston rings, or the cylinder taper is .015" or over . . . your most satisfactory solution will be a re-bore. In this case, your repairman will rebore the engine block, making the cylinders slightly larger and mechanically perfect. Except for the change in size, your cylinders will then be exactly as they were when the car was new. In this case, the American Hammered Conventional OilCutter Set-up will be installed by your American Hammered repairman.



Re-Claim

Sometimes a car owner, for one reason or another, will decide against the greater cost of a re-bore job even though cylinder taper is over .015". Then, the only installation to use is the American Hammered Steel-Edge Set-up. The multiple piece Steel-Edge Oil Ring provides perfect oil control even in badly tapered and out-of-round cylinders. As is the case in all installations, your American Hammered repairman will make his recommendations strictly on the basis of fact.

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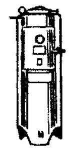

Koetherizing makes any ring job a better job

Piston rings are not the only elements to suffer as a car builds up mileage. Usually the piston skirts collapse, making the operation of the engine very noisy. Koetherizing is the only process that will permanently correct this condition, by expanding the skirt out to original factory fit—and believe it or not—it is very inexpensive. In most cases, it will save the high cost of piston replacement. From coast to coast . . . the best mechanics insist on Koetherizing every piston on ring replacement jobs.

The Choice of those to whom Transportation is a Business

American Hammered
Piston Rings

a **KOPPERS** *product*

Thirty Grand, Goodby

Continued from page 15

at Frankie. He loved the punches. . . .

Joe Dixon, the promoter over at the Miami Arena, said, "I know how it is, Danny. Sure I know. It's tough, but I can't put you on. I ain't got a spot. I got boys signed up for the next six shows. Anyhow that hand of yours ain't worth a nickel."

Danny said, "Don't gimme that stuff, Joe. You're not talking to a Golden Glover. I've been around. You know damned well I'd pack this joint for you, only Lew Katz wouldn't like it. You have twenty of Lew's bums signed already, an' you're gonna have a nice humpty-dumpty for Jook to knock over, too. Don't gimme that stuff, Joe."

The promoter turned his head to spit, and also to think. He said, "The feud's between you an' Lew, Danny. It's no skin off me."

"Well, it's plenty skin off me! It's thirty grand off me. It's bread and butter. How the hell you expect me to get up there again if I don't get a chance to fight?"

"You got a gas station, Danny. You an' Frankie is doin' all right. Hands like yours don't get better."

"You mean you hope it doesn't get better! You mean I'm marked lousy and I can go shadow-box and go whistle! Well, not me, Joey: Little Danny doesn't stay out in the cold. I'll bust your lousy business down the middle. I'll fight Manders again. I'll fight 'im if I have to fight 'im in the street."

JOE DIXON made a prune of his face, He looked very displeased. He said, "Don't get so tough, Danny. You bore me. You go tell your troubles to Lew. He ain't hard to find."

"I'll tell my troubles to Lew, all right. You tell me where I can see him, smart guy," and Joe Dixon appeared amused by these words, so that Danny asked, "You mean he's in town?"

"You know damned well he's in town. It ain't news to you," the promoter said, but Danny hadn't known that Lew was in town. "You'll find 'im any night at the Island Casino. He just took over the joint."

"I'll go over and spit in his potatoes," said Danny, and he picked up his hat, and went out into the bright day where the sun bounced off the concrete walk, and everything was white, particularly the clothes on the people. He was a little bit dizzy and he didn't know what to do. He drove back to the gas station and Frankie asked him, "How ya make out, pal?" although Frankie could tell without asking, just by looking at his face.

He told Frankie and Frankie scratched one of his fricasseed ears and called Joe Dixon and Lew Katz some fine names that take the enamel off your teeth when you keep them in your mouth. He said, "I was upta Fort Lauderdale. Andy Gibbons's gotta place up there, ya know. It's a stink hole an' they don't pay off much."

"What about it, Frankie?"

"Ya kin have Farmer Winton up there Friday night, Danny. They want heavyweights in the windup. It's ten rounds an' ya get two hundred bucks. I told Andy ya ain't had time to train, but I tell 'im we might be interested. I had an idea what Dixon'd say, Danny."

"I don't want to fight the Farmer," Danny said. "I could knock him over with my elbows."

"It's two hundred bucks. It's a workout."

Danny wasn't in bad shape at all. Because in Miami he had been able to run endlessly along the white flat of the beach to strengthen his legs and his lungs, against the day when he might be needing his full energies again.

Farmer Winton was an elegant lump of lard who filled a corner of the ring on Friday night in the Play Palace, a trembling assemblage of wood where people roller-skated when the bargain rate wrestlers and the five-dollar pugs were not performing. It held maybe fifteen hundred customers, and there was one big light over the ring when Danny went through the ropes and shook hands with the huge, amiable Farmer. The floor boards trembled when the Farmer moved.

Danny walked out at the bell and moved around this pile of flesh, seeking a trial location for his doubtful left hand, and hoping he could make things painless for the sake of the Farmer. He put his left hand lightly and speculatively into the Farmer's features, and then moved away from a cumbersome counter.

He tried the left hand again to the big man's chin, lightly, and only to keep the Farmer off balance, and then, because he saw a hanging and inviting section of chin, he threw his right hand rather vigorously and the Farmer went over on his back and did not get up. He didn't want to.

The exhibition was strictly a stinko, and the outraged clients threw pennies and peanuts into the ring. The announcer couldn't get any words out of his mouth because the abused fans were louder, so that Danny had to stand in the middle of this shame, while Frankie draped an old robe around his shoulders. They climbed out of the ropes and down the creaky steps of the ring and two cops helped them get through the crowd and to the dressing room.

He said to Frankie, "I can't stand them laughing at me and calling me a bum, and you know what they can do with their two hundred bucks!"

"It ain't nobody's fault but the Farmer's, Danny. The Farmer is a careful fella. He don't wanta get hurt. He is nobody's slob. He gets paid anyhow."

"Take a look at me," said Danny. "I am the Farmer's slob and Jook Mander's slob and Lew Katz's slob. I am the all-time, all-time slob. I used to be a big shot, Frankie. I used to get big dough an' they didn't laugh."

"Me, too," said Frankie the Fruitcake. "I used to get big dough but they always laughed. Don't let it getcha."

DANNY didn't care to go home and sing his troubles to Marge. He'd sung them long enough. He used to sing them when his hand was bad, and then, when he grew weary of complaining, they would dream of the day when his hand would be good, and when a guy twenty-five years old and full of young strength could punch himself all the way up the stairs to the top.

He rolled home in the coupé with Frankie and he said to Frankie, "I have some business downtown an' I'll be about an hour. You tell Marge about the fight for me, will you, Frankie? I don't feel like it."

Frankie said gloomily, "I know how you feel, kid. I know how it is. Don' ya do nothin' foolish now, Danny."

Danny didn't know whether it would be foolish or not, but he threw the coupé in gear and he went fast along the beach road for maybe two miles and then west across a causeway toward the Island Casino.

The Casino was squat on an artificial island that sat in the low water of Biscayne Bay.

ORIGINAL

o-rig-i-nal (o-rij-i-nal) a. 1. Of or pert. to the origin or beginning; first in order or existence. 2. Not copied, reproduced or translated; novel; fresh.

(from Webster's Dictionary)

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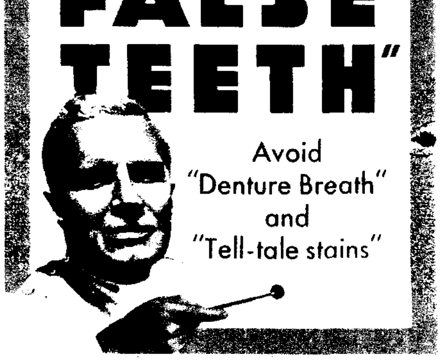

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Danny turned his car through the gate and braked it down the drawbridge that led to the acre of island. He parked it where a guy told him to park it, and then he got out of his car, and his legs were feathery light, and the muscles were big and loose in his back, and he wondered what Jook Manders might do if he got suddenly belted across the beard. Danny didn't know for certain how tough he intended to be. There was a large man at the door in a stiff shirt and a white tie and a very flat face. He knew who Danny was and Danny knew who he was, but the guy just said, "Your membership card?"

Danny laughed. "Don't be silly," he said, and he kept on walking up the stairs and into Lew's new place. It was some place. The band blew its music very soft and the waiters moved gracefully everywhere, always carrying tall, icy drinks, and all wearing white, and moving like ghosts, except that their faces were black. Danny looked around, and then walked toward the annex where he knew the crap game had always been, and the roulette and the bird cage, with its busy dice, and the other things. He walked, with his cat's walk, and he knew that people were watching, the right people and the wrong people. He saw Lew Katz and Lew saw him and the two of them moved together.

Lew said, "Hello, Danny," and put out his hand, but Danny kept his hands in his pockets. Lew Katz was a tidy little man, maybe forty, with a ferret's eyes and prominent teeth, who looked like a weasel with pants on.

"You like a little roulette?" Lew asked cordially. "You could make them two hundred bucks grow big."

"Maybe you'd like them, too," Danny said. "You could add them to the thirty grand you stole. It would be very funny. Me fighting in Andy Gibbons' lousy joint and you gettin' the two hundred."

Katz's lips went over his teeth because Danny's voice was loud. But Danny's voice grew louder, and it wounded him that Lew should know he was up at Andy Gibbons' joint. It hurt him even more to see that Lew was so prosperous now, with all the nice people inside his doors, and all of them spending their money.

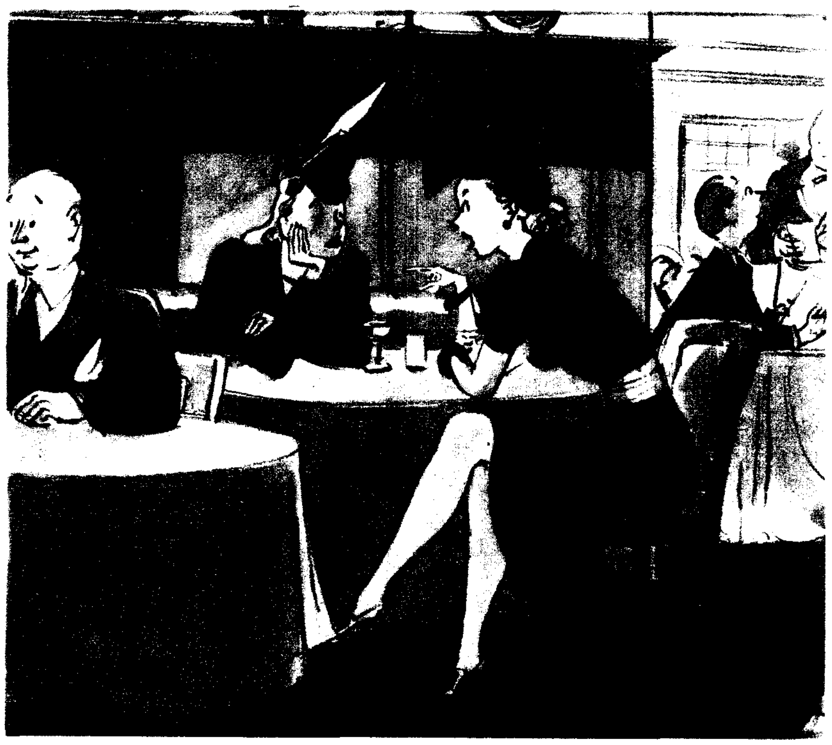
Lew didn't like the stink that Danny was raising, and softly he complained, "This is a nice place, Danny. If we got a difference of opinion we can talk inside," and calmly walked away; and because Danny could do no other, he trailed along, biting his lips and closing his mouth, but wanting so badly to shout some more. He wondered where Jook Manders might be hiding.

When Danny had followed Lew inside his office, Lew turned and closed the door. They stood there on the thick rug, with the shiny mahogany furniture and the tidy filing cabinets around them. Neither said anything for an endless minute and both of them grew nervous. The door opened again and two men walked in; the first of them was the big, flat-faced guy Danny had met downstairs, and his name was Doctor Abel Brown, and once upon a time he had been a wrestler.

THE other man was just as big, but Danny didn't know his name. He was new talent and he certainly was large. This last man locked the door, and Danny's mouth turned up a little in the corners and his hands perspired. He was somewhat worried by all this muscle-making. He had a wife at home. He wondered where Jook might be. He said to Lew, "I suppose this makes you very happy, you worm head. Get these bulldogs away before I bite them."

Proof of Danny's statement was about to be requested, because it hurt the professional feelings of Doctor Abel Brown, who came very close. The doctor had something in his hands, probably knucks. So Danny punched himself out of a momentary panic with a right hand that hit Doctor Abel in the middle and bounced him off a wall. Then Danny had to be faster than the other guy, who had a blackjack in his hand. Danny used his legs as the other man was unable to, and picked up a metal book end with a sweep of his left hand. He slipped away from the giant's advance, then slapped him across the mouth with the book end. Goliath went down very slowly, raining teeth that bounced like white dice upon the carpet.

Danny walked straight into Doctor Abel Brown, who was returning from the wall, and splashed the doctor with another right hand. It was a small achievement, because a good fighter throws a very fine punch, and a bad wrestler has a very stiff neck, and does not absorb this manner of shock. He hit the other man once again with the



"They had the license and were waiting out the five days when she met somebody else"

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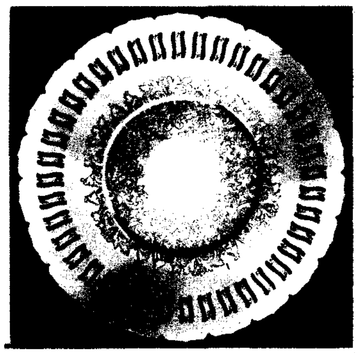

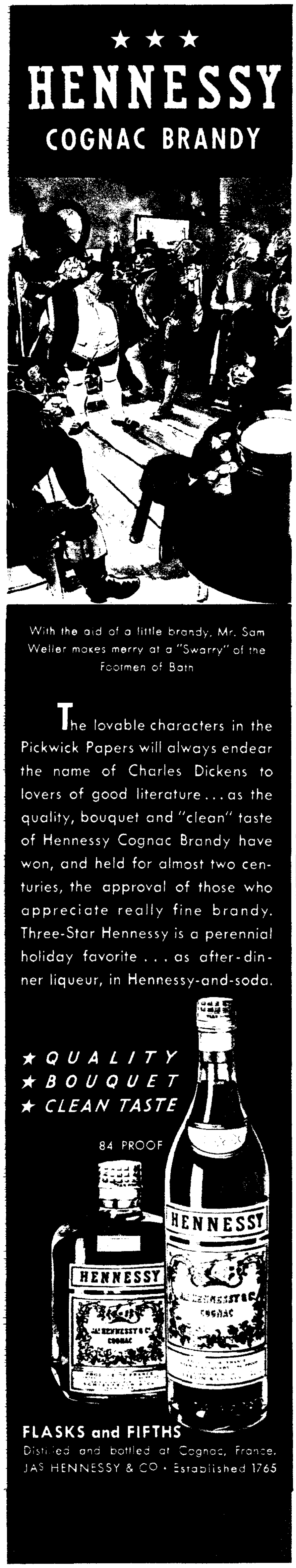
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book end, not too hard but hard enough, and when he turned around Lew Katz was very frightened and white in his thin face, and there was a gun in his hand.

Danny had never lived like this before and he had never done things like this before, and he was walking with a cloak of heroism about him that men wear once or twice in a lifetime. Danny just loved the way things were going and he said, "You are a prize punk, Lew."

He took the gun away from Lew and slapped him twice across the face, and then he put the gun very close to Lew, so that if it went off, it would certainly make a hole in his head. "With me, it's different," Danny said. "I'm a bum with one hand. I'm on the bread line. But I can't miss from here."

Lew Katz said, "You can't do that, Danny! You wouldn't dare do that!"

Danny knew perfectly well he wouldn't dare do that, but he said, "There are worse crimes than killing you. Like the business you gave me when I fought Manders. You were my manager then, Lew, and things were just beautiful. I was the boy who was gonna be champ, till I busted my hand and Jook nearly killed me. I had thirty-two thousand bucks coming to me that night. You gimme two, and you kept the thirty, and that's exactly what you owe me."

Lew Katz didn't say a thing. Danny's eyes settled on the safe in the wall and Danny got bright. "You dig it out, Lew, and put it on the desk," he said. "You dig it out right now or you are a dead monkey."

"I ain't got thirty thousand ready cash, Danny. I ain't got that much I tell ya!"

"Open the safe and we'll find out," Danny said. He slapped Lew in the mouth again and shoved the gun into his back, and Lew's thin fingers went around on the dial and the safe came open, and inside it looked like a national bank.

Danny shoved Lew away and he counted out thirty gees. He counted the cash exactly and put the rest of it back in the safe. He disposed of Lew Katz by hitting him on the chin, and then he wiped off the little gun with Lew's pocket handkerchief and dropped the whole thing in the wastebasket under the desk.

When it was over he was trembling badly, and he wanted swiftly to get away. There had been no conspicuous noise in the office, and there was a door that led to the veranda outside. He slipped out the door, with the flat money filling all of his pockets, scarcely bulging, and he walked quietly down the stairs from the veranda and into his car and got the hell away from there.

FRANKIE said, "Thirty grand! Gee, he done it! Ya give it to 'em, pally. Ya hit that Doctor Abel Brown right in the puss!"

Naturally, Frankie was delighted, and it did seem rather wonderful to Danny when he thought it over, and while Marge was extremely frightened, she was also immensely proud, and she said, "It was your money, darling. Nobody has a better right to it than you. It's certainly not stealing."

"No, it's not stealing," Danny said. "But it isn't healthy, either."

Frankie said, "Somebody gimme a nickel. Gimme a nickel quick," and Danny had one in his trousers. "What's it all about?" he wanted to know.

"I gotta call Nick Bagley," Frankie said. "Nick's a pal an' a honest man. He don't like Lew."

When he came back, he told them what he'd done, and it was positively a wonderful idea.

"It's like this," said Frankie. "Lew's gonna say ya robbed 'im; you're gonna say Lew's a liar, an' they're gonna say where'd Danny get that kinda dough if he didn't rob it? You say you win it on horses; you win it from Nick Bagley. They ask Nick an' Nick says it happens just like that. Nick knows Lew is a thief; he knows Lew gives you the finger, Danny. It makes him very happy he can give that finger back to Lew."

Marge ran her soft, slender hands through Danny's hair, the way she always did when he was tired, when he was troubled. Only now he wasn't tired. He was only troubled. She kissed him on his closed eyes and she said, "There won't be any worry now, Danny. You've got the money and it's more than we need. You're not going to get hurt. I know you're not going to get hurt, darling. You know how to take care of yourself."

But Danny knew this wasn't enough. He wasn't going to sit on his bundle of dough like an egg and wait for it to hatch. He could see another door open *in the house of his ambition. Another* way out, and maybe a foolish one, and one that scared him again, and made him cling more closely to his wife who thought he was such a hell of a guy.

THE horses were running at Hialeah and the bright day splashed on the color of the infield and made a dazzling mirror of the water in the lake, in which the foolish flamingos could admire themselves. The thoroughbreds cakewalked to the barrier, their proud heads erratic and protesting against the reins. Danny saw all this; and then he saw Jook Manders walking busily toward him with his manager, Lew Katz.

Lew said, "You can't do that to me, you two-dollar bum! You got twenty-four hours to get up that dough!"

"I'm laughing," Danny said. "Who saw me get that dough? Who knows how much was in that safe? When you pile up sucker money nobody knows how much you got. I took thirty gees, no more, no less. It was mine." He paused, because Frankie the Fruitcake was walking out of the paddock with Nick Bagley to join them. Danny continued:

"Nick here's had a tough time with me, Lew. Nick will tell you an' the world I won over thirty thousand bucks from him the last few days. That's why I have so much ready cash. That's right, isn't it, Nick?"

Nick amiably agreed how that was right.

"But I'm strictly your humpty-dumpty, Lew," Danny continued, "and I'll put that thirty gees with Ed Forsythe, sports editor of the Miami Record, and those thirty gees will all say I can punch the ears off your little boy, Jook, an' you only have to put up another thirty that says I can't."

Lew Katz didn't believe it at first and it was his habit to smell his way around all the new angles. He said, "Yer crazy. My Jook put lumps on you already. You got one hand and one big mouth. Yer just talkin'. Jook'd kill ya!"

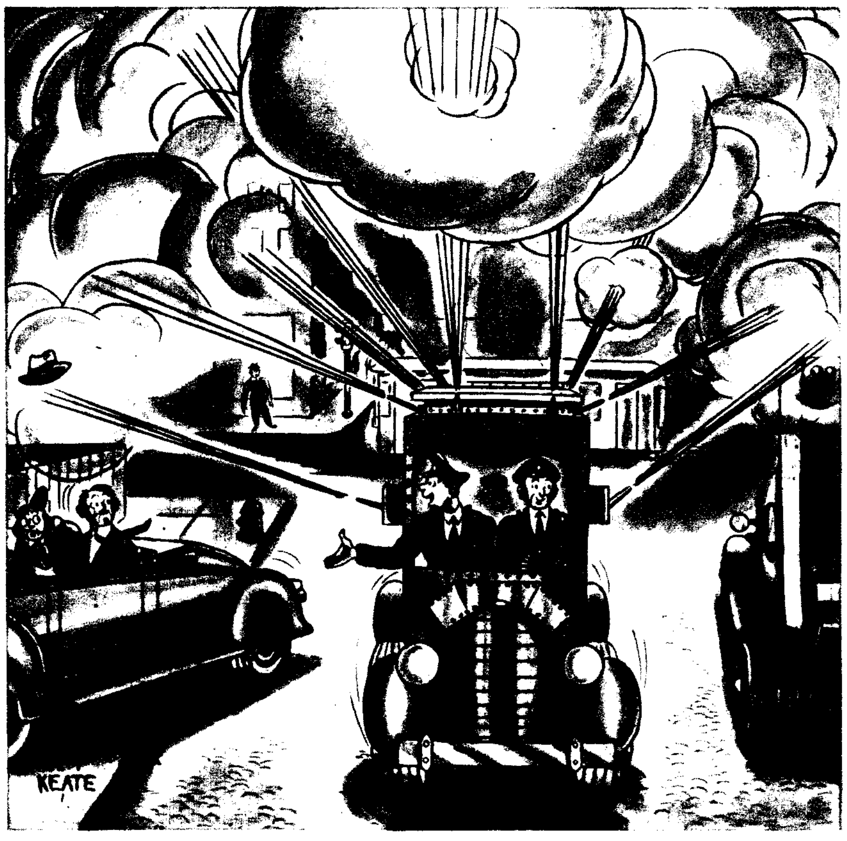
Danny spread both his hands. "Then you get the thirty gees and my wife gets the insurance. Personally I can lick Jook without any hands, without even a haircut."

Jook wished to prove otherwise in an *amateur way at Hialeah*, but Lew Katz said, "There's money in punchin' this bum. You can have that fight, Danny. You can have it over at the arena. Ten rounds. You put up the thirty gees with Forsythe. You fight three weeks from tonight or you don't fight at all!"

"I can't get in shape in three weeks, you Shylock! I haven't fought since the last time, an' Farmer Winton doesn't count. I haven't had a glove on."

"That's exactly the idea," said Lew. "Three weeks." Danny watched the little man walk away with Jook, and while they were walking, he knew that's the way it was going to be, in three short weeks, under the lights with Jook, come fair or foul, come good hand or bad hand, despite the condition he might be in. He had no other choice.

JACK DUFFY, the traffic cop who stood hugely through most of the day on a corner of Flagler Street, was a pal of Frankie's and a patient man; he could wait to get paid for his service as a spar mate. Jack was a good worker, but he always wheezed when the punches poured back and forth for a round or two. Mike Farber, Philadelphia's human sofa, was out of work, and Mike could be persuaded by the smell of a



"Sorry, Jack—our horn isn't working!" JEFF KEATE broiling steak. Too bad he couldn't fight. And there was Eddie Gleason, the Newark light-heavy, smart, shifty and a little old, but fond of Danny. And these were the boys who worked with Danny and attempted the miracle of getting him ready for Jook.

Danny was a million miles away from competitive form, and his timing was all in his wrist watch. He knew this when he couldn't put a hand on elusive Eddie, and when his more serious swipes went aimlessly around the fat jowls of Duffy and Farber. But he poured it on and he worked too hard, and Frankie saw this and he said to Danny, "You can't leave it all here, kid. You gotta save some for Jook. Don' kill yerself; it ain't worth it."

"I'm drawn tight," Danny said. "I can't sleep; I can't stand still. When I work I don't sweat. What the hell is wrong with me?"

He knew what was wrong with himself and so did Frankie. You can't wipe out in three weeks of furious effort the accumulated damage of a year and a half away from your trade.

THUS Danny walked down the middle of the Miami Arena, with the fighting gloves already on his hands, and his eyes with very little life, not blinking at the great lights up ahead. He had Marge's kiss still hot and fragrant on his lips, and he had Frankie walking down beside him, and another guy from New York whose name was Teddy Fantini, a very able handler. He was carrying a lot of weight when he went up the steps of the ring, and hope had shriveled in his chest, and he had mortgaged himself and Frankie and his wife.

The thirty grand was in the hands of Sports Editor Forsythe, and it might as well be traveling with the winds.

Lew Katz was in the ring with Jook, and Lew knew well how Danny's training had gone. Lew made it his scientific business to know these things, and Lew was going to take a pretty profit. There they were now, in the middle of the ring, and the mechanical bugs of the telegraphers were spitting sound around the ringside, and there were the familiar faces you would see at a New York fight, because Miami in February and Broadway at other times are pretty much the same. There was Doctor Barrow sitting up in front.

Danny went back to his corner and shed the brown robe from his shoulders.

Jook Manders was big and deep in the chest and he had a little head that was hard to find with a glove. His legs tapered thin and tidy, like Dempsey's, and his left hand was a whip with the power of a rifle. He didn't miss.

The bell rang. Danny walked out behind the barricade of his arms, right into Jook, and threw a few short punches inside and blew his nose in the hair of Manders' chest. He turned Jook around and belted him contemptuously across the ears in a gesture of defiance.

Jook moved away from this theatrical display and hitched at his trunks. He grinned a little grin and filled Danny with sharp left hands, then wisely got away. He was a beautiful workman, and so was Danny, for a little while.

The pattern of the fight unwound and Danny got better as he went along, sticking his left out straight and maneuvering smoothly, and once in a while tossing a right hand down the groove, yet seldom connecting with Jook, who was cagey....

They were in the fourth, and suddenly the juice ran out of Danny's legs, as he had feared it might, and as it always does with legs not sufficiently trained. It wasn't perceptible at first, and it just robbed a fraction of his speed. The blood welled in Danny's mouth, and he swallowed what there was of it, so that Jook wouldn't see it and the crowd wouldn't see it.

He had trouble in the sixth. A right hand he couldn't move away from, and after the thud of the glove against his cheek, the laces ripped along and opened his flesh. A left came up hard inside, and he went down. He caught the count at "five" and climbed aboard his feet, the best he could, and wrapped his head in his arms and walked back at Jook, as he was not expected to, and this broke the rhythm of Jook's punches, sent them over Danny's head, and finally the bell took Jook away from Danny.

Frankie said softly, "I don't think Jook's got any more left, pal. Ya just go out now an' punch with two hands."

The bell sent him back to war and Danny went stubbornly out and Jook's leather stung against his face, and Danny hated Jook very heartily, and Lew Katz who was back there, squat on the steps, very happy with the way things were going.

Danny found he was somewhat alive, and that the next one Jook bounced off his features didn't scramble his brain entirely. So let Jook dance so very fancy; let the lousy leather rain! Danny was flat on his solid feet, shuffling in, as he used to when his hands were good. And now he threw a short left hook to Jook's advancing head, and it didn't hurt the hand, but it must certainly have hurt the head.

Jook's eyes were a little doubtful and Danny kept on coming, and found his face cracking like cheap leather from the spread of his grin, and it was almost fun standing there with Jook, throwing whatever you had left of yourself, and refusing to die when you should be dead. He felt pressure around his arms and he knew that Jook was holding, and that, indeed, was an excellent sign. He stuck his right hand under Jook's heart, and tossed another left that was high and powerful to the head, and he ignored rather gleefully whatever came his way.

So when the eighth came around there wasn't much to choose between them, because Danny's insides were gone, but Jook's heart was also gone, and one of these things is as important as the other. Slowly Jook moved away from the constant fire, and his stylish class evaporated with his pride, so that Danny pushed him up against the ropes. His arm was slow in coming up, but it caught Jook under the chin, and Jook went over slowly, rolling on his back, and the thunder was rolling as well; it was rolling from the crowd, and it was a helluva thing to see Jook Manders on the canvas, and Lew Katz where he stood back of the corner.

DANNY stood over in the neutral he had found for himself, and he could feel himself grow stronger in the spirit, if not in the flesh, as the referee's arm went up and down in the dramatic toll, and Jook did not get up. Frankie came through the ropes, like a frog with the hotfoot, grabbing him around the middle and not permitting his great body to sag.

Frankie led him around the ring, and let him drink in the wild noise of the mob that had come back to him, and was now his own, because he'd won it with his fists. Then Frankie said to Lew Katz, "Look out! They's a cop behind ya!" and Lew, turning swiftly about, fell down the ring steps on the back of his neck, pleasing both Frankie and Danny.

They went through the crowd and to the wonderful showers, where the steam and the ice water were kind to Danny's nerves. Then the cop at the door let Marge come in, and she clung to Danny desperately while Frankie scratched his ear. And they were back on the big time, the three of them, and they could hear the crowd roar, still rising in the outdoor night.

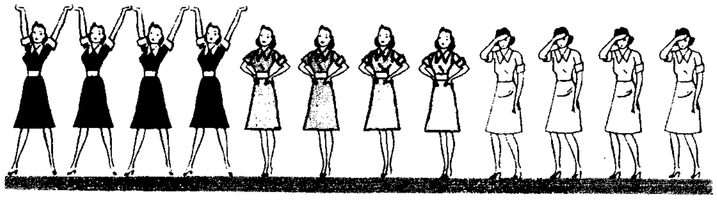
THEY WERE TIRED OF BEAUTY

Long hours, irregular eating, and constant standing make beauty shop operators some of the most tired women in the country. Here's what happened to 12 of them, working in busy shops, when they offered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days!

66% FEEL LESS TIRED

Of the 12 beauticians, 8 completed the 28-day test. 7 out of the 8 reported extremely beneficial results, from "no tiredness in the morning" to more energy for after hours. 1 was moderately benefited. The 4 not finishing the trial got no results.

58% TO CONTINUE KNOX

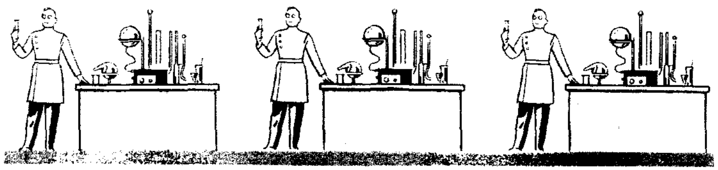


2 weeks later, the 8 operators were checked again. 4 were going right along on Knox, because they wanted to *keep* their energy *up!* 3 had "forgotten," felt tired again, and planned to resume. The 8th said she would take it again if she "got feeling tired."

90% WOMEN APPLAUD KNOX

Over 100 housewives, stenographers, dancers, models took certified tests on Knox Gelatine. 9 out of 10 completing the test said Knox noticeably increased their energy. In addition, special groups doing extremely fatiguing work (beauticians and saleswomen) were tested. All completing the test said Knox cut down that tired feeling.

COLLEGE LABORATORIES SAY SO



Tests by college physiologists proved scientifically that Knox Gelatine builds up endurance for *both men and women.* No less than 40 football coaches who tested Knox on their football teams last Fall report that Knox does build stamina and fight fatigue.

TIRED? Why be tired? And why force yourself with temporary stimulants? The better way is to *build up your endurance.* This is now very simple ...thanks to this amazing discovery. Just take 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine every day for 2 weeks, then 2 envelopes a day for 2 weeks. After that, take as required.

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Be sure to take plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.) in Knox sanitary envelopes. Knox is the only gelatine *proved* to increase endurance. It is bacteriologically controlled to standards even higher than certified milk. Each dose sealed in special sanitary envelope, protected from contamination *until you use it.* Buy the regular 4-envelope kitchen package, or the new money-saving 32-envelope package. At your grocer's. Or write the Knox Gelatine Co. Also send for new bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, New York, Dept. 70.

HOW TO TAKE Knox Gelatine for endurance: Empty 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in glass ¾ full of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine Stir briskly and drink before it thickens.

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Fight Fatigue With KNOX GELATINE

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Bully-Boy Microbe

Continued from page 19

to cover an inch? It seemed preposterous but chemistry offered a way out. The chemical approach was to dissolve billions of bacteria and then work on the resulting batch of debris.

Using such a procedure, Drs. Michael Heidelberger and O. T. Avery, workers at the Rockefeller Institute, chipped off a fraction of the pneumonia microbe in 1923. The fraction, they found, was a complex sugar molecule—a polysaccharide. It wasn't, said the dark, scholarly Heidelberger, the antigen for which they had been searching. So this SSS (soluble specific substance) was more or less filed away. Then, in 1927, two German workers named Schiemann and Casper announced that SSS *did* look like antigen.

No Cause for Excitement

Felton, who had been working at Harvard along similar lines, flew off on this track. Microbes were stewed up into a witch's broth and SSS was extracted. The white, powdery stuff, which looked like ordinary table sugar, was dissolved in salty water and shot into the tail veins of mice.

The big moment came when Felton began inoculating mice with pneumonia microbes. If the antigen had worked—if it had caused the mice to build antibodies—they would survive. If it hadn't they would die. For such work the mouse is a superb subject. He has no immunity whatsoever to the bully-boy microbe which causes pneumonia. Incredible though it sounds, dilutions of culture containing but a single pneumococcus will kill a mouse!

Eighteen hours after being injected with the microbes the control mice began to die. These were the ones that got only the microbes—and none of the antigen. Felton waited impatiently. Thirty-six hours passed. This was the critical time. All mice in the control cage were dead by this time. But those that had gotten antigen lived—lived despite the fact that they had gotten walloping jolts of microbes that should have killed them several thousand times over. The stuff that looked like table sugar did protect—protect mice, that is.

Lab assistants burbled with excitement. Not Felton. He is not the excitable type. All that had been done so far, he pointed out, was to save the lives of a few insignificant mice. And there were too many mice in the world anyway. There were a few mild protests. "Dammit, enthusiasm doesn't make facts," he snapped. Everyone went back to work that was heart-breakingly tedious.

How much did this antigen increase the antibody content of mouse blood? How long did the protection hold up? How big a jolt of pneumococci would it fight off? Did it have any toxic qualities? Questions like these had to be answered with mice as the subjects before man could step into the picture.

For a while the laboratory fairly crawled with mice. There were mice with yellow dye on right forelegs, and mice with yellow dye on their backsides. Various markings told workers at a glance what combinations of antigen and microbes had been shot into the creatures. Work progressed at a feverish pace. Felton took time out at noon for a bottle of soft drink and a handful of crackers—his usual lunch—but spent the rest of his time at a workbench. The day finally arrived when it looked safe to try antigen on human subjects.

Lab workers rolled up their sleeves. First they donated a little blood that would be tested for antibody content. Then they got shots of antigen. Another blood withdrawal two weeks later would show whether there was a large enough increase of antibodies to stave off pneumonia.

After their vaccinations, arms swelled painfully. Felton's puffed up like a sausage balloon and turned black and blue. (It developed later that these initial shots were four times too large, but that is getting ahead of the story.)

Two weeks later came tests that told the story. If the antigen had worked there would be a tremendous increase in antibodies in the blood and these antibodies would protect men against pneumonia. They would also protect mice. The test was simple enough. Blood was withdrawn from vaccinated lab assistants and whirled in a centrifuge—the laboratory's version of the cream separator—to remove red cells. The serum, or "white" blood would contain whatever antibodies were present. If rich in this protection it would save lives of mice which had also been shot with killing pneumococci. Mice lived after receiving thousands of lethal shots of microbes. The antigen did give human beings protection.

This thing held out magnificent promise—promise that people need no longer die at the hands of a cruel killer. But Felton was not interested in promises. He wanted facts and there was only one way to get them. It was readily apparent that thousands—perhaps hundreds of thousands—of people would have to be vaccinated. Only in this way would it be possible to tell the effect of the vaccine on the relatively small number of people that normally get pneumonia.

Before undertaking such a huge project, another thought occurred to Felton. Why not pick a few people predisposed to pneumonia, people who had had the disease several times, and try it on them? See if it would ward off future attacks? Thirteen subjects were selected for this experimental trial balloon. One youngster in the group had been sick with pneumonia thirteen times—every year since his second birthday. Inoculations for this series of patients began in 1929. No more pneumonia has appeared in the group since that date.

Conditions Made to Order

For his large-scale project Felton was presented with a nice problem. How could he get the thousands of subjects needed? And how could he follow them afterward to find what results the vaccine turned in? Why not use CCC boys? Since they lived under controlled conditions and had constant medical supervision they made ideal subjects. The all-important matter of records could be solved easily. Felton approached Army doctors. They were enthusiastic for a number of reasons.

In peacetime, pneumonia presents no particular problem to the Army. As a cause of death it ranks behind automobiles and suicide. But in wartime, pneumonia is quite another matter. With thousands of men crowded into hastily constructed barracks, pneumonia becomes a problem nearly as large as enemy bullets. In the World War, for example, the disease killed 19,000 American soldiers.

The Army promised fullest co-operation, and inoculations began in December, 1933. That year 3,000 CCC boys volunteered for vaccination. Case records were kept on a second unvaccinated group of 9,000 men. These were the controls. Cases began to appear in the unvaccinated group—eight in all. Two of the boys died. Not a case appeared in the group that got Felton's vaccine.

Army men were enthusiastic, but Felton ripped into the figures. There were only 3,000 vaccinated men. Normally one out of 500 would have got the disease. That meant only six cases. The fact that six men, lost somewhere in that group, didn't get pneumonia meant precisely nothing. More likely than not, individual good health or good luck had protected them. It was a strange reaction from Felton. It was the scientist in him speaking. Wait until next winter, he said, and let's try again—with more men.

Vaccinations started with a new group of men the following November. This time there were 14,000 who got the shots, and 14,000 who didn't. In the unvaccinated group there were 23 cases of pneumonia and two deaths. In the vaccinated group there were no deaths. Thirteen men got the disease and five of these cases were extremely mild.

These figures pleased Felton far more than those produced in the previous year. Not for a moment had he thought—or hoped—that his vaccine would give complete protection. There was too much variation in individual reactions. But if it would radically reduce the case rate, and perhaps weaken the disease when it did strike, that would mark a highly gratifying start. The vaccine had done these jobs.

Vaccine for these cases had been made in Felton's own laboratory but facilities were not available for its production on a really large scale. So Army doctors asked him if he wouldn't set up operations in conjunction with their vaccine plant at the Army Medical School in Washington. This laboratory produces all the typhoid vaccine required by the Army. It is probably the cleanest spot on earth—as nearly bacteria-free as human ingenuity can make it.

Figures That Tell the Story

The Army went to work in this fabulously clean place. Buying prime beef in 200-pound lots, they stewed it into broth—food for pneumonia microbes. They harvested them by the billion and used chemical magic to chip off the wanted antigen. Doses of this stuff, packed in rubber-stoppered ampoules, went out to CCC camps all over the United States. The largest controlled experiment in medical history began.

Year by year the number of boys vaccinated rose. In the winter of 1937-38 it was 111,000. Last winter it was 115,000 and this year it will be 120,000. From these huge groups enough figures have developed to tell the story of the vaccine as it stands today. Among those inoculated, pneumonia occurs only half as frequently as it does with the controls; and the mortality rate among those who do contract the disease is slightly lower. When it does strike, it is often mild.

From present indications the vaccine appears to protect for one to two years. So far as Felton is concerned, it is still far from satisfactory. "I want a 100 per cent efficient prophylaxis against pneumonia," he says. "One that works only half the time isn't good enough." So he is striving for perfection. He has cut out for himself a job of staggering proportions. To be perfectly straight about what he is up to at the moment let's understand one thing: there is a different antigen for each of the 32 pneumonia microbes. The vaccine so far has contained only antigen for types I and II. These account for over 40 per cent of all cases.

Although this vaccine has been specifically designed to prevent these two types, a curious overlapping effect has been noted. In some instances the vaccine appears to ward off types of pneumonia for which it is not intended, and in others it lowers the violence of the disease when it does occur. To Felton this overlapping effect indicates one thing. Perhaps there is a common denominator for all the antigens. Hidden somewhere in the complex sugar molecules there may be a simple chemical substance which will prevent *all* pneumonia.

Not Everyone Needs Vaccine

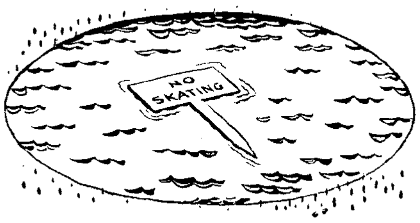
The thought is enticing. Felton has begun the search. Where it will lead no one can guess. Felton will not speculate but it appears possible that this common denominator will be the 100 per cent efficient prophylaxis he is seeking. If this search is fruitless there is yet another approach to a more efficient vaccine. Antigens for all 32 types can be mixed in one shotgun dose of vaccine.

As a corollary to this project, he is off on another job which is aimed at eliminating one of the objections to the vaccine as it stands today. Admitting its good qualities as proved by the CCC tests, how many people would be willing to take it? Assume that in a group of 500 people only one case of pneumonia will normally occur. Should all 500 undergo vaccination when it promises only half a chance for one of them to escape the disease? Felton says no. He is now attempting to perfect a skin test which will indicate *susceptibility* to pneumonia; just as the Schick test indicates a disposition toward diphtheria. By thus separating sheep from goats, the number of people requiring annual vaccination might be reduced materially.

These things—perfection of the test, and finding the common denominator of all the antigens—remain for the future. For the present the vaccine, which is not yet available to the general public, is turning in promising results. It has stopped epidemics in their tracks. One such case occurred in a boarding school in Virginia. The infirmary was filling rapidly and school authorities were sick with worry. The entire student body as well as the faculty got gentle jabs of vaccine and no more cases occurred.

Another time an outbreak occurred in a Massachusetts hospital for the insane. Eighty-four people went to the hospital with pneumonia and the outbreak appeared to be just getting under way. Then nineteen hundred people were vaccinated. After that only four new cases occurred. Three of these were people who had refused vaccination.

Chapters one and two in the long and disheartening story of pneumonia covered the development of serum, and sulfapyridine. These things save lives of people with the disease. Chapter three, far more dramatic, goes into the story of a vaccine which will keep millions of people from getting the disease in the first place. Admitting that Felton has a long way to go, he has at least made a start into this virgin territory.



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The Grapes of Raps

Continued from page 23

the ante to seventy thousand with no local stops and Mr. Steinbeck snapped it up.

And if he had his book today and owned the movie rights this minute, Mr. Steinbeck could sell them for three hundred thousand dollars to certain alarmed interests in California. Yes, sir, John certainly missed the boat. These alarmed interests would gladly pay the sum mentioned, and then place the book and the book rights in a heavy safe and row out on the Pacific Ocean and dump the whole thing overboard, so that nobody could ever make a movie around those migrant Steinbeck workers. Therefore, by selling out to Zanuck last spring and by not waiting and hanging onto his movie rights until this November, Steinbeck loses this year the sum of $230,000 which he may be able to deduct from his income tax if the light is bad.

It is the studio's glum belief at this time that the picture will not be released in California, a hotheaded and impulsive state, and that native sons wishful to see the Joads joading west will have to ride over to Phoenix or Dallas. I believe this is an erroneous conclusion and will bet money that in three months you can stroll into Los Angeles or Fresno and find movie theaters all over the place, and all of them loaded up with Grapes of Wrath. It will be first shown in New York City, the second week in January, and later in the Western parts after the repercussions have been analyzed.

It took John Ford seven weeks to lift the story from the book and impale it upon the screen and it cost the studio eight hundred thousand dollars, including twelve bucks for a razor that shaves you so you have a two-day growth of whiskers left. All the male characters have two-day whiskers and they had to stay that way. This money will all come rolling back into the studio till if Mr. Z. was right.

Objections Overcome by Ruse

When the company began shooting scenes down in Texas and Oklahoma, local chambers of commerce indicated by their attitude that the Grapes of Wrath painted a false picture of the poor folks and, therefore, a motion picture would only add to the falsity of the portrait. They were against it. So the movie people gave out that they were shooting a picture called Highway 66 and all was serene again.

Mr. Steinbeck is in no way like the standard, regular novelist or author with whom Hollywood is familiar. They had him down to the studio for one afternoon lately and naturally the cameraman tried to nail him. No soap. Likewise, no photos. He doesn't care for photography, doesn't like to see his picture in the morning paper and doesn't want people calling on him at his ranch, which is surrounded by a wire fence, not electrified. He furthermore doesn't care to be interviewed or to chat with starry-eyed young women writers for the film magazines and discuss with them the more delicate and intimate aspects of life, his ideas about love, matrimony, children, sex, horticulture and household dogs.

A college comrade tells me that Steinbeck was always looked upon as a peculiar bird, given to writing sketches and passing them around to the boys and girls. The same comrade adds the further news that for some years after his marriage, John Steinbeck and bride lived on twenty-five dollars a month, while he struggled with his art.

The movie just finished will be somewhat like the book, being an exact and precise copy of same, certain small details being elided to save the blushes of the young. All those words are left out. None of those words you wondered about will be heard on the screen and the ending has been hauled up, so that the film ends about half a chapter away from the book ending. I asked an expert in film statistics and, in his opinion, the picture will gross one million dollars in the first ten weeks and two million in six months, even if they leave California out.

The reason I think it's a good motion picture is that John Ford made it, but that doesn't mean anything, as I am a John Ford fan. It is my opinion that he can make anything. I believe John Ford can take as his story material the back end of the telephone book, some directions off a medicine bottle, a couple of old steamer-trunk labels, the opening gibberish from a James Joyce book and the rate card out of a San Luis Obispo hotel and immediately fashion and produce a motion picture of distinction, charm, drama and romance.

Twenty-four elderly and battered autos ride through the picture, their weary fenders drooping like a hound dog's ears. These were purchased from astounded dealers in used and discouraged cars, and although they look aged and infirm, they can all roll steadily and did, for they contain spang new engines and axles. The clothes to be seen in the drama were obtained from the Goodwill Society, which goes around collecting old garments you would otherwise dedicate to the moths.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

ROMANCE IN CRIMSON

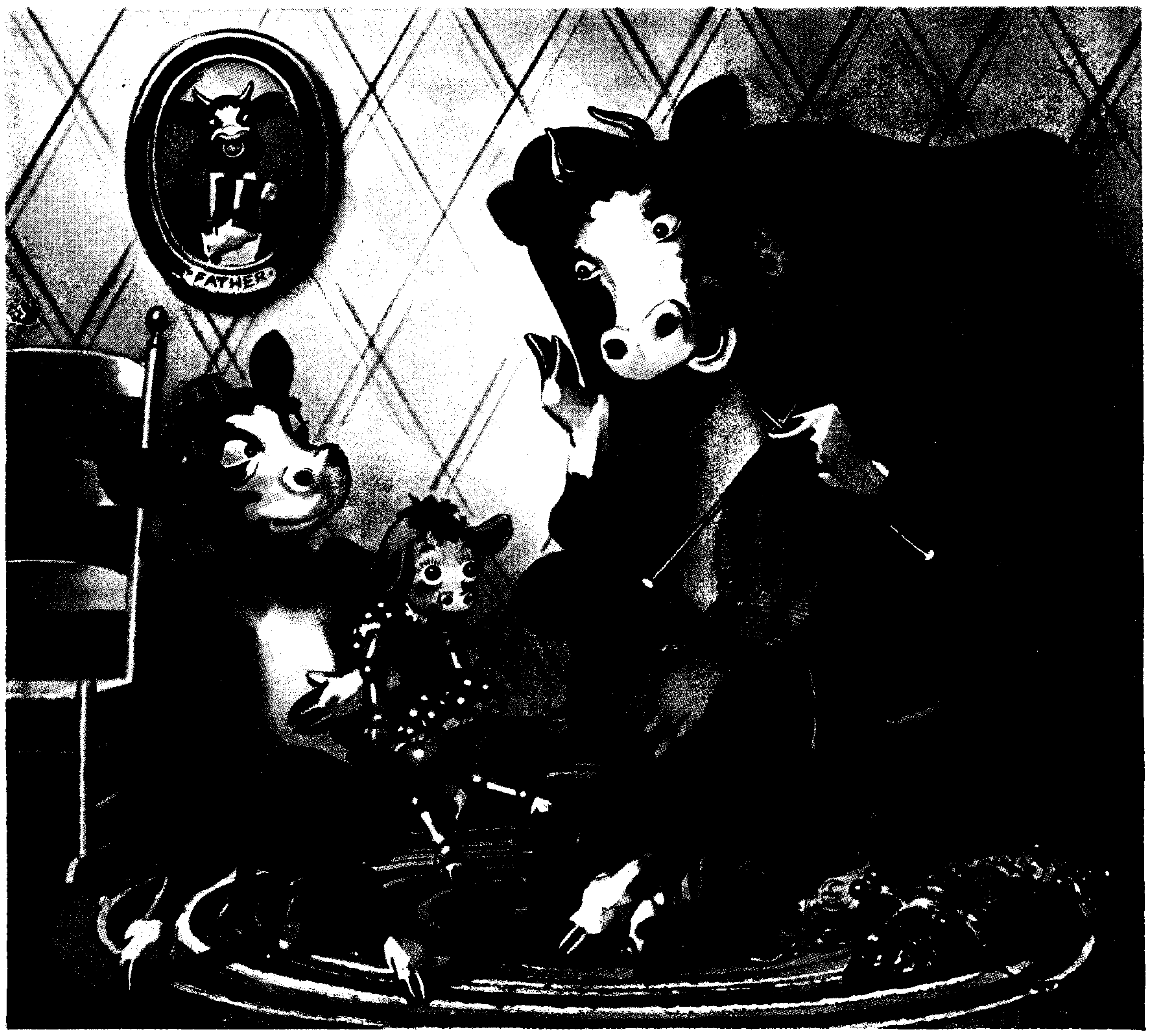
The story of a girl in bondage to a secret that couldn't be told until murder unsealed her lips—

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Not one of the actors or actresses uses so much as a tittle of make-up and nobody on salary was permitted to use perfume or have it around the camp. All the actors had to smell like nature made them. Henry Fonda plays Tom Joad and Jane Darwell is Ma Joad and John Carradine is Casy and Charlie Grapewin is Grandpa and Dorris Bowdon is Roshasharn and Russell Simpson is Pa Joad.

Nunnally Johnson is the associate producer and did the screen play, which was given the nod by Steinbeck. Alfred Newman wrote the music, Gregg Toland directed the photography, Thomas Little prepared the set decorations, Robert Simpson edited the film, Gwenn Wakeling handled the costumes and George Leverett and Roger Heman had charge of the sound. These are all the statistics you get from me, as night is falling fast.

Going back to the sad-eyed Okies on



"Beulah, it's time you learned some of the facts of life!"

Beulah, the calf, stared at Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"Facts, mother!" she asked: "What are they?"

"They're nice, useful things nobody can say 'no' to, darling," Elsie mooed.

"Like *milk,* mother?" the Calf maa-ed hopefully. (She was always hungry.)

Elsie ignored the hint. "Milk isn't exactly a fact. But the extra goodness of the Borden's Milk you'll soon be giving is. That's because you've been lucky enough to be born into the Borden family—where Borden scientific care starts keeping an eye on you from the moment you arrive."

Beulah looked puzzled. "You mean, mother, that the way I'm taken care of *now* will make my milk extra good *later on?"*

M-M-M—
BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Not only that," Elsie pointed out, "it makes all things that will be made from your milk extra good, too. For instance the *Borden's Ice Cream* that's always made from just such pure, delicious milk and cream as yours . . . And I know you're also going to be proud of the way babies depend on you—"

"Goodness. I don't have to be a *nursemaid,* too, do I?" gasped Beulah.

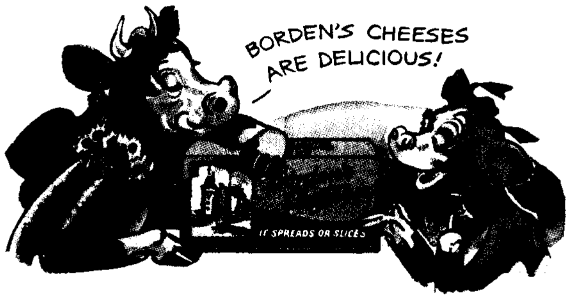
BABIES THRIVE ON BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

Elsie smiled. "Child, you'll give milk that—with Borden skill and care—becomes *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk.* And that's recommended by so many doctors for infant feeding, you'll find you're mighty important in the nursery. Furthermore, you'll be quite an influence in the *kitchen*—what with magic cooking—"

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR USE IN MAGIC RECIPES

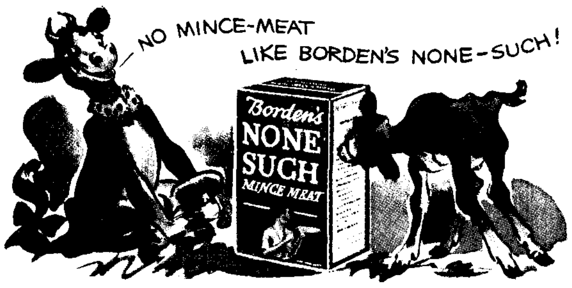
"Magic cooking!" Beulah interrupted again. "Why, I don't know a skillet from a salt shaker!"

"You'll do *your* part," explained Elsie, "when you furnish the milk that goes to make *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* And *that's* the magic that helps to make wonderful cookies and candies and cake frostings in almost *no* time.


BORDEN'S CHEESES ARE DELICIOUS!
IT SPREADS OR SLICES

"Your milk and the way it's taken care of," she went on, "will both have heaps to do with the grand flavor of *Borden's Family of Fine Cheeses.* And in the case of *Borden's Chateau,* there's a very special flavor no one else has ever been able to copy—a flavor Borden gives it by using fine, costly, aged cheese."

"Mother," said Beulah, happily, "I think it's going to be *fun* helping to make all of Borden's good things!"


NO MINCE-MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE-SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"You won't be in on quite *all* of them," Elsie replied. "You see, there are some Borden things that aren't made from milk—like that wonderfully spicy *Borden's None Such Mince Meat* that makes such fragrant, juicy mince pies. But Borden's never-failing skill and care see to it that this luscious mince meat—in fact, *everything* bearing the Borden name—is just as pure, wholesome, and delicious as it's possible to be."

"My!" exclaimed Beulah, very much impressed. "And all those things you've told me, mother, are *facts?"*

"They're such important facts," answered Elsie, "that every day more and more folks are discovering the biggest fact of all in buying food—the fact that *'if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!'* "

• • • •

To provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home, more than 27,500 Borden employees work in partnership with 47,000 owner-stockholders.

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan $700 delivered at factory

Drive this smart car that saves you 10% to 25% every mile

1940 STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

You ride relaxed on every road thanks to Studebaker's super-strong independent planar suspension which is built into every Studebaker Champion model at no extra cost. You round turns safely, smoothly and without sidesway.

You travel in summer comfort all winter in your Champion simply by switching on the filtered, pure-air heating of Studebaker's unique Climatizer, available at added cost. No stale air—no drafts. Floors are evenly warmed. Windshield and windows do not fog or frost.

YOU travel everywhere in flawless style and delightful comfort, when you own this impressive, roomy, sure-footed Studebaker Champion.

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Remarkably low upkeep cost

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You keep free of frequent, heavy expenses for repairs and other upkeep in this Champion because of its sound, solid, exceptionally safe construction—the proud achievement of the most expert group of craftsmen in the automobile world. This means you get a top trade-in price, too.

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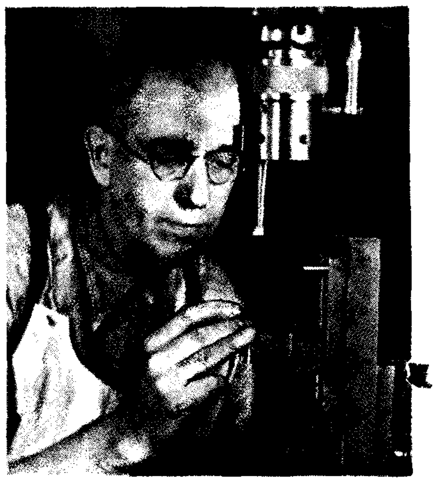
See your local Studebaker dealer and go for a Champion drive. You can easily become a proud Studebaker Champion owner on C. I. T. terms.



He's a watchdog of your pocketbook! His name is Jack Lynch, one of the 7,500 expert permanent craftsmen who see to it that you spend less for upkeep in a Champion than in any other leading lowest price car. Sound, long-lasting workmanship is one reason why Studebaker cars bring unusually high trade-in prices.

the road, some of them had their chance out on Highway 66, where Otto Brower shot scenes and tried to hire real Okies and not actors. It was his custom to flag down cars headed for California and ask permission to shoot the car and its occupants, taking maybe twenty minutes of their time and paying five dollars a shot for the car and five for each occupant. He was generally turned down. They told him they were in a hurry, for there was California ahead and there was ham and eggs ahead and they couldn't dawdle.

A government man acted as technical adviser on the camp equipment and setup and rarely had to step in—such as making them remove the wash tubs from the tent doorways and put covers on the garbage cans.

They hired 225 Okies up around Bakersfield and lugged them down to the studio and, in a way, that was a sad disappointment to people who had subsisted on corn pone and beans. The migrant workers expected naturally that a movie studio would come across with rare and unusual foods, but one of John Ford's rules was that all actors ate corn pone and beans for the sake of realism. And so the Okies had more corn pone and beans.

Someone's Face Will Be Red

All in all, the studio has received 15,000 letters, and ninety-nine per cent of them accuse Mr. Zanuck of cowardice and point to the fact that his close association with big business will prevent him from ever making the picture, so somebody's face is going to be red come the Ides of January. Dorris Bowdon almost didn't play the part of Roshasharn. Dorris was born in Memphis and was discovered by a scout at the Louisiana State University, played a couple of minor roles in earlier pictures and was given her chance in Grapes just about the time her mother back home happened to read the book. Wires from the East indicated that Roshasharn looked like a part not to be played by any daughter of the Bowdons, but the mother finally gave in for the sake of art.

Another actor who is in the cast by sheer chance is Mr. Oothout Zabriskie Whitehead, a young man from New York. John Ford met him last spring at a cocktail party given by Katharine Hepburn and remembered him only as a lively young fellow with a shock of red hair but recalled no part of his name, including the Oothout Zabriskie section. When he started to cast, he thought of the youth and long-distanced Miss Hepburn.

"Who was that redheaded boy at your party, he asked, and Miss Hepburn politely began spelling the name.

"Never mind that—what's his telephone?" the director said, and in twenty minutes the astonished Whitehead had a job in the cinema. Plays Tom Joad's brother. Eddie Quillan came in for one stretch where he lay on a cot for four days with his feet facing the cameras and each time he roused up and went somewhere and came back, the make-up department had to do his shoes over. They built three hundred shacks to house the Okies, and hired 150 children and forty dogs, all mongrels.

There was some talk about troublemakers and their methods and I asked just how would a person go about sabotaging a movie theater if he didn't like the picture. It was generally conceded that about the best way was to place a skunk in the air-conditioning machine, which could never happen in Hollywood, as there are no skunks in Hollywood.

Gavegan's Choice

Continued from page 21

Mickey Gavegan had not expected her to say. She said in a soft breath, as if she weren't frightened any more: "I'm glad you came. It's—Joe will be glad too. He wanted to go to the police before—I told him to. But always, at the end, he was afraid to. Afraid of what that man would do. He wouldn't even tell me where he was living. All I have is a phone number."

When Mickey Gavegan asked her what that was, she shook her head at him.

"No. He wouldn't be there now; he never is before eleven. I think it's a restaurant where he goes to eat. They always have to see if he's there. But I'll go with you now, wherever you want; I'll call you for him at eleven. You see"—she looked at him with a timid, painful smile—"it may help him if I'm there. Please take me, too."

"I can't do that," Mickey Gavegan said. Bohannon wouldn't like this at all. "Sorry, lady."

"But I'm going," she told him, in an unsteady voice. "Why not? He hasn't done anything wrong. If they just want to talk to him I can be there. I can help."

It struck Mickey Gavegan then that if he protested too much she might get obstinate; she might insist on calling the D.A.'s office herself.

The fall night, damp and rainy, seemed to seclude them very close together in the little coupé. As soon as they started off she began to talk about her brother and that man he'd met. After a while Mickey Gavegan realized who she meant: Bohannon.

Moving around in his seat, grunting answers, he began to wish savagely that she'd shut up; he wasn't asking her life's history. How she'd left the small town upstate when her mother died, how she came here and got a job and sent for Joe. Maybe, she said, it was all her fault, because if she hadn't sent for him he'd still be back home; he'd never have met that man. Did he—her face turned dimly to him—did he think this would be very serious?

Maybe not, he said shortly. He thought they could fix this up all right. Yes—her voice lifted there. They could, couldn't they? It wasn't as if Joe had done anything terrible; he'd just taken the bag Bohannon had given him and put it in a safe-deposit box downtown. He didn't know what was in it; and when he suspected, from what Bohannon let slip one night, he was afraid to go to the police, he slipped out of sight because he didn't want to have anything to do with it. That was all he'd done, and they couldn't punish him for it, when they understood how it was. The bag? The one with the money; the money Bohannon and his friends had stolen last month in the payroll holdup.

MICKEY GAVEGAN remembered then what Luke Daly had said about the holdup, and Dingbat Green and the leader who must be Bohannon; and he remembered the car that had passed him last night. That's where Bohannon had seen him, from there, after he'd killed the other man. And he'd hooked in Joe Larkin the way he'd hooked in Mickey Gavegan years ago—a sucker to hold the bag, a chump who didn't know what was going on.

Mickey Gavegan's lips were very straight and strangely colorless in his set face when they came to the little village

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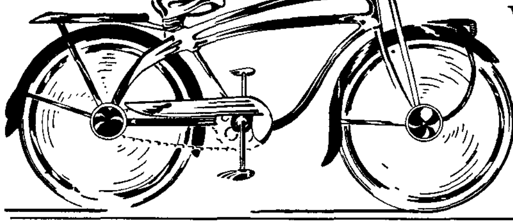
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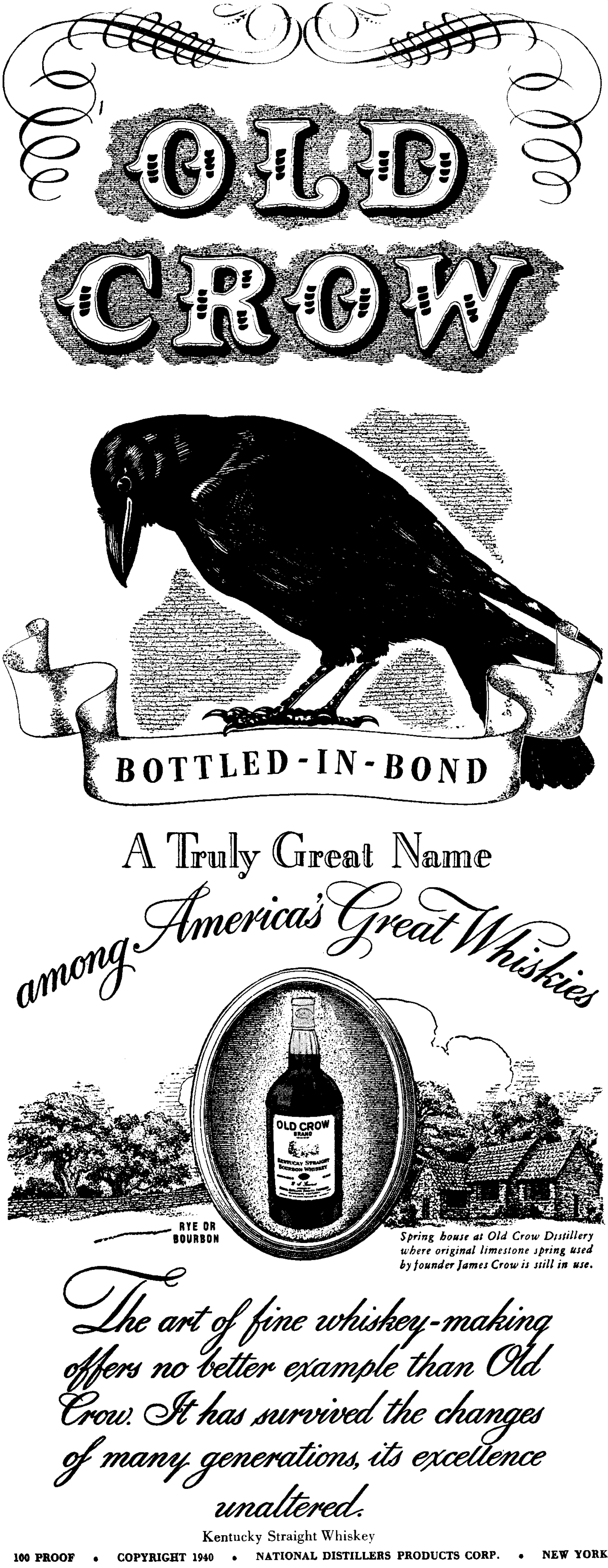

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of Ransom's Beach, and he stopped under a light to look at the address on Bohannon's paper again.

Around them all the store fronts were dark, the streets deserted; rows of cottages sloped desolately away under the indifferent pale pools of street lights. He looked through his pockets for Bohannon's paper once, twice, a third time; he didn't find it. In his other suit maybe, left there when he changed. But Arverne Road anyway, a low number; he remembered that. The coupé went on more slowly then, until on a corner signpost he saw the letters he was watching for.

There was only one bungalow lit up, far down near the beach; he pulled in to the curb before it and told her to stay in the car, for he knew he had to see Bohannon alone, and tell him she was there too. Because she had said she knew Bohannon; and if she saw him first she'd never call her brother. She'd know then that Gavegan—

"I'll be back," he said harshly. "I'm not sure this is it."

AFTER he rang, Bohannon opened the door, but his thin body was sheltered from the car by Mickey Gavegan's bulkier one. In the hall, with the door closed, Mickey Gavegan told him how it was; he listened, fretting at his lower lip.

"She knows me all right," he said when Mickey Gavegan was done. "You'll have to get her to put in the call. Tell her you're a little early, and the D.A. won't be here for a while. After she calls him I'll run things. That call is all we want out of her."

Outside on the street she was standing by the car, looking around. It was dark here, she said—scary. And her hand clung to his arm all the way up the stoop—a small hand he could crush in his, a hand that was nothing at all.

Mickey Gavegan seemed to feel it there even after they got inside, and he looked at his watch and said maybe she could call now; it was almost eleven. The touch of it seemed still on the coat. From the hall he heard her dial.

He went out to the kitchen and nodded silently at Bohannon, and then, when the other man went inside, he lit a cigarette. After a moment, when he heard her voice muted through the walls, he went out to the corridor that ran into the living-room arch.

He didn't know what he was going to do; why had he left the kitchen? There was a small room on his right that he looked into absently, his head aching—a tiny, bare pantry with one window high up in it not wide enough for a man. It was odd why he examined the room so very carefully, why he stood there motionless in the hall, listening to Ann Larkin's voice, panicky and breathless, in the room beside him. You aren't—this isn't—her chair pushed back. Where was the policeman? Where was the officer who brought her here?

"Who?" Bohannan said. Mickey Gavegan heard him chuckle—low, not too amused. "I guess the suit fits him pretty good at that, baby; only it ain't his. He's no more a cop than I am. Gavegan!"

When he stopped in the archway her eyes watched him with a kind of incredulous horror.

Mickey Gavegan did not look at her at all; he stood there rigidly, in Luke Daly's uniform, like a statue.

"I guess there ain't a cop within a mile of here," Bohannon said, "but at that I guess you could take a gander around from upstairs, Gavegan. See if anybody's getting nosy about the lights."

The girl never said a word; she just kept watching him as if she had lost the power to move her eyes. They seemed to stay on him when he went out to the stairs, and her hand, too, remained tangible on his arm. Upstairs, in a dark bedroom, he stood by a window.

A car came down the street, slowing as it passed the house. A cheap black sedan, like the one Luke Daly had, it reached the end of the block, turned around in a driveway there, and passed the house once more. On the boulevard it stopped a moment and then turned left, out of sight. Somebody looking for a number, he thought; there were a million models like Luke Daly's around. Still his heart began to beat unsteadily, and the quiet around him became oppressive things whose weight he could not endure.

So down the stairs again, into the living room, where Jack Bohannon sat on a corner of the table, and the girl, her eyes shaded darkly, moved her head aside as he came in so that she did not have to look at him. "All quiet?" Bohannon asked. He nodded. It wasn't Luke Daly; it couldn't be. For how could Luke Daly know where he was?

But while they sat there, waiting for Joe Larkin, things began to come together in Mickey Gavegan's mind. There was the paper Bohannon had given him, which he had lost; and there was the bracelet Luke Daly had bought for his girl. Had he put it on the dresser, forgetting it completely after he changed, so that Luke Daly, missing the bracelet perhaps before he reached his girl's house, came back for it and found the paper by its side?

If it was there Luke Daly would have found it, and he'd have seen Mickey Gavegan's gray suit rumpled on the bed. He'd have looked in the closet then, and found the uniform gone, and then puzzled, worried, he'd have driven over to the first address, the landlady's. And she'd have told him Miss Larkin had gone out some time ago. Yes. With a policeman. Was there any trouble?

He could see Luke Daly then, cursing him, perplexed, not wanting to get him into any mess, coming down here to see what it was all about. Impersonating an officer—they could send Mickey Gavegan up for that—

IN THE house, in the dark kitchen, there was something that might have been the creak of a floor board, the rasp of a door. Mickey Gavegan coughed and made the chair creak under him to cover it; when Bohannon looked at him he said to smother it entirely:

"I been thinking, Bohannon. A car passed me last night, maybe a minute after the shot; you could have seen me from inside it. Say you did—then you're the guy that killed the Dingbat."

"I am?" Bohannon said, in a lazy voice, as if he was just repeating the statement. But his eyes grew watchful—flat and depthless.

"You always used your head," Mickey Gavegan went on, trying to make himself believe that he only imagined the sound, he was imagining another, fainter, almost indistinguishable, that could have been the scuffle of a shoe on oilcloth. "You always had a sucker—me for that cigar-store holdup, and Joe Larkin for this. That's the way you worked."

"Then maybe it's a good way," Bohannon answered softly, regarding him with watchfulness, but no alarm. "I never got picked up, Gavegan. I roped you into that holdup—hell, it's over and done with now; you didn't know any more about what was going on than a baby. But you want to remember that they hooked you for it all the way, the way they'd hook you for killing the Dingbat if I talk. Unless—"

He turned his head sharply, as if he heard something now that Mickey Gavegan had not caught. Getting up suddenly and silently from the table he was past the archway in two strides, peering down the hall. Then he snarled something and the hand in his coat pocket jerked up; sound and smoke rebounded from the wall in a roll of clamorous enormity.

The girl was on her feet. Had she screamed? Mickey Gavegan, not conscious of moving, was in the archway behind Bohannon's crouching form. "In the pantry," Bohannon said breathlessly. "A guy."

Straightening clear of the arch, with his body pressed flat to the wall and the gun extended before him in his right hand, he moved forward carefully on his toes. Behind him, Mickey Gavegan moved too, one step into the passage, with Luke Daly's gun in his hand, and Luke Daly's uniform on his back.

"Bohannon," Mickey Gavegan said. The band at his temples snapped with the word; his body lost its pain and its shame; it became in an instant supple and careful.

The pale man turned, and they looked at each other, and Luke Daly's gun was solid and sure in Mickey Gavegan's hand. For a moment Bohannon just watched him; then in a quiet and persuasive tone he said: "If you'll use your head, Gavegan, if you'll let me handle this the safe way—"

His voice was so quiet, his eyes so steady and sensible, that Mickey Gavegan did not watch his gun. The reports came, one, two, three, rapid and wild, even while Bohannon spoke.

THE hall was quiet then. Smoke whirled and eddied in it like lazy fog. And Jack Bohannon lay very still, clumsily sprawled out, on the floor . . .

In the living room Luke Daly made him tell it all—how he got scared and ran at the shot last night because he didn't want to get mixed up in anything, how Bohannon came to see him, how he thought that if he didn't do what Bohannon wanted him to . . .

"You couldn't tell me," Luke Daly said bitterly. "You couldn't do anything as brilliant as that. This mess now—" He went to the window and looked out; coming back he said: "I don't think anybody heard us; I didn't see a light for blocks around. Give me the gun, Gavegan. I killed him. I heard him call the girl from a saloon and I followed him here and shot him when he fired at me."

"What?" Mickey Gavegan asked huskily. "You can't do that. I won't let you."

"Who shot Bohannon?" Luke Daly asked the girl. His voice was tight and savage. "You know, sister. You're the only one who does. They sent him up once for something he never did—you heard Bohannon say that. And now this goes the way you tell it. Who shot Bohannon?"

"You shot him," she said. But she had turned to Luke Daly then. "I saw you. You came in and—"

"Sister," Luke Daly said, with his eyes gleaming, "we'll cook something up. Get into the coupé and scram out of here. Mike—take off the cap and the shield and no one will spot you. I'll give you five minutes before I call the precinct."

Half pulling Mickey Gavegan out across the porch, he said something else; that maybe they could clear the other business up. The holdup three years ago. And if they did, if the commission believed what Luke Daly and the girl would have to tell them about what Bohannon had admitted back there, that he didn't have anything to do with that holdup at all, that he hadn't known anything more about it than a baby—

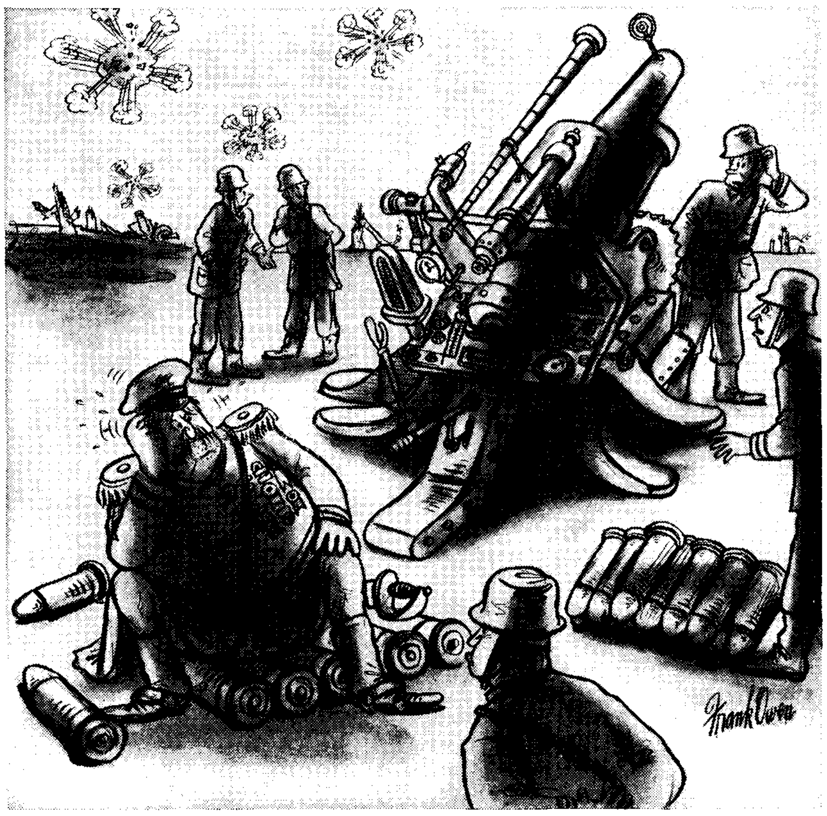
"Maybe," Luke Daly said, shoving him into the car, "maybe you're not too dumb to make a pretty good cop."

He bounced back up the stairs. Mickey Gavegan stared after him and then got the coupé in gear. Driving off through the rain, he thought of a lot of unbelievable things. Gavegan *the cop,* and the girl. . . .

He drove on faster, once touching the cap beside him. There was a curious lightness in him, a prickling like bubbles in all his veins. Say he made the list—say, one day, he got in touch with her again. He remembered her fingers on his arm. Would they ever be there again?

Maybe they would, he thought. Just once—that was all he wanted. For even now, sure in his mind, was the knowledge that he would never have to let them go.

THE GENERAL



"I can remember when all you had to do to shoot them things was to pull a string!"

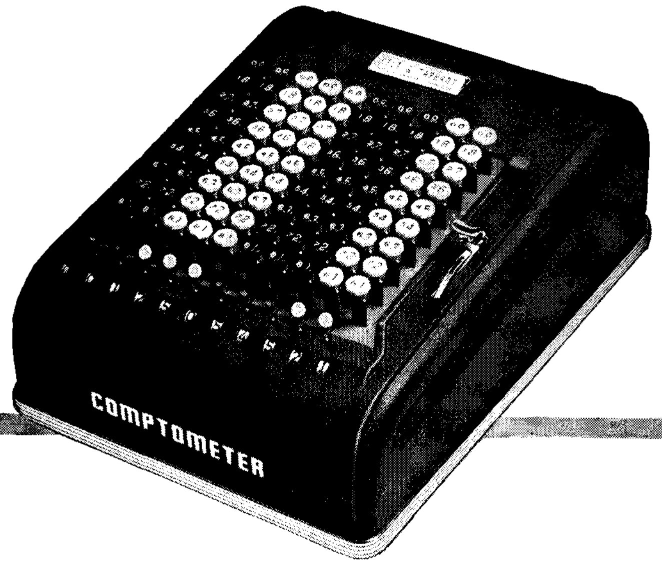
FRANK OWEN

Congratulations, "J. B."! Your department's *faster* and *quieter* and *happier* since you installed the new

MODEL M

CUSHIONED-TOUCH

COMPTOMETER



No need to tell you about advantages for which the Comptometer is renowned: high speed, Controlled-Key accuracy, adaptability, simplicity (in short, "Comptometer Economy").

The strikingly handsome new Model M Comptometer combines all the fundamental Comptometer advantages with a host of new features and worth-while improvements!

Results: *Increased figure-work savings through increased efficiency.* Every improvement made arose from one consideration—to provide even greater speed, accuracy and economy in the handling of figure work.

To learn how the new Model M Cushioned-Touch Comptometer can help you substantially reduce figure-work costs, telephone your local Comptometer office for a demonstration (in *your* office, on *your* work).

Or, if you prefer, write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

NEW FEATURES OF THE MODEL M CUSHIONED-TOUCH COMPTOMETER

For faster, easier operation:
- Lighter key-stroke
- Flexible keyboard
- One-hand subtraction
- Improved decimal pointers

For greater quiet:
- Mechanism floated in rubber
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For improved appearance:
- Cancelling lever built inside case
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For minimized eye-strain:
- No-glare answer dials
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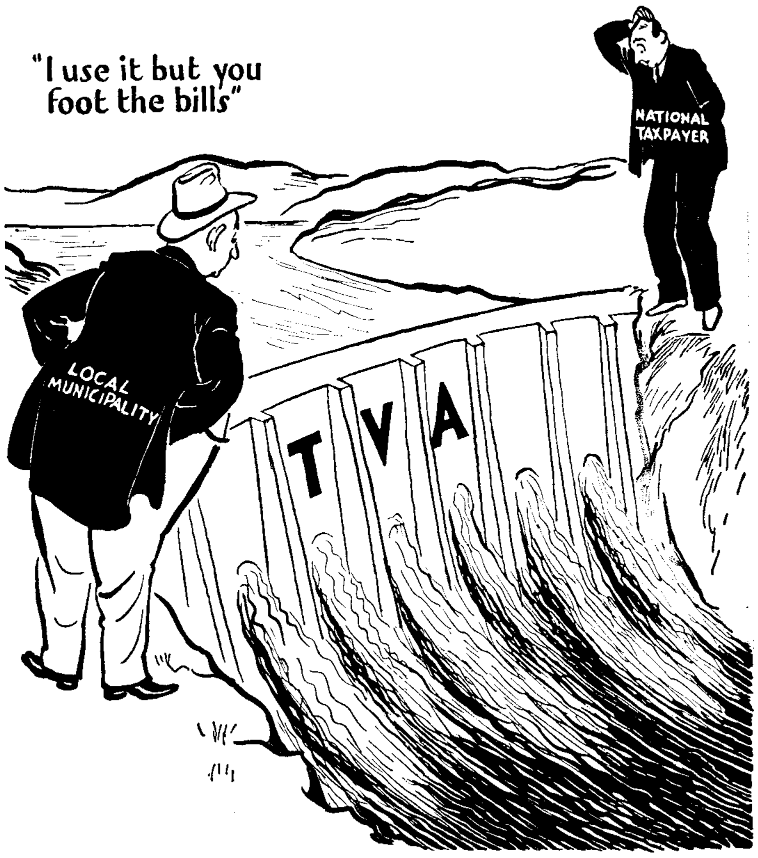


HOW ABOUT TAXING TVA?

THERE will probably be more argument before there is less about the Tennessee Valley Authority, biggest experiment in state socialism yet undertaken in this country.

We feel sure of only one thing concerning TVA. That is that TVA and kindred projects should pay their own way, plus a reasonable profit. They should not be run at a loss that the taxpayers, inside and also outside of the areas benefited, will have to make good.

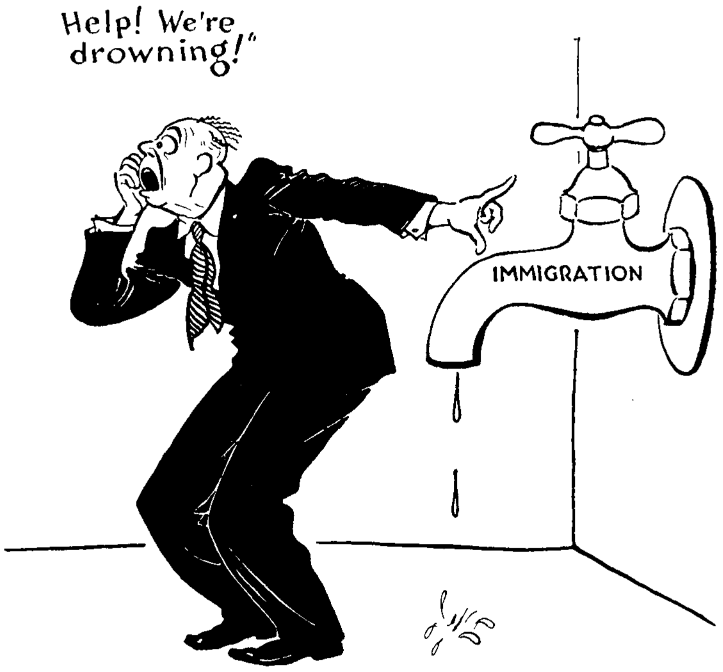
We believe that most of us are agreed on that point. But that point has already given rise to another dispute, on which we'd all better begin to do some thinking just about now.

Here's the gist of this new dispute: TVA has taken over some private power companies in its area, and will probably take over others. These companies always paid taxes to cities, counties, states. TVA as a federal government organism is not subject to taxation. Then how is this hole in city, county and state revenues to be filled up? Who's to pay those taxes now that those properties have been taken by TVA out of the field of taxation?

In various Georgia and Tennessee counties demands are rising from the local politicians that Congress make TVA taxable just like a private concern. Senator George W. Norris (Rep., Neb.) offers a substitute in the shape of a bill to require TVA to pay out some of its profits to local governments in lieu of taxes while strictly preserving TVA's legal tax immunity.

The local politicos don't like Norris' offer. They say they can foresee the government moving into more and more enterprises, exempting these enterprises from taxation, and thus piling heavier and heavier loads on the general taxpayer. Norris, on the other hand, foresees local politicos taxing postoffices and other government property, if TVA's tax exemption is taken away, until finally Uncle Sam will have no property left.

And there's the dispute in a nutshell. We don't pretend to know the answer. We do think this, though: That the time has now come for doctrinaires to be moved out of the TVA picture and for practical business executives of the Wendell L. Willkie type to be moved in. The doctrinaires are fine when it comes to soapboxing and intriguing needed reforms into existence. They are generally terrible when it comes to making those reforms work. It looks as if TVA has reached the point where the doctrinaires should be sent up the road yelling for other reforms, while the practical men are asked in to put TVA on a firm, profit-making basis.



THE "ALIEN HORDE"

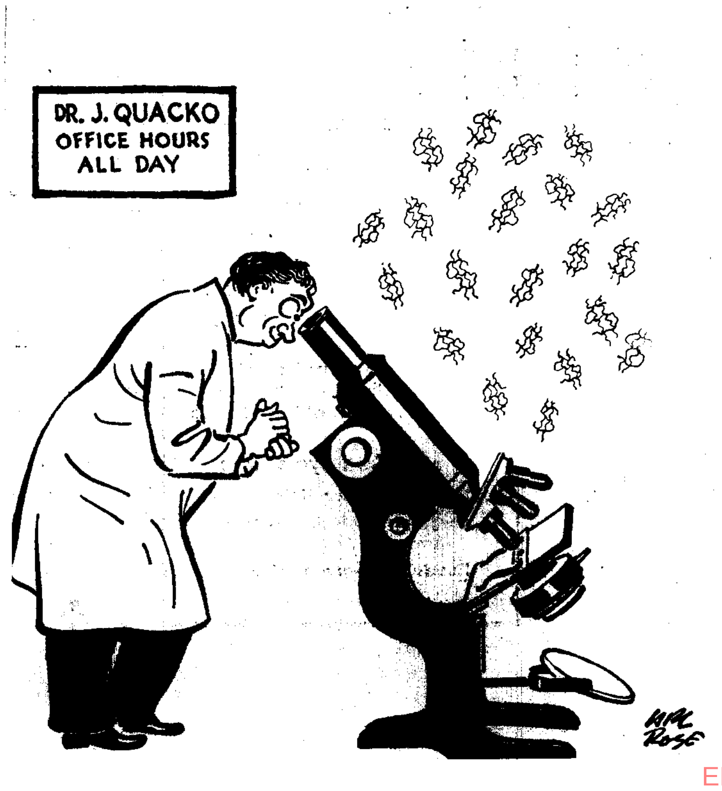
WHAT is there to all the talk about the vast tidal waves of human flotsam from the wrecks of Europe engulfing our fair shores? A lot of people are genuinely alarmed, while a lot of others are playing on that alarm to collect dimes or dollars for memberships in various Lord-help-us societies.

Here are the cold figures on immigrants entering this country in the last nine years. They're from the federal government's immigration service:

1931	97,139	1936	36,329
1932	35,576	1937	50,244
1933	23,068	1938	67,895
1934	29,470	1939	82,998
1935	34,956	TOTAL	457,675

The "alien horde," in short, is an alien trickle. The last decade to show as slender an addition to our foreign-born population as the one just closed was 1831-40—100 years ago—when a few thousand short of 600,000 came in. In the 90 years between, "alien hordes" actually did flood into the United States. The other half of that story is that the country prospered supremely during most of those 90 years.

We have plenty of troubles, but the "alien horde" is not one of them, because the "alien horde" talk is nonsense. Indeed, we wouldn't fret if Congress should see fit to enlarge the immigration quotas, what with maniac European nations spewing out more and more fine brains and able bodies which this country could absorb with benefit to itself.



QUACKS DON'T CURE

FROM a recent New York news dispatch: "A nationwide alarm to druggists was sent out by the Department of Health yesterday in an effort to halt the sale of an oil capsule used in the treatment of venereal diseases.

"The capsule, made up by the Red Mill Drug Co., of 430 16th St., Brooklyn, is said to contain castor oil as a cheap substitute for santal oil. The substitute, the department warns, is extremely harmful."

We express no opinion as to the Red Mill Drug Co.'s guilt or innocence. But this story high-lights an unlooked-for complication in the national campaign to cut syphilis and gonorrhea to the irreducible minimum.

This campaign began about four years ago (Collier's was the first magazine of general circulation to call these diseases by name in print) and progress has been excellent.

Nevertheless, all this frankness and all this publicity regarding venereal diseases have unexpectedly given the quack doctor a new lease on prosperity. He's doing more harm than ever to luckless patients whom he keeps on his string till their money runs out.

So for the next few years the venereal disease crusade had better include heavy emphasis on this fact: That a venereal disease victim who consults a reputable physician and follows his orders to the letter has every hope of complete cure, while one who goes to a quack has practically no hope of cure.

Spine-chilling STORY FROM FRANCE

1. "B*eing without* a passport these days is far more serious even than not having a bottle of your utterly distinctive whisky handy," an American businessman tells us. "Not long ago I had to dash from France to Genoa to catch a ship to the States . . .

2. "F*ive minutes* before I started, I found that my passport was missing! I wired ahead to our Geneva office for someone to meet me with an emergency visa at the border, and started off . . . But at the border I learned to my horror that no one had arrived to claim me!

3. "C*learly the guards* regarded me as a spy! Until proved otherwise, I was obviously to be treated as one! Zealously guarded, I waited. Hours passed. I grew colder and colder. What I wouldn't have given then for a friendly, warming sip of Canadian Club! But at sunrise—instead of being shot as I was beginning to imagine I might be—my messenger finally arrived with my visa. I forgave him the delay when he also produced a bottle of Canadian Club as a peace offering! I don't know which was most welcome after a night of freezing temperatures—my visa, or your fine whisky!"

Change today, as thousands have, from Scotch, rye, or bourbon to this, America's favorite Imported Whisky

YOUR first delightful sip of a delicately rich Canadian Club highball or smooth Manhattan will tell you why so many Americans who formerly preferred Scotch, rye, or bourbon have changed to rare, imported Canadian Club!

Treat yourself to Canadian Club's utterly distinctive flavor, light as Scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet with an instantly recognizable deliciousness all its own. Try your usual drink with this unusual whisky and you'll understand why twice as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did three years ago!

Remember, too, you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long, in cocktails before dinner and "tall ones" after. Start to enjoy the luxury of mellow Canadian Club today! 90.4 proof. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

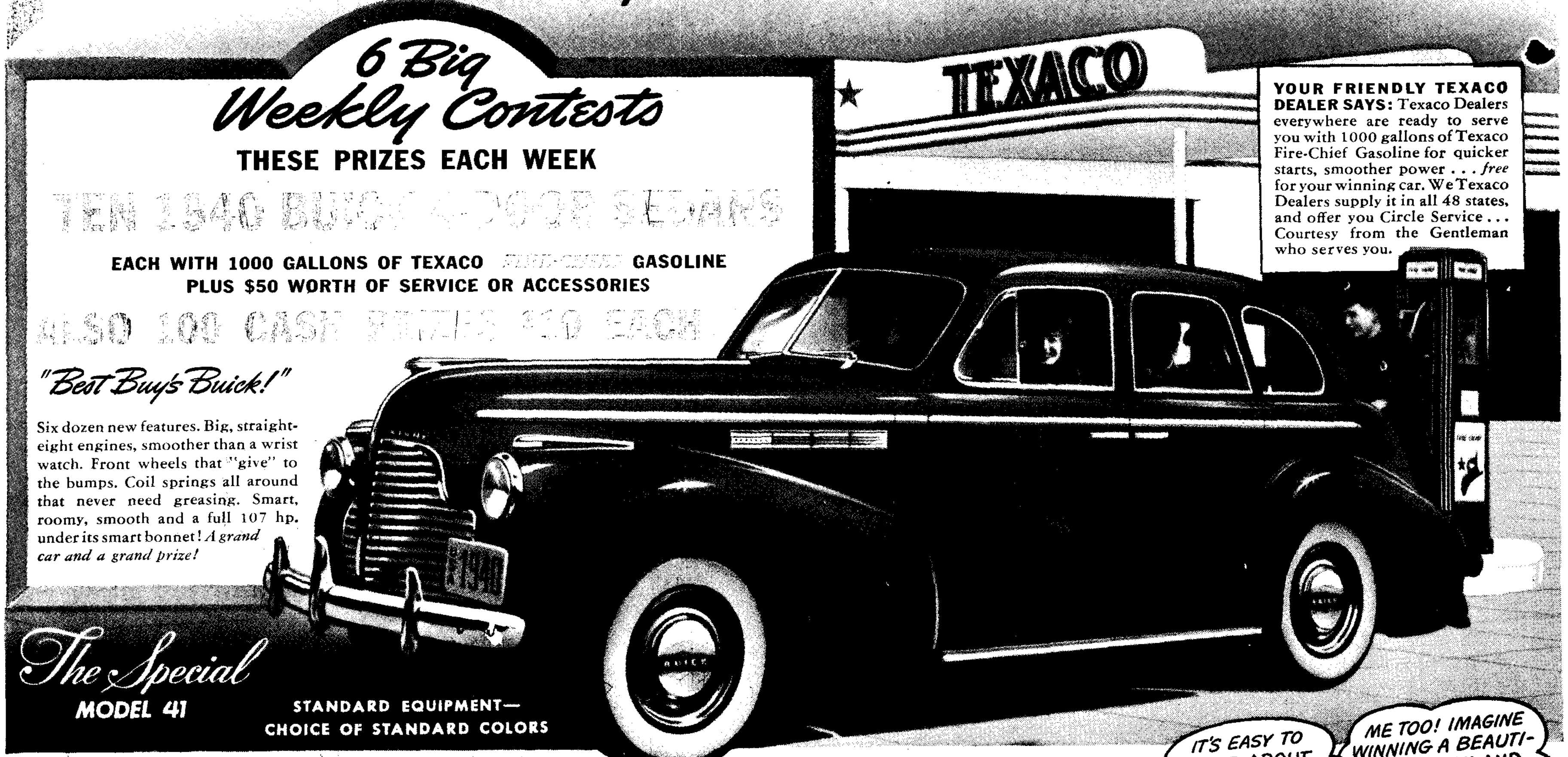
6 YEARS OLD

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

FREE! 60 BUICKS

Each with 1000 Gallons of Texaco FIRE-CHIEF Gasoline

also $6,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES



6 Big Weekly Contests

THESE PRIZES EACH WEEK

TEN 1940 BUICK 4-DOOR SEDANS

EACH WITH 1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE
PLUS $50 WORTH OF SERVICE OR ACCESSORIES

ALSO 100 CASH PRIZES $10 EACH

"Best Buy's Buick!"

Six dozen new features. Big, straight-eight engines, smoother than a wrist watch. Front wheels that "give" to the bumps. Coil springs all around that never need greasing. Smart, roomy, smooth and a full 107 hp. under its smart bonnet! *A grand car and a grand prize!*

YOUR FRIENDLY TEXACO DEALER SAYS: Texaco Dealers everywhere are ready to serve you with 1000 gallons of Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline for quicker starts, smoother power . . . *free* for your winning car. We Texaco Dealers supply it in all 48 states, and offer you Circle Service . . . Courtesy from the Gentleman who serves you.

The Special
MODEL 41

STANDARD EQUIPMENT—
CHOICE OF STANDARD COLORS

TEXACO
1940

EASY! *JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS*

*"I like Ivory Soap because*____________________________

★ ★ **EXTRA** ★ ★

Special to Buick Winners

$50 WORTH OF FREE SERVICE OR YOUR CHOICE OF CAR ACCESSORIES

FOR CONTEST NEWS AND PRIZE-WINNERS TUNE IN ON

[illegible]

"The O'Neills," "Mary Marlin," "Life Can Be Beautiful" and "Against The Storm" Mondays through Fridays—see newspaper for time and stations.

BUICKS!!! GASOLINE!!! CASH!!! CREDIT!!! Imagine winning a brand new beauty of a Buick, with 1000 gallons of Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline—and $50 worth of free service or car accessories. Why, you can run your Buick practically without cost for a year or two! And don't forget those 600 generous *cash* prizes! It's your golden opportunity of 1940!

660 PRIZES TO BE WON! 6 separate weekly contests! Enter all six! Enter each contest as often as you like! Anyone may win these magnificent prizes—offered to get Ivory users to tell others what you like about pure gentle Ivory, serving so many American families in so many helpful ways. . .

FOR THE BABY—Ivory is so pure and gentle that doctors advise it even for bathing the sensitive skin of babies. Perhaps you yourself were an Ivory baby.

FOR COMPLEXIONS—Have you tried Baby's gentle Ivory for your own complexion care? According to a recent survey, more doctors advise Ivory for complexions than any other soap.

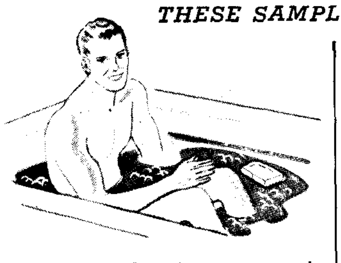
FOR BATHS—From Dad down to the youngest—everyone enjoys a refreshing Ivory bath. They like the way Ivory floats—always in sight—always within reach.

FOR WASHING DISHES—How kind Ivory is to your hands. Haven't you noticed that gentle Ivory in your dishpan helps you keep your hands smooth and nice? And it costs less than 1¢ a day for all your dishwashing.

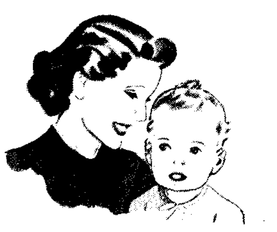
★ ★ ★

SO MANY THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT IVORY! IT'S EASY! Just look at the sample sentences below. Of course you can write sentences as good or better. So start now! Send in your first entries today. Get everyone in the family to enter.

THESE SAMPLE SENTENCES MAY HELP YOU WIN . . SAVE THEM!



"I like Ivory Soap because . . . . . it floats, makes a rich lather which rinses off easily, thereby adding tremendously to the comfort of a good warm bath."



"I like Ivory Soap because . . . . . my baby looks and smells so fresh and sweet after his Ivory bath, and Ivory cleanses with a gentle smoothness that leaves his skin soft."

"I like Ivory Soap because . . . . . for years it has done all my dishwashing safely and thoroughly and helped me keep my hands soft and smooth."

Finish sentence "I like Ivory Soap because . . ." in 25 words or less. Attach wrappers from one medium-size and one large-size Ivory Soap (or facsimiles). Send entry to Ivory Soap, Dept. C, Box 25, Cincinnati, Ohio

IT'S EASY TO WRITE ABOUT IVORY... I'M GOING TO ENTER EVERY WEEK!
ME TOO! IMAGINE WINNING A BEAUTIFUL BUICK AND 1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO "FIRE-CHIEF" GASOLINE!

EASY RULES

1. Simply finish the sentence "I like Ivory Soap because . . ." writing 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print or write your name and address. Please send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.

2. You can enter these contests as often as you like but each sentence must be accompanied by the wrappers from one Large-Size cake and one Medium-Size cake of Ivory Soap (or facsimiles). Mail to Ivory Soap, Dept. C, Box 25, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3. There will be six weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are:

CONTEST	OPENING	CLOSING
First	Sun. Jan. 21 (or before)	Sat. Jan. 27
Second	Sun. Jan. 28	Sat. Feb. 3
Third	Sun. Feb. 4	Sat. Feb. 10
Fourth	Sun. Feb. 11	Sat. Feb. 17
Fifth	Sun. Feb. 18	Sat. Feb. 24
Sixth	Sun. Feb. 25	Sat. Mar. 2

4. Entries received before Sunday, January 21, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, March 2, and must be received before March 15.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought concerning the qualities and uses of Ivory Soap. Decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6. Any resident of Continental United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. Contests subject to all regulations of the United States and Canada.

7. Prizes in each weekly contest are: 10 first prizes of new 1940 Buick Special 4-Door Sedans, each with 1000 gallons Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline and $50.00 credit ticket for accessories and service; 100 second prizes, each $10.00 cash. Buick winners in Canada and Hawaii will receive cash equivalent in place of free gasoline.

8. Buick winners will be announced shortly after the close of each contest over Ivory's radio programs "The O'Neills" and "Mary Marlin"—coast-to-coast. Winners of $10 cash prizes will be notified by mail.

SEND IN YOUR FIRST ENTRIES TODAY! ENTER EACH WEEK! WHAT A THRILL TO WIN A BUICK!
IVORY SOAP
Procter&Gamble

99⁴⁴⁄₁₀₀% PURE · IT FLOATS

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